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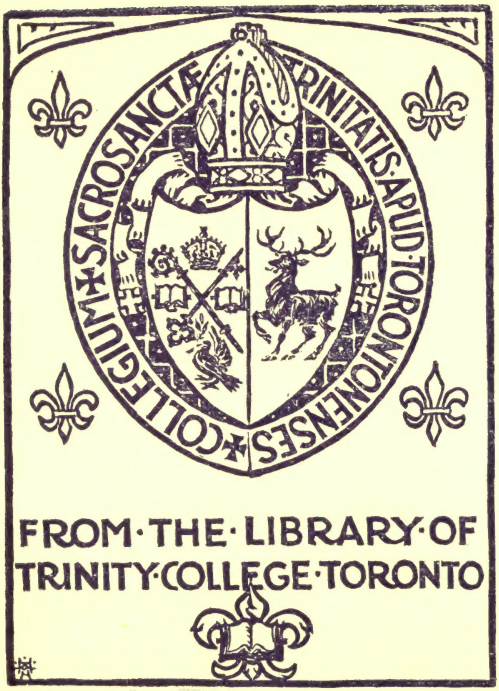

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WITH A PREFACE BY THE

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BUBBLES OF THE YEAR. FASHIONABLE PROPRIETARY CHAPELS.

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[*Frontispiece.*

THE CHURCH IN THE PAGES OF "PUNCH"

BY THE

REV. D. WALLACE DUTHIE

AUTHOR OF
"THE CASE OF SIR JOHN FASTOLF,
"A BISHOP IN THE ROUGH"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
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1912

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To

MAUD

PREFATORY NOTE

BY THE

RIGHT HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL.

"THE Church in the Pages of *Punch*" is an extremely amusing and also an instructive book. In compiling it, Mr. Duthie has proved, from cartoon and letterpress, that the attitude of *Punch* towards the English Church has been, from first to last, a "Comedy of Errors"; though relieved here and there by useful criticisms of secular accidents, such as Patronage and Clerical Incomes. A study of those errors may be salutary exercise for bigots, Philistines, and Puritans.

April, 1912.

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ERRATA.

Page	3	*Line*	25	*for* "Victoria"	*read* "Queen Victoria."
,,	23	,,	28	*delete* "Evangelicals"	
,,	51	,,	22	*for* "1886"	*read* "1866."
,,	114	,,	29	,, "Bishop"	,, "Archbishop."
,,	137	,,	7	,, "successor"	,, "contemporary."
,,	141	,,	27	,, "Stanleys"	,, "Milman's."
,,	141	,,	28	,, "Westminster"	,, "S. Paul's."
,,	289	,,	10	*after* "proceed"	,, "chiefly."

volumes of *Punch*, and he will discover beneath the dust that has settled on them the story of the nation's progress.

Here, as in the more recent numbers, he will perceive how his country has grown and advanced, how the devils are fewer, and how the things that make for goodness and brotherhood and justice have come, if not into perfect possession, at least into

THE CHURCH IN THE PAGES OF "PUNCH"

CHAPTER I

IN PRAISE OF "PUNCH"

It is an ancient trick of Father Time to deem the old better than the new, to see the Golden Age about his cradle rather than round the easy chair of his later days. The people known to one's youth were wiser and better than the men and women of this present year of grace; the times were not so much out of joint.

Whoever has fallen into this vein may find an easy and a pleasant corrective. Let him take down, from the shelf on which they are standing, the earlier volumes of *Punch*, and he will discover beneath the dust that has settled on them the story of the nation's progress.

Here, as in the more recent numbers, he will perceive how his country has grown and advanced, how the devils are fewer, and how the things that make for goodness and brotherhood and justice have come, if not into perfect possession, at least into

recognition and greater prominence. Walking through this gallery of *Charivari* he will traverse the social and political history of England.

In most histories we see things through a glass darkly, whilst the men and women who changed the aspect of their times come down to us after a vague and shadowy manner, strained through many writings of everything personal. But these in the drawings of *Punch* are brightened to real existence; they pass before us in pictures in which expressions, attitudes, the very garments of personages are so much alive, and alive with meaning, that they need no scrolls of explanation.

It has been said that Fiction only and Poetry have the secret of perpetual youth. To this glorious company must be added that Commonsense in Masquerade, that fun of things that we call humour. Salted with satire, peppered with epigrams and seasoned with jest, much that would have been dead and buried long ago still preserves in *Punch* its vitality and interest.

What is true of the history of the nation is specially true of the course of the Church. Its journeyings, its fortunes and vicissitudes, can of course be followed in its formal records. But an easier, and to most a more delightful way to acquaint oneself with the amazing changes that have befallen it from the time of Queen Victoria until the accession of her grandson, is to turn over the pages of the greatest comic journal that the world has ever seen, tracing from year to year its record scored

in epigram, or sung in verse, or drawn with the pencil of the artist.

Every number seems to show that it is on its way towards the light, that in spite of manifold blunderings and much weakness it has made steady advance in its work, redeeming itself from error, purging itself of dross, adapting itself more adequately to the needs of a changing society.

At the outset the caution is necessary that from such a journal as *Punch* we must not expect too much. The serene detachment achieved by philosophers is not his. No; he is too much involved, too much in earnest, too much in the midst of matters that touch him personally. Yet we may well be thankful he has preserved affairs and persons of keen public interest, not suffering them to be forgotten, or even reduced to the "dull denomination" of a historical narrative from which all life and piquancy have disappeared.

It is still the choice of the reader to make, for instance, the acquaintance of the leaders of High Church party and Low. He may look with the same assurance upon Pius IX. on the throne of the fisherman at Rome and General Booth at the headquarters of the Salvation Army in Victoria Street, acquainting himself on the way with Pusey and Newman, with Liddon and Mackonochie, with Spurgeon and Wilberforce, with Gladstone and Stanley, until he comes at Bishop Winnington-Ingram and Messrs. Clifford and Campbell of the present day.

On first thoughts it seems unreasonable to look even to the "best humoured and best hearted satirical journal that ever lived," as Leigh Hunt called it, for any high religious or moral platform.

In the first fellowship that found itself beneath the sign of the cap and bells there was little indication of the Hebrew Prophet. Not in jolly, Jewish Mark Lemon, *Punch's* first editor, bulky enough to play Falstaff without padding; nor in Douglas Jerrold, so puny in person that someone described his intellect as indecently exposed; the vivid and kindly genius of John Leech gave no revelation of it; it could not be traced in Richard Doyle, painter of elves and fairies and freakish fancies, himself a sufferer for his Roman creed.

Yet the laughter was not all empty. There lay in that company more than jest and merriment; sound moral purpose and feeling were there; an inherent aversion from every sort of double-dealing and deception; a hatred of all kinds of fanaticism; an indignant sense of the inequalities and abuses hiding under the skirts of the Church of England less than three centuries ago.

It is this spirit which has made the series of *Punch* without parallel and its pages the records of real development and growth. It was this spirit, too, which made the jester a moralist and preacher. With every stroke made at a grossness or act of bigotry, with every denunciation of a wrong, he became the forthteller of righteousness and the herald of more enlightened days.

It is pleasant to record that this mortal foe of imposture and hypocrisy in every form was himself wholesome and sincere in his own gospel. From first to last the fun of *Punch* has been entirely innocent. It is ever free from indelicacy; never is there the leer of the satyr from among the leaves nor does he enter into the sanctuary of human feeling with the grin of irreverence.

Looking over the hideous comicalities of Rowland and the "slatternly saturnalia" of Gilray and the satirists who were his immediate predecessors, we see how far he has brought us in the art of travesty and banter from the coarseness and degrading associations which had so long clung to it. Yet his satire was sometimes savage, his assaults of the roughest, his invective not always to be distinguished from Billingsgate.

In all this he was the true exponent of his time. It would be folly to consider him as the impartial historian viewing all things from the headland of a distant century, and expressing himself dispassionately as from the calm tribunal of a judge. Wise in his generation, he moves with the times; nay, more, he regards himself as voicing the emotions of those days, and whilst touching upon all the mainsprings of the national life, expresses himself fiercely and confidently as though speaking for all England. He opens his mouth whilst the events to which he refers are hot in his mind and coloured with prejudice; for him the people who find a place in his pages are the objects of a wholehearted dislike or admiration

It is this identification of himself with the sentiments and prejudices of his day that make him so valuable as an historian; it is equally an explanation of his mistakes. When he ground the No Popery organ to such a discordant tune, when he defended the Ecclesiastical Tithes Act and ridiculed the Jewish Disabilities Bill, or when he fostered the idea of relentless vengeance on the Indian Mutineers after Cawnpore and urged on to war in the Crimea, he was but the reflection of his age.

His misunderstanding of the attitude of the Prince Consort, and his sneers at President Lincoln, were equal testimonies of his fitness to represent the man in the street.

That he had these prejudices and weaknesses, that he was unable, for instance, to understand rightly the meaning of the Tractarian movement, confounding in the same movement the extreme sacerdotal teaching and errors of Rome with the renewal of a pure spiritual flame in the Church of England herself, we have ceased to lament. For these things make him the more perfect revelation of the times; they are the milestones on the great high road that leads to better feeling and higher knowledge.

Before we deal with his relation to things religious, and the Church of England, we must have once more in mind that he has never really been content with being the jester alone. He has not looked upon the great public as a paymaster to be wheedled by witticisms out of sixpences, but as

an audience to be touched and edified as well as amused.

From the beginning he has been a great social regenerator. Almost the first words which came from his pen were those of protest against the ignominies of public executions. He foresaw and proclaimed days when the debtor should no longer be consigned to imprisonment, misery, and death for a few shillings, when the squalors of the Fleet should cease to lend themselves to the art of the novelist, when the ballad of "Lord Tom Noddy" should recall only a horrid travesty of justice, and the best interest of children should no longer be bandied about in controversy between rival factions and religious communities. So far was he in advance of his country that even the present generation lags behind him in his condemnation of the penalty of capital punishment. Weakness, suffering, neglect, childhood were never without a champion in his pages; it was in *Punch* that Hood sang "The Song of the Shirt."

When he departs from jest to deal with the passions and controversies which shake Church and State, with the failings and inconsistencies of those vowed to religion, his tones after all are those of a Christian, his exhortations to peace and good-will. It is in this character, in his relation to the Church and all that pertains to religion that we are to regard him.

We find, on the whole, he presents himself in a truly admirable light, and as a father of Church

Reform. Though he tells unsparingly of the evils of the life ecclesiastic and moves us with instances, he does not loathe the Church or wish it ill; the wrongs of her servants he chronicles almost with rage.

Merry Andrew to the world at large, let him be remembered by all who love the honour of their Church as the unfaltering champion of the humble curate, touching the nation with pitiful instances of his poverty, inflaming every man with resentment over the open market of souls, stopping our mouths with shame when he tells of Simony and greed.

After his own fashion, sometimes with fleer and sarcasm, and now with eloquent words that come straight from the heart, he paints the vision, faint but clear, of the nobler and more spiritual Church that all England was longing to see. The great national buildings like St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey must be cleansed from dirt and protected from miserly treatment, to become Temples of the Beauty of Holiness; the horrors must cease of those unseemly graveyards where the dust of honoured citizens was an offence to the eye and a danger to the health; the bigot who would deny some First Day recreation, the fanatic who saw damnation in the brewery or the public-house, must writhe under the lash, and repent them of their ways; bigotry must be scotched; the flagrant nepotism of patrons be ended, while the unjust clerical magistrate must descend from the bench his decisions so often disgraced.

All the offences of the clergy; the greed of

bishops; the monstrous upkeep of palaces; the evasions of the criminous clerk; whatever things were stumbling-blocks to Christian men; he rehearsed them all, laying them at the pen or pencil point before the feet of the public. He seized upon the darker facts, the jobberies, the inequalities in stipend and position, and exploited their incongruities with a readiness of touch, and an aptness which carried most readers with him.

For many years *Punch* has ceased to concern himself with the religious beliefs of his countrymen, holding the realm of faith and of conscientious scruples to be forbidden land. He no longer packs his pages with comments on matters ecclesiastical, nor does he play leap-frog around the precincts of the Church.

Become wiser with time, his methods have long been irreproachable. Thackeray sang of the age of wisdom as "When a man's come to forty year." But the great journal of which he was so distinguished an ornament has come to three score years and ten. No longer thin as at the beginning, but grown into a very old and respectable citizen with bland manners and an increasing portliness, this ancient friend shows none of the signs of age except perhaps in clearer vision and a larger tolerance.

Tediousness and mental decay that overtake most people have passed him by; his gaiety and youth of heart are perennial. He is to-day the representative of all that is best and most characteristic in English humour, abounding in good nature, that quality so rare in political and social journals.

CHAPTER II

HOW "PUNCH" FOUND THE CHURCH

THE year which gave birth to Edward the Peacemaker brought to the light also the Mirthmaker.

The immense change in the internal condition of the country and the realm of religion which distinguishes our time from A.D. 1841 is very apparent. In *Punch's* first volumes the twopenny postman still wears his coat of scarlet or royal blue; policemen parade the streets and quell riots in duck trousers, white gloves, and hats with glazed tops; Quaker ladies go to meeting in sad raiment and poke bonnets. Up and down London thoroughfares unhappy boys with brass buttons on their caps raise a melancholy cry of "Sweep"; the "old clo'" man, with the slogan of his calling, tramps under the burden of his bag and pyramid of hats.

The hackney coach is the usual vehicle, and its jarvey pursues those elements of intimidation and surcharge which his rival and successor, the hansom driver, brought to a fine art. Doctors still used the lancet at the slightest provocation, or none, and funerals continued to be the hideous counterfeiting of woe at which reformers like Charles Dickens were already girding with might and main. Politically, the era of rotten boroughs, of bribery

and pocket seats, when noblemen's butlers returned members to Parliament in his lordship's hall, was but just over.

How did it stand with the Church?

The outlook was of the stormiest. Rome, troubled enough at home, was on the eve of assuming in England an attitude to be regarded as offensive and provocative. The Irish Church as an Establishment was standing upon feet of clay; as for the ancient Kirk of Scotland she was on the very verge of disruption. She was to witness within two years the prodigious spectacle of five hundred of her ministers turning their backs on manse and home and income.

For the Church of England, 1841 was the year of Tract No. 90, the fateful period when men like Newman and Ryder had come to the crossing of the roads; the year when in an Erastian age the most earnest and devout of Church people were thinking with Newman that "there was something greater than the Established Church, and that was the Church Catholic and Apostolic, set up from the beginning, of which she was but the local presence and sign."

All those who were at all open to a feeling of national disgrace were looking forward eagerly to better issues; they had been witness too long to the apathy which had drugged the Spiritual Mother of the race.

Bishops and clergy at ease in Sion; churches with closed doors; infrequent services; ministrations, save with notable exceptions, perfunctory,

presented a humiliating picture of sluggishness and complacency. And all the while, abuses visible to every eye were crying aloud for redress.

But the change was even now at hand. "One doctrinal crisis after another was to hurry over England till the country became one wide battlefield." The Church was rapidly dividing itself into two camps, and though Low Churchmen were principally in possession the other that sprang from the following of the Tractarian leaders was everywhere knocking at the gate.

The time was one of clerical animosities. High Churchmen and Low were as Jews and Samaritans to each other, the Tractarian disdaining the poor and loose theology of his Evangelical brethren, who for their part found themselves more in sympathy with the dissenting minister than with the priest of their own Communion. To men of singleness of heart this survey of the Church was melancholy in the extreme.

To *Punch* the position offered itself as a bitterly humorous one. He rejoiced in the fray, and entered into it with all the precipitancy and assurance of a period when, as Mr. G. W. E. Russell reminds us, people wrote and thought and spoke strongly. "In every controversy they were certain that they were right and the other side were wrong. They did not mince their words when they expressed their opinions."

There was certainly no "mincing" of *Punch's* words. A castigator in such deadly earnest of

all Ritualists and Romanists, he was sometimes in danger of forgetting that he was first of all an entertainer. Nowadays foreigners can never tell whether he is Liberal or Conservative, and he must pride himself on the impartiality which girds with equal irony at either side as they lend themselves to his humour and satire. But in matters of religion he was at the beginning partisan.

He had no hesitation in affixing the party label. His place according to his own description was with Tait and Spurgeon and John Bull amongst the defenders of the faith. A cartoon of 1867 painted a true defence of the attitude he had assumed. When before the aged mother sitting in her arm-chair, open Bible on lap, the penitent clergyman, shorn as to his vestments, presents himself in Cathedral surplice, with black stole and bands, it is the trembling voice of *Punch* which pronounces his blessing, "And now you're my own dear Protestant boy."

But if he were Protestant he preserved through the extreme of partisanship his own sense of proportion and of saving humour. He had a keen eye to the narrowness and extravagance so often shewn by the party of his choice; nor did he hesitate to pillory with equal readiness that "Evangelical of the Evangelicals," as Lord Shaftesbury described himself, and Purchas, most provocative of Ritualists.

For Evangelicalism had fallen somewhat from its high estate; it was no longer the influence it had

been in Whitefield's day. Even now its influence was declining, its numbers and importance on the wane. Instead of a magnificent and proud majority, deeply conscious of its righteousness and its privileges, it was already disturbingly aware of its decline. Affected by the poor and loose theology, the hunting after popularity, the love of excitement with which it is charged by that temperate critic, Dean Church, the fine gold was becoming dim.

Good Churchmen were repelled by the stress laid almost entirely on personal as distinct from corporate religion, on a teaching which held their business was with individual salvation and not with the Church as a divine institution. Dean Church described Evangelicals as "nervously afraid of departing from the consecrated phrases of their school, never seeming to get beyond the few beginnings of Christian teaching, the call to repentance, the assurance of forgiveness; nothing to say to the long and varied process of building up the new life of truth and goodness."

But the extreme form of its theology was its chief stumbling-block. Calvinism, with its "depreciation of all outside the household of faith," and its exaggeration of petty differences to the quality of a saving grace or a damning defect, was rampant in the great middle classes.

How the mind of Geneva had affected the community is shewn in the instance of the Tennyson Aunt, that pious and tender-hearted creature who "would weep for hours because God was so infinitely good."

"Has He not damned," she cried, "most of my friends? But *me*, *me* He has picked out for salvation, me who am no better than my neighbours." To her mind, secure in this Divine Election before the foundation of the world, her three score and ten years were not a battle between good and bad in which one must contend for one's soul after the manner of the stout fighters in the "Pilgrim's Progress," but only a long procession of victors in laurels and of the vanquished in chains.

Such a belief was the foster-mother of spiritual pride. To be smug and to be evangelical meant much the same thing. When Charles Lamb wished to describe a priggish complacency he says of a childish incident, "I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock."

As the followers of Calvin fancied they must separate from the world in some self-devised way, according to some arbitrary form of belief, so they grew out of touch with the lighter side of life, and frowned on its amusements.

Laughter was not of the essence of Protestantism. It had no eye for the gayest, happiest side of things. Like the Puritanism from which it came, it would fain have human nature reformed and restamped according to its own dismal pattern, would in truth make this life a preparatory process to fit mankind for a smileless eternity.

"The faithful were warned by daily allusions and by sinister warnings from light literature." Novels were forbidden; they believed the devil

wrote all such things, except perhaps the "Pilgrim's Progress," and there were some parts about that they did not like. They spied sin in cards; trumps suggested to them only the Last Trump and the figure all card-players would cut in that day of doom. The play was a fearful and illicit pleasure, to which one ventured with the dreadful idea hanging above one like a sword of Damocles, "You may die here."

We may be sure that *Punch*, the lover of laughter, the proprietor of that jovial staff who drank and sang, wrote plays and novels, and were not averse from a hand at cards, had no part or lot in any Puritanic outlook upon life. But he shared to the full in what was the strongest sentiment of the Evangelical, antipathy to the Papacy and all pertaining to it.

Allowing for the provocation of the Papal Aggression, as it was called, the alarm was altogether exaggerated. It had become a contagion rather than a sober sentiment. Like those people described by Dr. Wallace who take hay fever the moment they smell grass, the British Public could not be expected to keep their senses when there was the slightest whiff of Pope in the air.

And *Punch* was as easily influenced as his fellows, though his wrath was that of the patriot and the honest man rather than the bigot. To him, as to Lord Shaftesbury, a surplice at the Communion table was decorous, or at least harmless; in the pulpit it was a papistical innovation. To preach

the prayers was proper; to intone them was theatrical and irreverent. As for those members of the Church of England who were in the following of the Tractarians, nothing could persuade him that they were not out of their place and traitors, and that their religion was not a cloak of dissembling rather than a garment of righteousness.

It is to his credit that he kept his head when the leaders of his party were losing theirs. Through all the turmoil of the Roman agitation he remained sane; abusive, derisive, coarse if you will, but sane. Nor did he hesitate to crack his whip at the heels of any absurdity or bigotry on the part of the Church's dominant body.

It shews the hysterical state of the party that when a Roman Catholic, Turnbull by name, was appointed in the year 1860 to a minor post in the State Paper Office, for which his accomplishments eminently qualified him, a deputation headed by Lords Shaftesbury, Calthorp, and Kinnaird and armed with six thousand signatures, waited on Lord Palmerston to protest against the appointment and to express their alarm. It need hardly be said that the services of Mr. Turnbull were lost to the country. *Punch* took a very sound view of the affair; his comments displayed the injustice and paltriness of the proceedings in a proper light and served to make most right-minded people ashamed of them.

From time to time he exploited the same weakness, humorously when he described a precisian

as discharging his servant for having a Roman nose, and more seriously in his admirable portrayal of the maiden lady who has been whetting her soul on the horrors of the Church of Rome. There was little exaggeration in these sallies. Sir Algernon West has told us of an ancient lady who on hiring a hackney carriage used to put three questions to the driver: "Have you taken into your carriage anybody with an infectious disease?" "Are you a Whig or a Tory?"; but the greatest of these was "Are you a Puseyite?"

In 1875 "The Bishop's Ban," a refusal on the part of Bishop Bickersteth to allow R.I.P. to be cut on the tomb of a parishioner at Marsden in the diocese, was *Punch's* protest in verse against narrowness and illiberality. He poked fun at the promoters of the Protestant Life Assurance Company, drawing up for their intending clients a comic form with such posers as, "Do you consider it possible for a Roman Catholic to do a good action?" "Have you ever been afflicted with Puseyism?" "Do you feel a due aversion for the Douai Version?"

CHAPTER III

"PUNCH" AND THE TRACTARIANS

WITH the Protestant proclivities of *Punch*, it may be imagined how he bore himself towards what was a true and noble effort to promote righteousness. We who have entered into the fruits of it, looking back on the protagonists of the Oxford Movement see them like some heroic figures strayed out of Apostolic times into an age of little men and women content with narrow views and mutilated Churchmanship or with the perfunctory routine of a worship from which all life and reality were in danger of departing.

To pass a true judgment on what was destined to do so much for the life of England implied a perception of the deeper side of religious feeling and a touch of prophetic insight to which *Punch* could make no claim.

It is accordingly under conditions of popular dislike, sometimes even of contumely, the fathers of the Oxford Movement pass in review before us. For *Punch* faithfully illustrates the nation's contempt or pity for those who were trying to Catholicize the English Church.

1845 was the year of the great Withdrawal when Newman, Ward, and Faber, followed by others of

less talent and conspicuous parts, carried their consciences into the Roman Confessional. *Punch* looked in wonder upon the movement and in contempt on those who remained behind. Loud and urgent were the invitations in prose and verse addressed to the laggards to follow their leaders.

Considering the importance of his personality and following it is significant that whilst innumerable references are made to the Tractarian Movement, the allusions of *Punch* to John Keble are scanty. Such a reluctance may perhaps be regarded as a tribute to his nobility of character and his retiring nature.

So saintly in character, so humble in spirit, he finds a passing mention, not for his labours, or for the hymns he has given to Christendom, but for some candles that *Punch* discovered to be burning on the altar of his church at Hursley.

Strict in doctrine, Keble condemned the very things and persons that commended themselves to his reviewer. He had no tolerance for "Essays and Reviews." Colenso he held as convicted of heresy and worthy of excommunication. As for Hampden, he numbered that misty theologian amongst the heresiarchs, putting himself on the side of those who tried to silence him.

Punch's latest word to him is of reproof for his paraphrase of the Divorce Bill of 1856—7 as "a bill for legalising adultery." To the present generation of Englishmen he remains not so much a writer of polemics and restorer of Church authority as the author of a restful and soothing "Treasury of Song."

The earliest religious cartoon that finds its place in *Punch* displays Dr. Pusey in the likeness of a cat gambolling in the company of other "Pusseyites" with the Protestant ball. The jest was a heavy one, but it serves to bring before us a distinguished figure.

To *Punch* he was the evil spirit of the new movement and the father of a disastrous school. Apostle or heresiarch as men agreed with or differed from him, ardent Low Churchmen described him as Antichrist, or, with that tendency to regard all who differed from them as of infernal origin, a child of the devil. Accused of dark designs on England in the Pope's interests, he shared with Mr. Gladstone in later days the reputation of a Jesuit in disguise.

A Rabelaisian cartoon of the date of 1850 depicts "Pussey" snatching chestnuts out of the fire for the Papal Monkey in whose arms he is held. This is one of the few drawings showing how English caricature had not completely redeemed itself from the influence of predecessors like Gilray. It might, indeed, have come hot out of that satirist's hand.

Few comparatively of Pusey's countrymen in those days of ferment could apprehend the subtle suggestion dear to him and the early Tractarian, that the best way of resisting the pretensions of Rome was to oppose to her a Church with equally Catholic claims. They were mistrustful of such finesse, seeing in those who practised it only palterers with the truth, or cuckoos in the nest.

Punch was but putting into words popular opinion

when in 1860 he bade the great divine go to Rome, adding the ungenerous prediction that he would probably receive from the Pope a lucrative appointment in the Inquisition. More than once in the following years during which his power as a leader continued to grow, he was assured that his only honest course lay across the Tiber.

Like the good Protestant he was, *Punch* declined to see any alternative between Rome and Geneva. He rejected the *Via Media* in much the same spirit that John Bull eliminated another compromise (the 2nd class carriage) from his railways, as neither one thing nor another.

When the Methodist Conference in 1868 rejected the overtures made to its ministers by Dr. Pusey, a cartoon of no great merit rejoiced over the rebuff his earnestness and sincerity encountered. Miss Methodist, a prim, quakerish damsel, tells him in a vixenish manner, "I don't want to go to church at all, and if I did, I'm sure I wouldn't go with you." The Conference is made to express itself in some verses modelled on a popular song of the period.

"You offer one hand to the Papal band,
And the other to us extend,
Do you really hope that we and the Pope
Can acknowledge a mutual friend?
You tell us our bark is not an ark,
We don't believe that's true,
We'd trust a raft before your craft,
Just paddle your own canoe."

As time wore on the disparagement of the jester

ceased with the passing of his adversaries; not infrequently he laid a wreath upon their tomb. But Pusey died and was buried, *Punch* keeping silence. And his silence was the measure of the distrust with which the peculiar genius of this great Churchman had filled the English mind.

When the Satirist first began to look around him in 1841, Newman was the most interesting and picturesque figure in the religious life of England. If the references to him are naturally less bitter, and the ironical attention more touched with respect than in the case of the other great convert, Manning, the difference in personality must be held accountable.

For Newman remains one of the darlings of the English race. The man who wrote the most pathetically beautiful of all its hymns; who left behind him such lofty piety and such splendid prose; to whom it was given to endure such mortal anguish in the struggle between his affection for his Mother Church and his ever-growing convictions; whose heart was opened to his countrymen in that remarkable story of his love and fear and struggles—such a one can never be otherwise than remembered and deplored by the Church to which he was lost.

To the easy-going Church people of that period, especially amongst the complacent and self-assured Evangelicals, such seasons of stress were incomprehensible. Never storm-tossed themselves, never venturing far from their haven, the agonized struggle after truth, and faring far in pursuit of it, seemed

childish. They smiled at Newman's anguish, and thought themselves magnanimous if they accepted his "Apologia" as the confessions of an honest man.

Punch, still in his swaddling clothes in 1845, made no mention of Newman's withdrawal. Once only before that withdrawal did Newman come into the picture, and that in a burlesque of the "Lives of Saints" done after the worst manner of the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Six years after he had been received into his new home, he complained at a meeting in his honour at Birmingham that though he was of mature age and had been busy in many ways, yet this was the first time in his life he had received any praise. The humorist described his attitude as "Newmania." Later he rallied him good-naturedly on his return "to the apostate city of Oxford," after an absence of many years.

To us who read of it now that return must have been a curious, almost a disconcerting experience. Familiar though the places were which his memory must have peopled with familiar forms, the life was all changed, especially to him. He must have moved a stranger amongst strangers. But *Punch* wastes no sentiment on that famous visit. He describes the Cardinal's scowl at the Martyrs' Memorial, his shudder when he meets the heads of houses laughing and talking together apparently heedless of the doom awaiting them, and so on. Altogether a good specimen of full-blooded Protestant fun.

A happier illustration of the growing spirit of tolerance and kindliness is shown in some verses about this time. Newman had been made an honorary Fellow of Trinity and had visited his old college.

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"Once more in Oriel face to face
With scenes to ancient memories due,
Is't a NEW man in the old place,
Or is't an old man in the new?"

In 1860 when the Oratorian asserted at a public meeting "that though Englishmen are much more friendly to us as individuals, I see nothing to make me believe they are much more friendly to our religion," *Punch* commented on what it called "a delightful and as usual diaphanous address," and declared in favour of religious liberty for every citizen. A pronouncement like this from the leader of Protestant sentiment revealed the great change in public feeling with regard to Roman Catholicism. It was certainly not the least part of Newman's merit that his transference of communion brought with it more toleration for the one he had joined.

With the worn, ascetic features and piercing look of Cardinal Manning the readers of *Punch* were to become very familar. Since his Eminence (in a double sense of the word) did not come to him until he became one of the most loyal of Roman Catholics, Manning may be better considered in connection with the Papal claims he did so much to advance.

At the time of his retirement in 1850 as the result of the Gorham judgment, *Punch* did indeed betray some impatience at the notice he attracted. An entirely innocent advertisement inviting the public to listen to his preaching in aid of a new church dedicated to "Our Lady Star of the Sea" was pursued by *Punch* through a whole column of strong language as "a disgusting spectacle of religious puffing."

It was in the same spirit he reviewed Faber's dedication of "The Life of St. Rose of Lima" to the nuns of England. That sweet singer who crossed from St. Paul's to St. Peter's at the hour of Newman's defection received no mercy at the hands of the Protestant champion determined to use his bludgeon against the mischievous tendency Romewards. In this case his raillery was vulgar; his references in what would now be regarded as bad taste.

CHAPTER IV

"PUNCH" AND THE PAPAL AGGRESSION

THIS was an ominous conjunction. Never did the puppet's nose grow redder; never did he roll his eyes more fiercely, or jangle his bells to a more discordant tune. Had not Rome for the second time in history invaded and occupied English territory? The mannikin was on the war-path. In his frontispiece in 1850, the year of the Great Mistake in Italy and the Great Indignation in England, he appears in heroic pose. Armed *cap-à-pie*, stiletto in hand, he mounts his charger, throws down his gauntlet, and plunges into the conflict under his banner "*Punch* against all comers." For he conceived of his mission very seriously.

To understand the intensity of feeling shown to Rome, and to Ritualist members of the Church of England, it is necessary to recall the great Papal movement of 1850.

In that memorable year the Pope had been entirely misled. Deceived by the detachment of a few members of the English Church and the confident assertions of Cardinal Wiseman, his Holiness had put forth his famous Bull. "Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the fisherman," it directed the establishment in England "of a hierarchy

deriving their titles from their own sees which we constitute by the present letter in the various apostolic districts."

At the same time Cardinal Wiseman promulgated a pastoral letter "given out of the Flaminian Gate of Rome." Read publicly in all the Roman Catholic churches in London it announced, amongst other bombastic flourishes, "Catholic England has been restored to the Orbit in the Ecclesiastical firmament from which its light has long been vanished, and begins now anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of gravity, the source of jurisdiction, of light and of vigour."

Circumstances failed to justify the sanguine forecast of Wiseman. The advance of Romanising tendencies was but the swell that always precedes the retiring of the sea. If the face of the Catholic Church was set towards the promised land in confident expectation that the fiery pillar was guiding to England after long exile in the wilderness, that Church was to make her entrance not in the sustained march of an army with banners, but by driblets of men and women, or ironically, by larger masses of her own refugees finding shelter from the harryings and proscriptions of Roman Catholic lands.

The effect of the Papal Bull was immediate and startling. Piety, patriotism and politics alike went into hysterics. The poor Church of England trembled, from the Bishop on the episcopal throne to the cottager who read her Bible and saw clearly

in it the Scarlet Woman of Babylon and the time of her appearing. Even sound Churchmen who kept their heads were as much deploring Rome's advance on the one hand as Divorce made easy on the other.

It must be said for the ordinarily placid and easy-going Briton that though he seldom fell into a ferment of frenzy, nothing was stronger in his character than the aversion from foreign control, the right to work out his own salvation which the inhabitants of these islands cherish as a virtue. Here, if there was no interference with the temporal concerns of England, there was an assertion of ecclesiastical rights on sacred soil. And Mr. Bull would have none of it. The spirit of the sixteenth century awoke to declare on many a platform and from many a pulpit, "The Pope hath no jurisdiction in these islands."

The claim made was, if possible, more offensive from the strict preserve made of Roman territory itself. In 1850 no English Protestant was suffered to worship within the walls of the sacred city. The Americans, with characteristic sense of what was due to them, had insisted on having a chapel, a solitary chapel, in Rome. But the free-born Englishman (on foot, for a carriage was forbidden him) must sneak from one lodging to another, finding refuge for his worship in a granary or workshop; even there indebted to connivance for such humiliating opportunities as he found.

Apart from the actual circumstances of the case

there was much in contemporary writing to stimulate excess of feeling. That burning Protestant, George Borrow, the bulk of whose work was done before 1850, may almost be said to have anticipated the storm that broke in that year. His "Man in Black" was modelled upon what he thought he knew of the Roman Catholic propagandists in this country. The character itself is a very complete picture of the Jesuitical spy and sneak who existed only in the imagination of the novelist. His portrait was probably more malicious than it would have been but for the state of public opinion on which it reacted.

Martin Tupper, who had a following that amazes us now, was twanging his lyre to a similar strain. But *Punch* was the most clamorous of all. In a preface to his nineteenth volume he described this country as turned "from a state of complete tranquillity" to a condition in which it was "convulsed from one end to another by the publication in England of the insolent Papal brief." The task he set before himself was "to exert his best energies to place the Papal aggression in its proper light." His efforts, he goes on to tell us in quite the best Kensit vein, had not only resulted in waking up his countrymen, but "in a very marked and permanent increase in the circulation of this periodical."

He had been moved to this entertaining essay not only by the letter from the Flaminian Gate, but by Lord John Russell's celebrated epistle to the Bishop of Durham, which he had published in full.

As usual in a time of excitement, the wildest proposals were made. *Punch* followed up a cartoon of the Pope trying to break into a city church by the aid of a burglar's jemmy, with the proposal that "it be enacted that any persons accepting of the Pope of Rome any titular jurisdiction as Cardinal, or Catholic Bishop of any county, city, or Township of Protestant England be adjudged guilty of high treason AND SHALL SUFFER THE PENALTY OF HIGH TREASON."

Parliament was not distraught enough to consider a proposition like this seriously, but it went as far as it could in the direction of imbecile legislation. At the instigation of Lord John Russell it debated measures for "the declaring illegal the use not merely of the Ecclesiastical titles already in occupation but of any English place."

This Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, brought forward under pressure of popular feeling and ultimately passed, was probably the idlest measure that ever occupied the time of Parliament. It resembled Wordsworth's Lucy, "Whom there were none to praise, and very few to love," and like that heroine passed so quietly out of existence (in 1891) that it was never missed.

England was not conquered afresh by the spiritual invasion from Rome; the fires of Smithfield continued to sleep in their ashes, nor was the Inquisition set up; on the other hand, the Bishops of Rome called themselves by what designations they chose, none daring to make them afraid. Slowly but surely

the clamour died away. Rome, without relinquishing any of its wicked designs, or in any way showing itself repentant, returned not merely to the measure of the old toleration, but to a day of smooth things.

The alternations in national sentiment are easily to be traced in *Punch*, bitterness passing into contempt, and finally into toleration. At all times an index of the popular mind, there was no better weathercock in 1850 and the succeeding years to tell the direction of the popular gale.

But admirable as a patriot, as an author, and especially as an artist, he was not free from blame. Drawings like that in which a scoundrelly priest places a Cardinal's hat on the sleeping head of Mr. Bull in the hope that he will not wake, or that other which represents the Pope as a Guy Fawkes with attendant conspirators preparing to blow up all England were but too common.

Moderation in England was unlikely so long as such artists and writers as those on the staff of *Punch* were increasing the effect of the Aggression on the political mind. An article in which one seems to detect the fleering spirit of Jerrold advised the Pope to feed his flock on the wafer of the Vatican, a grossness which compelled Richard Doyle to retire from the journal. A cartoon at the expense of Pius, who figured as Goliath quailing before the David of little Lord John, brought Sir John Tenniel before the readers of *Punch*. The subject was not to the taste of that kindly gentleman and he did it reluctantly after much urging from Mark Lemon.

Charivari had acted up to the terms of his prospectus. He undoubtedly did much to prolong the tension which lasted through several years, for he passed as we shall see beyond claims of jurisdiction to attack the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith and to insult the Pontiff.

CHAPTER V

"PUNCH," THE PONTIFF AND THE PRIESTS

THE English people, like their climate, have their moods; now genial and sunny, now black beneath a sudden storm. *Punch* was expert to play upon the moods, and since a Papal breeze was blowing strong from the East, bringing with it a temper cold and hard as steel, he showed neither generosity nor good nature to the Pope.

That any good could come out of Rome was not to be thought of for a moment by a patriotic Englishman. Whatever the voice or the action, John Bull as represented by *Punch* palliated nothing, believed in no good intention. The flight of time, the growth of enlightenment had passed over the City of the Seven Hills leaving it untouched; the triumph in England meant the return of rack, dungeon, tyranny.

And Pius was made to sum up in his own person all the iniquities of the Church whose keys hung at his girdle. He was not so much an individual as a legion, bearing on his own shoulders the mountain of prejudice that weighed on the Roman clergy about this time.

Punch's first reference to him as early as 1845 was an entirely good-tempered one :—

> "The Pope he leads a happy life;
> No contradiction knows or strife,"

though his task in settling with Dan O'Connell and the Irish is no enviable one.

But a change soon takes place. In 1847 he represents him in the character of Punchinello as beating National Liberty with a cudgel. From 1850 raillery gives place to abuse. Search the pages of *Punch* with what zeal you may, you will find the Pope in many guises, never in that of dignity. He is a sneaking intruder, a Guy Fawkes for a November bonfire, a snuffy old woman in straits as ridiculous as those of a Drury Lane Pantaloon; he is a bull charging headlong into the wall of Toleration and Commonsense, a simpleton refusing for conscience' sake some millions of lira from the Italian Government. Even his throne is not his own, for a cartoon displays him as an Eastern sultan, smoking, and sitting cross-legged on what was originally a Mahomedan property, the inscription in Arabic "There is but one God; Mahomet is his prophet" yet unobliterate.

The Crimean War relieved to some extent the pressure on the Vatican and its occupant, but various causes contributed to its recrudescence.

The first was the great achievement which transformed Italy from a "geographical expression" into a people and a state. At any time any social disorder in any part of Italy was welcomed in Protestant England as likely to be annoying to Pius, but the enthusiastic support of the country

was given more particularly to the Italian struggle for national independence. The thought that Rome as a temporal power was doomed was inexpressibly exhilarating to John Bull. Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us it so affected his mother "that it irradiated her dying hours with an assurance that was like the light of the morning star."

The course of the struggle which resulted in national independence may be easily traced in the successive numbers of *Punch*. Nowhere were the thrilling experiences of 1861 and the following years, so exciting and so full of drama and surprise, more eagerly followed or with more sympathetic ardour than in this country.

But with all her regard for Victor Emmanuel, with an enthusiasm for Garibaldi that bordered on idolatry, there was no lessening in England's rancour towards the pathetic figure of the Pontiff, humiliated and dispossessed. It would be unprofitable to recall to the light of day the long series of impersonations and caricatures in which the great figure at Rome was served up to an exulting Protestant nation.

When the Italian question was settled and the flag of a reborn nation floated over the Seven Hills as well as over the Arno and the Lagoon, another circumstance arose to provoke ill-will. Lord Bute and others turned their backs upon the Church of their fathers to raise a storm of invective not against those who had gone out, but against the Pope and

High Anglicans who remained in the English Church.

Not till 1877 did a kindlier feeling become apparent. In a drawing of that year *Punch* shows himself as chatting genially with the aged Pontiff and expressing the hope that the fine old Pope is by no means growing feeble.

The days of bigotry and ill-will were over and gone—gone, we venture to believe, never to return. In the mood and after the manner which so well became him, *Punch* sang the requiem of the man whom he had long and violently opposed. No longer the villain of the universe, and the sport of lampoons, he is "a blameless, genial, gentle old man."

The effect of the Papal Aggression, as now we see, was to revive long-smouldering resentments, to quicken popular dislike not only against the leaders of the Roman community, but against all its adherents. So sensible was Queen Victoria of the injustice of all this that she wrote in her Diary: "I cannot bear to hear the abuse of the Roman Catholic religion which is so harmful and cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics."

Punch went so far as to question whether the Catholic Emancipation Act ought not to be repealed. Repression seemed to him to be the necessary course; Roman Catholicism presented itself as less a community of religious men and women with their own claims on toleration and the rights of

citizenship than a diminishing faction who were out of place in Protestant Britain.

Beyond ordinary comments he passed on to attack the doctrine and most cherished beliefs of the Roman Catholic faith. If he "saw red" at the mention of a cardinal, he grew almost incoherent with wrath when miracles were mentioned or relics. In all this he was in accord with the general feeling of which Bagehot wrote in 1856: "The English have ever believed that the Papist is a kind of creature, and every sound mind would prefer a beloved child to produce a tail, a hide of hair, and a taste for nuts in comparison with transubstantiation, wax candles, and a belief in the Glories of Mary."

The priest fared no better than the doctrines he held, monks and nuns in particular being viewed with intolerance and suspicion, their motives and even their lives impugned.

Upon the Irish *Punch* looked with strong disfavour. Seventy years ago Ireland was a discontented and disloyal country, hating those above them in the world because of their better circumstances and their Protestantism. To the hatred of England, native to most Irishmen, must have been added the religious aversion called out by the great English comic journal. For *Punch* never suffered a jest to stand between his Roman Catholic countrymen and himself.

This attitude of his towards Ireland was unfortunate, and little calculated to produce either quiet or good feeling. As no Bills in Parliament

can quite redeem the ancient wrongs of that country, no palliation can rightly excuse the humourist's drawings and letterpress in these untender days. Political gibes may lose their hurt quickly, for politics, which are but "the wrongful striving after right," pass and change from year to year, but religion is as lasting as the race.

And to the Irish race with its awe and reverence, its mental movements, quick, imaginative, impassioned, religion is everything. When therefore to political differences, *Punch* added the bitterness of cartoons poking fun at things and persons the Celt held in passionate veneration, the effect was unhappy in the extreme.

We can easily imagine the effect upon a sensitive and fiery race of such verses as "Father Tom's Hint to Saint Januarius," in which the Pope is supposed to wink deliberately at an imposition, or of contemptuous reference to the chivalry of the Irish Brigade who fought for their Spiritual Overlord as a "pig-killing." The cartoon at the time of a General Election shewed the intimidated voter bound hand and foot, not daring to call his soul his own, whilst his priest refused to marry or bury him until his vote was given at the ecclesiastical bidding.

This ungenerous and provocative attitude is continued in *Punch's* drawings of all clerical ranks in Ireland. Whether cardinal or parish priest, he painted his prejudices into their faces. Bill Sikes caught in his most burglarious mood by the artist

and thrust into clerical clothes is apparently the model from which they are drawn.

Even Thackeray professed to know the priest by the scowl on his face and his doubtful, downcast manners, for which, by the way, there was some reason. If it be true that, placed in seminaries, the training undergone by Catholic youth turns them out "a species of men apart," setting its imprint upon their very physiognomy, so that a priest comes to have a face and expression that are entirely typical and cannot be mistaken, even so *Punch* exaggerated this appearance into caricature.

It suited his purpose to find in the type, as in that of the Tractarian parson in England, a profoundly ridiculous one. For the priest, whether a peasant born in a cabin and reared at Maynooth, or a Jesuit nourished on the higher learning of Rome and the Continent, is hardly to be distinguished from the earlier Ritualist and Puseyite. From the broad brim to the shaven crown, from the long coat to the Roman collar they have everything in common. Both have the "same air of sanctimonious piety, the same sidelong look," the same personal idiosyncrasy, lean in the English, but fat in the Papal Church.

No one had greater reason to complain of pictorial misrepresentation than Cardinal Wiseman. Head of the Irish hierarchy, the first to take a territorial designation, cause of the Papal Aggression, in each of these characters he was invidious to British feeling.

For many years he shared with the Pontiff the public odium in this country. His share in the great mistake for which he was so largely responsible and his activities in the interests of his Church made him a prominent figure in that outbreak of invective and fury which had no parallel in the nineteenth century. He had much the same effect on *Punch* that another Cardinal had upon Carlyle. "He is of perhaps all human creatures the one I would most decidedly refuse to meet. If we did, it might end in actual blows, old as I am," was the Sage's artless reason for declining to meet Dr. Manning in society.

From 1850 when they began, until 1865 when they came to an end, scarcely one of the drawings or references was amiable or without spleen.

Wiseman figures in a cartoon as a grotesque personage, to whom *Punch* enthusiastically bids farewell on his way back to Rome. February 14th seems an appropriate day to send him a valentine in the shape of a red hat, an insinuation that he is aiming at the Papacy. He sells off his stock-in-trade of relics and rubbishy impositions, and drives a good bargain with Puseyites. He happens to arrive in Dublin at the same time as Piccolomini the opera singer, and a cartoon makes him share the popular ovation with that lady. If bells hung over Catholic churches or chapels are rung, *Punch* holds him responsible for the illegality, and does not hesitate to deny his right to speak out of doors in a London court tenanted by an Irish population.

He strongly defended himself. In a contest of crozier against cudgel *Charivari* did not always have the best of it; though he professed that all his gall had turned to tenderness, he was sensibly moved by the Cardinal's charge that "*Punch* the playful companion of every one's railway journey had taken to preach and to be a saint and had lost all his good humour." There was sufficient point in the charge of canting to make the jester angry.

The situation, as it affected the Pope, his henchman in Ireland, and insular opinion, was perhaps never better summed up than in the ingenious and good-natured quatrain of an anonymous writer:—

"With Pius, Wiseman tries
To lay us under ban.
O Pius, man unwise,
O impious Wiseman!"

Two other Irish priests, whose names suggest little to the reader nowadays, provoked the uncompromising hostility of *Punch*. Cardinal Cullen was the one, Bishop Cahill the other.

With something of Presbyterian fanaticism Cullen, in 1854, denounced "the monstrous dances called waltzes and polkas." Whether the jigs of home production met with the Cardinal's approbation is not known, but his objection to what Dick Swiveller called "the light fantastic" gave the droll his opportunity. Cullen, the most thoroughly Roman ecclesiastic that ever reigned in Ireland, resented the banter to the further delight of his tormentor.

Dr. Cahill, much in evidence in Irish religious

and political life, is another of *Punch's* favourite butts. It must be confessed that he handed himself over to the adversary. The rhetoric of a Roman Irish ecclesiastic is usually florid, but the speeches of this Bishop were flamboyant to a degree, whilst his letters to the people of Ireland were inflammatory and irritating in nature. Yet to see *Punch* gravely rebuking excess of language, with so many reams of abuse behind his own record, was to have a vision of Satan rebuking sin.

It is, however, the name and face of Manning which arrests the attention as we wander through the gallery of *Punch* in these years of strife.

As little loved as those already mentioned, he was treated with greater consideration. To the repugnance felt towards the Roman Catholic was added the misliking for one who had put off the habit of an Anglican Archdeacon to put on the soutane of the Roman priest, who, not content with quietly slipping into his place in a new communion, had become the protagonist of the Church of Rome in his native land.

Purcell's biography recorded his failings and possibly increased the feeling of distrust. When Professor Sidgwick, with his delicious stammer, said of him, as quoted by Mr. Paul, the genuineness of his asceticism being in question, "He was (pause) a prudent man with (pause) a bad digestion," he gave sardonic expression to the underlying opinion of Manning's critics.

There can be little doubt he believed that he had

been divinely appointed to bring England back into the true fold. To this end all his persuasions and all the means he felt to be justifiable were addressed with so much intensity that, whilst it is probable he did not deserve the English distrust and want of reliance on his word, it is likely that in his view the end justified the means. "The Chambermaid of the Vatican," a very clever cartoon, represents his surprise and disappointment in 1869 when the leaders of the Ritualists refuse to be lighted upstairs by him.

The scorn with which *Punch* referred to him in 1852, when he was a star attraction as a preacher, was diminishing by 1870. Even then Manning was still to his decrier but a "titular Archbishop," and his pastoral protesting against the occupation of Rome was attacked with the ferocity that the enthusiastic adherent of Garibaldi and of free Italy might be expected to display.

His forbiddance of female singers in choirs called out some caustic comments, but by the 'eighties, when the next reference occurs, public opinion had mitigated its rigours, a Roman Catholic sat in the seat of Mark Lemon, and Manning's life and labours are mentioned with respect and goodwill.

In 1882 an admirable portrait appeared in *Punch*, in which the Roman Cardinal sees in the looking-glass the English Bishop he might have become.

For more than thirty years he was one of the most commanding figures in the country, not only pleading the cause of his co-religionists with

eloquence and persuasion, but sharing prominently in any good cause that strove to make better the lot of man, woman, or child. He distinguished himself during a memorable trade-dispute—a drawing in *Punch* recalls it—by intervening between Capital and Labour as the ambassador of Peace.

At his death in 1892, his foe of earlier days was witness at once to his staunchness as an opponent and his energies as a great social reformer and friend of man. The eulogy closes:—

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"Farewell! it moves the common heart to hear
The crowning of so glorious a career
By such a gracious end."

The name of Murphy brings to the surface an unhappy episode in the strife of religion. A sincere but bigoted Protestant, he denounced the errors of Rome up hill and down dale, his courage and indiscretion carrying him into quarters occupied by Roman Catholics holding their opinions with a fanaticism equal to his own. Naturally enough his hard words exposed him to the violence of the mob, particularly in Liverpool. In this injudicious campaign *Punch* was the champion of the Protestant firebrand. On several occasions he defended the conduct which had raised the riot, and when the agitator met the fate that might have been expected, *Punch* took it greatly to heart that some of his alleged assailants had been released from prison.

With the passing of Manning departed the old prejudice which had asserted itself for so long in the journal. When next a member of his Communion finds a place, it is to occupy an honoured niche amongst its Fancy Portraits. The splendid figure of Cardinal Howard, an officer of Life Guards become a high dignitary in the Church Militant, but looking as if he could still fight a good battle with the arm of the flesh, bore witness at once to the English pride in its countrymen and to the new era.

CHAPTER VI

"PUNCH" AND RITUALISM—ITS PROFESSORS AND PRACTICES

Punch has, if possible, less patience with Ritualists than with rank Romanism itself. Ritualism is indeed the poor relation of Rome; what is Papishness in the one is apishness in the other.

In the blast blown by the Premier in 1850 and echoed by *Punch* in his Foreword for that year, the burden of denunciation falls heaviest on "those Brummagem Papists the Puseyites," or, as Lord John Russell called them, "clergymen of our own Church who have been most forward in leading their flock, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice." The menace from Rome was, to continue his language, "of no great power compared to the danger within its gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself."

These were national sentiments. There were traitors within the camp. and the most popular statesmen was he who, preaching the pure word of Erastianism, expressed his determination to lay the axe to the root of all false doctrine.

Punch was able to put himself at the head of the national feeling by painting in pictures his vigorous

theories on the tendencies of the day. His "No Popery" cartoon of Lord John Russell as a boy chalking these words on the wall, and then running away (in reference to his alleged vacillation) literally focussed the attention of the country on the gravity of the question as no fine writing could have done.

Apart from the notion that Ritualism was a Romeward movement and precipitating England into the exultant arms of the Pope, most people had a dread of innovation. The old-fashioned Church of England man was hostile to religious developments that seemed to break with his customary usage, or disturb his order. Moreover he had no deep-seated love of ritual. Mr. G. W. E. Russell exactly describes the position when he says that whether on grounds of reason or of prejudice, Englishmen object to seeing a man in a petticoat.

The various phases of the controversy that arose — the decision in the Gorham case, the Purchas judgments, the prosecutions of Bennett, Mackonochie, Tooth—these all appear in turn in *Punch's* numbers.

The Gorham case is of importance as shewing the fatuous judgments of the Privy Counci and its waning influence as a Court of Final Appeal in things ecclesiastical; it marks the breaking point on the part of Manning and other Anglicans. Gorham was an Evangelical clergyman whose views on Baptismal Regeneration caused Bishop Phillpotts of Exeter to refuse to institute

him to a Devonshire living. Whereupon *Punch* gaily sang:—

> "The Pope, his compassion for sinners to prove,
> Sends Bulls without mercy to bore 'em,
> Our Phillpotts to shew his more fatherly love,
> Refuses permission to Gore 'em."

The offending divine was brought before the Dean of Arches who declared him heretical. This sentence was reversed in 1850 by the Privy Council Committee who decided that the doctrine was not repugnant to the declared judgment of the Church of England.

Such a conclusion awoke in the minds of Gladstone and many others the most passionate indignation. "The issue," he said, "is one going to the root of all teaching and all life in the Church of England." *Punch*, never "ecclesiastically minded," placed himself on the side of Gorham.

To the Cambridge theologian succeeded a very different man who was to bring the whole matter of Ritual before the public. The cause which Newman had given up in despair passed into the hands of men like Bennett of Knightsbridge, who carried the new movement on with determination and success.

In 1850 *Punch* parodied his services at St. Paul's through a whole column of burlesque. In the same number he published a clever cartoon, "The Puseyite Moth and the Roman Candle," with the adjuration, "Fly away, silly moth." But Bennett

was not to be lured to Rome, either by the example of those he held in admiration or by the earnest recommendation to carry his principles out of the English Church. Dr. Pusey said of him that he was "the only man I know who went abroad with wavering Anglican allegiance and returned an English Churchman."

His choral services were especially obnoxious to *Punch* who referred to them as "that simious imitation of Popery called Puseyism." Prosecuted in 1869 for his doctrine of the Real Presence and condemned by the Court of Arches, the topsy-turveydom of the Ecclesiastical Courts was exemplified by a reversal of the judgment on appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The lawyers that composed it charitably gave him the benefit of the doubt.

An ungenerous criticism that was common enough in English society was contained in the "Canticle for a Puseyite Incumbent." Driven into the country, the Vicar of St. Paul's was to be known henceforward as Bennett of Frome, a place described by Mrs. Carlyle as "a dull dirty place, a town full of plumbers" where "one could fancy the Bennett controversy must have been a Godsend to it."

In this "Canticle" the insinuation so often levelled at the heads of the Ritualistic clergy that they compounded their consciences for the net value of their livings passed into a direct charge at Bennett's expense:—

"How great my fondness for the loaves!
How sweet the fishes are to me!
To keep my living it behoves,
Or I to Rome would flee.
But woe is me, unhappy dog!
There lies my faith, and here's my prog."

A final allusion (oblivious of the local pronunciation of the name) twits Bennett with his inability to distinguish between the Church of Rome and that of Frome.

Associated with the parish of Knightsbridge and its incumbent is the kindly, resolute figure of Charles Lowder. With characteristic impetuosity whilst still an assistant curate, he had incited the choir-boys of St. Barnabas to throw eggs (and worse) at a canvasser of the Protestant candidate for the office of churchwarden. *Punch* reproved him with magisterial gravity.

There was more in Lowder than the extravagance of youth, or the exuberance of Ritualism, and few priests in London have ever given a better account of themselves. In the cholera epidemic of 1886 he worked side by side with the clergy and sisters of St. Peter's in the Docks. But his chief labours were carried on as a mission priest at St. George's in the East.

Like the early Franciscans he took no notice of popular prejudices and "invaded with hymn and outdoor addresses streets consecrated to vice and brutality." Such missionary labours in the open air were described by *Punch* as mock turtle

processions, but Lowder went on his way. With no rich or well-to-do in his parish he gathered in the poor and the dissolute, vindicating his Ritualism by music, candles, vestments, and the cheerful singing with which he attracted and held the wanderers.

A name no less entitled to honourable remembrance in the history of this movement is that of Mackonochie, best known perhaps to the casual reader by his lonely death in the Highlands. The student of *Punch* needs no introduction to him. His face was familiar in drawings; his work was known if only for the caustic comments upon it.

A man of ardent piety and inflexible courage, his self-denying example helped to Christianize one of the most heathenish and criminal parts of London. Usefulness followed in his train, but not peace. Aggrieved parishioners found his ritual and teaching so extreme that they began the vexatious and damaging prosecutions which harassed him to the end of his life.

Condemned by the Court of Arches, the verdict strangely enough was not reversed, but upheld by the Privy Council. Disdaining these judgments Mackonochie rendered them futile by going on his way much as before.

Even *Punch* could make no impression upon him. In vain did he point significantly to Rome, or ask, after Earl Cairns' judgment, "And now, Mr. Mackonochie, what next?" He was not moved by the enquiry, "Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die. The Church of England by law established,

or the Church of which in this country the top sawyer is Cardinal Manning?" Excellent likenesses appeared representing him posing as a defiant jackdaw, or snapping his fingers at Church and State, symbolized by Archbishop Tait and Lord Penzance, between whom he stands.

From 1868 to 1872 Mr. Purchas, a curate of St. Paul's, Brighton, shared with Pusey, and in a lesser degree with Bennett, the burden of notoriety. He stood for the early practices of the Catholic Church and published a manual of directions for the right Celebration of the Holy Communion.

Punch brought him before his readers in a cartoon in which he defied a Bishop threatening him with the Thirty-nine Articles. When he was proceeded against in the Court of Arches (1870) the journal announced the victory of "the Brighton Professor of Ritualism," but rejoiced that he had been cast in costs.

In 1871 an appeal was made to the Privy Council, where, consistently enough, the judgment of the Arches Court was set aside. The effect produced upon Purchas by the condemnation was indicated by *Punch's* article, "A Fig for the Privy Council," the services at Brighton going on much as usual.

"The unsound Tooth that can't be stopped," was *Punch's* description of the Vicar of St. James', Hatcham, and the dispute that raged around his person.

As the Ritual controversy was dying down, St. James' sprang suddenly into notoriety, dividing the

attention of the newspapers and of the public with the perennial Eastern Question itself. It was the scene of practices declared to be illegal, and of much disturbance. Inhibitions failing to deter its Vicar, he was committed to gaol for contempt of court.

Discharged from prison Mr. Tooth was again contumacious, and making his way through a vestry window, proceeded through most riotous disorder to celebrate the Holy Communion. Such a strife could not continue. In 1877 *Punch* was able to record: "The Reverend Mr. Tooth has vacated his benefice for conscience sake. He deserves to be called Honourable and Reverend now." The moral of the incident was, "Let every Ritualist parson adopt the course that the Vicar of St. James' has done."

On what may be called the rank and file of Ritualistic clergy *Punch* was inclined to pass a soured judgment.

This incapacity to see any virtue was fundamentally characteristic of the period. The zeal of these men and of those who thought with them, their devotion, the lofty ideals, the purer spiritual flame which burned around them, such things at the time made no appeal. Romanizers, wearers of petticoats and the womanly fal-lals hateful to the British mind; breakers of a word plighted to Bishop and the law of the land; combers of consciences in the confessional; the players of pettifogging tricks in church with fumes and candles; disdainers of

honest British food for six weeks at a time; with little to say in the pulpit and that little extempore; above all, ridiculous in some of their ways; it was thus they presented themselves to the English mind and to *Punch*.

It need hardly be said that there was justification for many of the latter's criticisms. Error and extravagance, the inseparable attendants of a great movement, were not wanting from the one that was sweeping over England. Truth was to be injured in the house of its friends and to be defaced with superstitions.

Meanwhile *Punch* was girding unmercifully at the parsons in the Ritualistic following. Burlesque prescriptions were set out like "Achromaticon, for blanching the complexion and imparting to the face that delicate pallor which is the recognised indication of severe thought and study." For the attenuation of the frame, *Punch* commended his "Macerative Elixir warranted to produce in the space of a few days a personal appearance not to be distinguished from the result of years of abstinence."

Some of the clergy cultivated what has been called "A Milliner's Ritual"; against this, and the tendency deplored by Bishop King to adopt all kinds of mediæval ways for which there was no sort of authority, the gibes of the jester were well directed. In a cartoon of 1866 such a one admires himself and his vestments in a mirror, much as a subaltern may be supposed to revel in his new

uniform, whilst his wife exclaims, "Oh, Athanasius! how charmingly becoming!"

As *Punch* had little faith in fasting as a discipline, he had less in the power of the clergy to renounce their creature comforts. He held that the capacity for spare diet enjoyed by so many of the Black Letter Saints had not crossed the Channel. It is a favourite insinuation that the Ritualist contrived under the cloak of abstinence to combine Lenten fare with self-indulgence; that under a plea of refraining from the prohibited baked meats, he entered on courses of cuisine more refined but not less enjoyable. The Lenten menu in the sketch of 1851, with its variety of delicate dishes, drives the parson's cook to despair and leads her to throw up her hands and her situation.

One of the well-worn topics of *Punch* was the female submission to Priests, especially those of the younger school. These were the youths in Ruskin's mind when he wrote of "lively young ecclesiastics supplied to the increasing demand of the west ends of flourishing cities of the plain," who so alienated the attention of the younger members of the flock that, as he laments, "they no longer cared for a scramble by the river side so long as they can have their Church Curate" and his attractions.

Their eruption of investments caused Martin Tupper to seize his lyre, and break out into indignant melody. The bard, it will be observed, is versed in what Sir James Stephen called "the

hieropathic affection, of which the female bosom is the seat, and the ministers of religion the object."

"Flirts of the chancel! ye Milliner priests,
Decked in your laces and satin bound hems,
Bringing back Baal's idolatrous feasts,
Bowings and music and flowers and gems,
Firework devices and trumpery wreaths,
Magical crosses and colour bright scrolls,
Each emblem, each symbol some pestilence shows,
Against the health spirit of rational souls."

The years 1860—7 saw the journal yielding in its turn to what was literally an obsession of the national mind, and still remains a foible with persons otherwise sane. Quick to detect superstition in others, *Punch* was credulous enough to believe in Jesuits with a dispensation from Rome masquerading as English parsons, and holding incumbencies. Such alarm was apparent in 1861, nor had he recovered seven years later when he demanded, "What is there to prevent the Pope from giving Ritualists gone over to Rome a dispensation to remain ostensibly in the English Church, and there act the part of decoy ducks in regard to geese?"

The theory was common to writers of that day. Other authors beside Borrow depicted the villainous career of unscrupulous persons who began in England and ended in Rome and traitordom. In Blackwood's "Fustian Letters" an exciting account is given of one Huxtable, a Machiavellian Curate who answers an advertisement for an anti-Tractarian

clergyman whilst all the time he is "the very man who was received into the Roman Catholic Church by Bishop Cunningham."

Undoubtedly the change that was taking place in the services of the Church must have been disconcerting to the average Englishman loving peace and ensuing it, and hating to give up his pew or his conventional orthodoxies. He found he must have a new almanac, for the very days of the week were no longer familiar or even recognizable. Tuesday, instead of being the lineal descendant of Monday, became known as heir-presumptive of Monday, or did duty as the eve of something else which was a new thing to him.

The first matter, perhaps, to cause alarm was the growing prominence of the surplice. All right in the reading desk, it was all wrong in the pulpit. For generations the black gown had been worn in preaching, and now its accessories, the bands, were disappearing amidst the horror of the old stagers who saw the thin end of the wedge. Surely enough the surplice gradually dispossessed the badge of Geneva and appeared as a portent in the choir.

The heresy hunter of these days could run his quarry to earth by his attitude towards the surplice. If he saw his man retreat to the vestry, that mysterious chamber into which the minister used to disappear in white to emerge again in black with a "sermon smoothly written in a black book to be smoothed upon the cushion in a majestic

way before beginning," he knew that all was well.

But to pass directly from the praying to the preaching without any change of vestment was to display the cloven hoof.

Bishop Blomfield, of London, was a sufficiently harmless Prelate, though laymen were apt to regard him as temporising and politic. But why did *Punch* call him Janus? Why was he set forth in a caricature pastoral as of a mind so accommodating that it could explain anything and everything away? Because in an endeavour to promote uniformity amongst his clergy he had desired them to wear the surplice in preaching.

Nothing, perhaps, stirred the bile of *Mr. Punch* more than the increasing practice of Confession. It lay, indeed, at the root of most of the English fury against those who advocated it or availed themselves of it. Pusey had defended it; even some of the Bishops, like Wilberforce, had allowed it to be a Catholic habit.

To *Punch* and to a large section of the British public, it was an un-English and demoralising practice, lending itself to the basest uses, and he set himself with pencil and pen to show up its enormities in the light of day. Cartoon succeeded cartoon; now an indignant John Bull about to horse-whip a "Jack Priest" forcing his ministrations upon the female members of his household; again, a smug and smiling priest listening to a lady's confession in (of all places) her own drawing-

room ; or a parson of repulsive look prowling about areas with a basket of images and a leer to influence servant maids.

His hatred of the ghostly adviser was not abated by an unfortunate incident in 1877, the publication of the "Priest in Absolution." This manual roused Protestant sentiment as nothing had done since the Papal Aggression. Put forth by certain extreme priests and without authority, it gave the enemy occasion to blaspheme. So often repudiated, so often waved in Nonconformist pulpits, sold in unseemly extracts in the streets, or quoted on the platform of Exeter Hall, that ill-advised publication wrought much scandal and alarm.

Punch redoubled his attentions to the Father Confessor. A picture exciting much attention, "A wolf in sheep's clothing," shows an encounter between John Bull and a priest carrying a tremendous volume, "The Priest in Absolution." As the enraged patriot takes the intruder by the ear and hauls him off the doorstep of a disgusted matron, he cries, "Whenever you see any of these sneaking scoundrels about, mam, just send for me, I'll deal with 'em, never fear."

It was, as we have noticed, the feminine submission to priests which rankled in the mind of the moralist. The priests themselves were "shabby dirty fellows," "those whom they gain are stupid asses." That this was an opinion held with more or less politeness we see from other members of the tuneful band like Martin Tupper and Mrs. Chaplin.

Tupper considered that women and children were the especial prey of these marauding clergy seeking whom they might devour in their confessionals.

"Infect the children! that's the golden rule;
Encourage Sunday cricket after Church,
And let them leave the sermon in the lurch.
Catch every mother, as you can, with tea;
The father—ah! a hopeless case is he—
Let him die out!"

Somewhat later Mrs. Chaplin, the gifted authoress of "Sunlight Spray from the Billows of Life," lifted up her voice in the entreaty—

"Don't go to confession, oh, never make known
The secrets of others, or even your own
To a man in a clerical hat.
Take from him his waistcoat and give him a beard,
Then is he a thing to be knelt to or feared,
Or for pardon looked hopefully at!"

In the matter of these spiritual confidences, *Punch* made a consistent appeal to the prejudices rather than to the sober judgment of his countrymen. Yet it is likely he did something to repress the extravagance and artificialities which undoubtedly accompanied the new movement; in nothing, perhaps, more than the resort to confession. Already in some quarters it had taken rank as a fashionable amusement rather than a serious spiritual exercise.

Hectic matrons searching for new sensations provoked his cartoon of 1858. "Confession or Cremorne, my lady?" enquires the footman, proffering to the fashionable dame in the carriage

a choice of dissipations. The jester was in his sternest mood as he showed how fashion threw her furs above the plain garb of the penitent, how carriages carried unregenerate hearts to holy places. To him, as to every honest man, religion become the toy or mode of a fashionable woman was intolerable.

Candles were another abomination to *Punch.* He was of one mind with Canon Ryle: "The first thing that the devil says when he gets into a church is, up with the candles and down with preaching." Candlemas was his favourite festival, rather, it is to be feared, to cap his jest than as an incentive to devotion.

The fact is, *Punch* was rather a heathen as far as the sacred seasons were concerned, setting his face against them with a Puritan severity. The better use of Lent which came with the High Church revival lent itself only to his satire. To him the avoidance of marriage during the forty days of fast is but a superstition. Pancakes on Shrove Tuesday are the true observance for the day. It is the crowds at the Crystal Palace that make Good Friday a time of Penance. But penance as a godly discipline he cannot away with. He ridicules it in his drawing of a priest and his novices on their knees scrubbing floors.

There is often good sense beneath his jocularities; he was in his proper place when exposing the affectations and selfishnesses which could conceal themselves behind multiplied services and the strict

observance of times and seasons. John Leech showed how fashionable ladies could gratify their pious inclinations at the expense of their underlings. His jaded housemaid rising early and retiring late complains of her young mistresses, who mingle their dances and devotions so much together that there is no time for their underlings' rest.

How effective was a cartoon of 1871, and how it touched the weak places of merely formal attendance at church! "Here, one goes to church," says a fashionable woman to her friend, "because lots of people go to the best services."

From that day to this, *Punch* has lost no opportunity of pricking the bladder of hollowness, pretension and inconsistency. He sees the enthusiasm marked by Ruskin in the younger generation and gives it a form in Du Maurier's drawing when a visitor finds Mrs. Brown playing lawn-tennis on a Sunday whilst her girls are saying their prayers in church.

He perceives the readiness to give up things of little or no consequence in the name of sacrifice. He hits hard but good-humouredly (for the rancour has long since passed out of his voice) at cheap denials and martyrdoms. Observe his slacker who "gives up beagling in Lent" because she is disinclined to run; his curate refusing the high tee in golf and putting his ball on the ground as an act of mortification; laugh at his comfortable matron denying herself auction bridge and mortifying her flesh with the ordinary game!

CHAPTER VII

"PUNCH" AND THE BISHOPS

If those who sat on the Episcopal Bench had any resentment against *Punch* it was not on the score of indifference.

The wealth, the social importance, the influence as a caste which made them so formidable a force in the life of the Church naturally attracted criticism. So it came to pass they might receive disproportioned praise or censure, never unconcern. It was for them to take the smooth with the rough; if their serenity of mind was likely to be upset by anything in a comic paper they were not of a calibre fit to endure the perils of greatness.

That the great English moralist was inclined to be bitter against them we know. He was often wanting in respect. Says "Soapy to Cheesy" is not the way we should now indicate a conversation between two members of the Episcopal Bench, yet this is how he refers to the Bishops of Oxford and Durham.

But if some things are in *Punch* that ought not to be there, if coarseness has touched his good humour to baser issues, if the birch rod so happily and lightly wielded was exchanged for the knout, on the whole we must be thankful that in the midst of so

much that laid itself open to scorn, he preserved in so large a degree the equanimity and sweetness which are now his inseparable marks.

For there was never a scourging that fell upon the Bishops in those days that failed to meet with the national approval. In 1841, and for many years after, they were not popular.

Their effigies had been burnt in place of Guys, the palace of at least one of them sacked and burnt. The man in the street saw how the tent-making and fishing apostles had been so lost in prelates living in palaces with the revenue of princes that the poor faithful curate labouring for a pittance seemed the only fine and genuine thing left; he saw, or seemed to see, a vast gulf yawning between those who, like their Master, had not where to lay their heads, wandering forth without scrip or purse, and their modern descendants surrounded with magnificence. It seemed to him that if their treasure was laid up in heaven they were not averse from earthly riches which they enjoyed in the face of gross clerical poverty on all sides of them.

This view was narrow and uncharitable, making little allowance for the demands upon Episcopal means and energies, but it did not lack, unhappily, for a degree of justification.

The heads of the Church unfortunate to begin with in the manner of their appointment, generally for political reasons, had not risen to the highest sense of their vocation. Piety, in some instances, was not to be distinguished from lethargy; the

closed doors of their churches were but frequent symbols of the drowsiness of the Bishop's own house. They were Ordinaries rather than Bishops, in the sense that they were so very ordinary.

At a time when a great democratic impulse began to stir in the country, their sympathies were regarded as aristocratic; their votes in the House of Lords were almost invariably given against popular reforms and in favour of class privilege.

They were not even beloved by their colleagues of the Upper Chamber, where a sarcasm levelled at a right reverend prelate was received with something more than its usual decorous approval. Lord Westbury, a Chancellor after *Punch's* own heart, affronted them with a termagant tongue. He declared in debate that he never knew a bishop who could be said to have any mind at all. His comment on the Bishops' Resignation Bill was that it was needless, since "the law in its infinite wisdom has already provided for the not improbable event of the imbecility of a Bishop."

Following that lead, *Punch* himself, when the Bishop of London applied for a faculty, asked how many Bishops have faculties to spare. He is but reproducing the general sense of his countrymen when he regards them as too much concerned with the pomps and vanities of the world, partial, luxurious, indifferent to the necessities and pitiable straits of their poorer brethren. In the stress of Ecclesiastical conflict, where frankness and decision were necessary, they were but Mr. Facing-both-ways

stepped out of the pages of "Pilgrim's Progress" into the nineteenth century.

So strong was the dislike engendered that, with the aid of pen and ink and pencil, he turned his journal into a picture gallery of defaulting prelates. Ruskin foamed at the pen when he had occasion to write down the abhorred name of Bishop, that shepherd who carried a crosier without duly recognising the use of the crook. The easy verses of Martin Tupper babbled more gaily than ever over their pebbly courses when the delinquencies of the clerical members of the House of Lords were their theme.

To *Punch* belongs the credit of being one of the first practitioners in that art of Bishop baiting which has since had attraction for so many orders of minds and seems now to have taken its place among the manlier sports. An ecclesiastical cartoon first introduced Sir John Tenniel to the public; it was a clever drawing of a Bishop in an undignified pose which brought Bernard Partridge to the journal he still adorns.

The survey of the journal during the seventy years of its life includes the most notable rulers of the Church, ranging from Archbishop Howley to the present Primates of Canterbury and York. Within that space of time is visible the transformation which three generations have wrought in the inner temple and outward aspect of the Church and its clerical rulers.

At the commencement of the century, as we know

from Sydney Smith and other sources, the riches and indolence of the Bishops were the occasion of much scandal and popular hatred. In this respect things had not greatly altered by the time *Punch* began his career. It is true that an Act of Parliament had recently thrown the incomes of the Bishops into hotch-potch, appointing to the wealthier of them what was ironically regarded as more appropriate stipends. No longer did Canterbury receive £22,000 by the year, nor Winchester £11,000.

At one time each Bishop drew the full income of his See. What that meant is shewn by the fact that if Dr. Winnington-Ingram received the full fruitage of his diocese he would be placing more than £100,000 to his banking account every twelve months. The Archbishop of York drew £40,000 annually from the revenues of his See; one man, the immediate successor of Dr. Markham, received that vast sum for no less than forty years. The Bishop of Durham, until the Act of 1855, was passing rich on £20,000 a year, whilst as Prince Palatine he held a secular jurisdiction and kept up a princely establishment.

The effect of all this magnificence and revenue was only too evident. When a prelate was prince, or too well to do, the world was too much with him; he was in danger of the judgment as an unfaithful shepherd. "We cannot regret," says Dean Church, "the passing of the pomp and dignity in which well-born and scholarly bishops, provided with ample leisure and splendid revenues, presided

in unapproachable state over their clergy, and held their own amongst the great county families."

Their incomes appeared to be in an inverse ratio to their labours. As a rule Confirmations were held only once in seven years, and were not infrequently the fruitful occasions of the very evils they were intended to check. In better society there was the scandal of "Confirmation Balls," where girls in white dresses rushed at once into the frivolities of the world they had renounced a few hours before, dancing until the day was young again.

Ordinations were slovenly and unspiritual. The Bishop's chaplain examined the candidates, the dignitary himself not even troubling to make the acquaintance of those he was about to admit to the most solemn and important of all professions. Services were infrequent; diocesan Meetings few; the thousand and one demands upon the time and strength of a Bishop undreamed of.

Chosen on grounds of relationship or social standing, or as safe men without party prepossessions, the Bishops were not even expected to live in their Dioceses if it were inconvenient to do so. His Lordship of Winchester dwelt indeed at Farnham, but the duties of that large ecclesiastical territory sat so lightly on him that he was able, after a morning's correspondence, to spend the rest of his time in the Park sketching. But the day of the absentee Ordinary, of the chief pastor dwelling at ease and leaving his clergy severely alone, the day when

he was numbered amongst the county magistrates rather than of the company of Fathers in God was almost over, and *Punch* was to play an honoured part in bringing in a happier and more creditable era.

Rightly or wrongly, Episcopal greediness had become legendary. This tradition *Punch* did not hesitate to carry on.

He took up his parable against what is now called the fatal opulence of Bishops, in his very first volume. The Bishops meet at Lambeth, "and discovering that locusts and wild honey, the Baptist's diet, may be purchased for something less than £10,000 a year, and after a minute investigation of the Testament, failing to discover the name of St. Peter's coachmaker or of St. Paul's footman, his valet or his cook, take counsel with one and another, and resolve to forego nine-tenths of their yearly income," etc.

For the first ten or twelve years of its existence, during what may be called *Punch's* "roaring 'forties," he never ceases to flout at Episcopal stipends. When the income tax was first levied at what would now be considered the merciful rate of sevenpence in the pound, its necessity was defended by him. He asks why the Bishops should not sell all they have and give to the poor.

"On the choice of a profession" enables him to ask his candidate for Holy Orders, "Can you, as Bishops always do, abstain from the lust of mammon, and keep your lawn from the yellow soil of filthy Plutus?" 1843 was a year marked by the harrow-

ing report of the Children's Employment Commission, and by the distress in the Midlands. *Punch* convened an imaginary meeting of the Bench of Bishops, and expressed their determination to surrender part of their emoluments, to give up luxury, and to play the true part of Spiritual consolers by visiting the coal mines.

So month by month he continues the assault.

In 1884 comes the first cartoon, "Baths for those who require them." It is neither clever nor refined. A spiritual lord in full canonicals flounders about with a motley company in need of cleansing—rascally attorneys, and the like. When the Bishops of London and Winchester deplored the lamentable condition of thousands of forlorn creatures in London and elsewhere, *Punch* retorted, "Don't snivel and wipe your eyes in public, but give two-thirds of your income for their needs. Sell the costly effects at Farnham and especially the wines, which will create a most lively competition."

In 1845 a serious attack was made upon the administration of the funds of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. These were, in the first constitution of that body, at the disposal of the Bishops, with the result that they treated each other with a degree of consideration that touched upon munificence. Though the poorer benefices profited little or nothing, Rochester was housed at a cost of £30,000, Ripon and Lincoln £16,000 each. The Bishop of Durham ought to have received £8,000 for stipend, but "by some flaring blunder received

£18,000. So too Salisbury, who took £17,000 instead of £5,000." But the history of the Commission may be treated more profitably under a later chapter of these stories of the Church.

As they had too much money during life, so they left too much behind them at their decease. The largest-hearted of *Punch's* staff refrained with difficulty from hard words when writing of "those seven or eight Irish Bishops, the probate of whose wills were mentioned in last year's journals (1845) and who died leaving behind them £200,000 apiece."

Twelve months later *Punch* shows Lord John Russell dandling an Episcopal babe at £8,000 a year.

He invites an answer to this problem: "Given, a Bishop of £8,000 a year with an outlay of £28,000 for a palace, how many curates at £75 per annum will it require to feed and house him?" After this conundrum, either better pleased, or occupied with other topics, he leaves the Spiritual Lords alone until a new agitation against the Episcopal coffers commences, to continue until 1886, when it finally ceases.

A Parliamentary Enquiry into the state of Episcopal incomes is the primary cause of his return to the charge, or to be more accurate, to the charges. A cartoon displays the Bishops as wildly stampeding before the onslaught of Mr. Horsman, M.P., and as carrying away in their aprons as much of their plunder as possible. In the same number is held up to contumely "one Prince of the Protestant Church who in the course of fourteen years has

received no less than £79,639 19*s.* 8¾*d.* over and above his salary of £8,000."

This reference to the Bishop of Durham finds some explanation in *Punch's* own pages in 1853, where certain charges of maintenance are set forth.

PARKS, MANORS, AND MOORS.

	£	s.	d.
Auckland Park and gamekeeper. .	101	0	6
Merrington Gamekeeper . . .	58	6	6
Two permanent watchers at Auckland	78	0	0
Weardale gamekeeper. . . .	80	0	0
Two permanent watchers on the Moors	80	0	0
Additional watchers during the grouse season	173	15	0
Sundry extra expenses attending this department	40	0	0
The chapel at Auckland Castle . .	15	0	0
The garden, lawns, and grass walks .	490	19	0
Total . .	£1,117	1	0

Punch, putting himself in the place of a Bishop, anticipates what has actually been done in two or three instances since then. He would let the world see how his money had been spent. "That book would create a deeper sensation than any publication that I know of has excited of late years." It may be doubted, however, whether the disclosures of Bishop Walsham How or of the Bishop of London have really disabused the public mind on the matter of Episcopal income.

What a poor pennyworth of bread went to an intolerable amount of sack was disclosed by the publication of the balance sheet of the Bishops'

Commissions in 1856. "Below are some pretty items for palaces, items that, it is our honest belief, were never dreamt of in Galilee :—

	£
Dr. Monk	10,000
Dr. Wilberforce, for repairs of his Palace	4,800
Dr. Langley, for Ripon Palace . .	13,689
Estate and house for the Bishop of Lincoln	39,406
Alterations of house for him . . .	13,302
House for Bishop of Rochester . .	25,557
Alteration of residence for Bishop of Winchester	7,000

"However, if much be expended upon the purple and fine linen of the Bishops, something at least is saved in the coarse bread, broad-cloth and thick shoe-leather of curates. We give the total of the separate expenses :—

	£
For eight new palaces	143,014
Augmentation of Bishops' incomes . .	106,388
„ „ 502 poor livings . .	5,259
	£254,661"

After 1856 *Punch* has no more to say concerning palaces and incomes. With advancing years he began to look upon the Fathers in God with a more benignant and discriminating eye. He was beginning to know them better, to understand them more completely, whilst they on their part were commending themselves by more usefulness and by increasing devotion to their duties.

But his theory that they should be Erastian officials did not depart for another generation.

In 1865, still hostile to the High Church party, and unwilling to allow them any foothold in the Church of England, he took the Bishops sternly to task. In a cartoon he rates them as follows: "I pay your Reverences to look after my establishment, and if you neglect your duty, I shall see to it myself."

What this mysterious threat implied is not quite evident; it was enough that he made his hearers flesh creep.

CHAPTER VIII

"PUNCH" AND THE BISHOPS (*continued*)

In considering the members of the Episcopal Bench as they appear in the earlier numbers of *Punch*, it is impossible to overlook the Nepotism of which they were so often and so flagrantly guilty.

What Sydney Smith wrote in his letter to Archdeacon Singleton, "It is notorious to all that Bishops confer their patronage upon their sons-in-law, and all their relations," continued to have too much truth in it. Against such an abuse of their place and prerogative *Punch* set his face; he allowed few instances that came to his notice to pass unpublished.

In this it must be allowed he did yeoman service. Nepotism, unless shameless and unblushing, as it often was, had been defended on the curious ground that it had its root in a desire to be of service to others, and to whom, it was naively asked, more than those of one's own family? It lay, so it was said, nearer to virtue than to vice, and was commended by the highest examples, the State and the Law lending it illustrious sanction.

Such a contention carries with it to-day nothing but derision; a Bishop permitting his family affection to become too strong would be exposed to

grave criticism. What would be said of one who should, if it were in his power, order the renewal of leases as the Bishop of Gloucester did in 1851, "so that," as *Punch* describes it, "just in proportion as his family will profit after his decease, the Church will lose"?

Though its most notorious days were over, the critic soon had an opportunity of fleshing his satire in this offensive partiality. In the wrangle over the latitudinarian appointment of Dr. Hampden, first of all to a Professorship of Divinity, then to the See of Hereford, *Punch* stood on the side of the assailed man. This did not deter him from exposing on one or two occasions the Bishop's unjust favouritism.

In the first instance (1849), after ordaining his son-in-law, a man of the mature age of sixty, he apparently took pity upon an elderly curate, and presented him in a few months' time to the living of Coddington, a name of happy allusiveness to the Philistines. In 1854 he had gone from bad to worse. Early in that year he preferred his son-in-law to no less than three benefices, with an annual income of nearly £1,800.

The more Evangelical the Bishop, the more pronounced appeared to be his addiction to this habit. One of the first acts of Villiers, Shaftesbury's nominee for the Bishopric of Durham, was to select a son-in-law for the living of Haughton-le-Skern, worth £1,300. This appointment was his reply to a deputation of churchwardens, asking him to allocate a portion of this income to Darlington and its large

population which had grown up around the mother church. Cheese was the name of the fortunate relative, with an experience of but three years in Holy Orders, and the Bishop henceforward to be known as "Cheesy" is made by *Punch* to excuse his patronage by saying, "Cheese always comes before dessert." A cartoon very pointed, but not very clever, accompanied the transaction and shewed its injustice. An excellent drawing *apropos* of the same scandal shewed the chances of the clerical lucky bag.

So late as 1874 the wrath of *Punch* was stirred by the appointment of an Archbishop's son as a Charity Commissioner.

This kind of preference, if not absolutely extinct, is greatly diminished. If it cannot be asserted with any confidence even yet that it is a disability in the way of promotion to be a member of an Episcopal Family, it is undeniable that a higher spirit dictates the patronage in English dioceses. The lofty example of Mr. Gladstone in things political and in State appointments became a sign of the new sentiment possessing those with gifts to bestow.

Connected with the offence of Nepotism was the larger iniquity of Pluralities.

It is pleasant to know that the Pluralist has finally disappeared from the Church he did so much to degrade and impair. He survives now only in meritorious form in a conjunction effected for the more competent oversight of parishes or for the provision of a living wage.

The Canon of a Cathedral may still indeed attach an ironical meaning to the term "residentiary," and may find it compatible with his idea of duty to reside in the city for the statutory three months, whilst his own cure of souls is, so to speak, in Commission. But the system of pluralities, a system which left isolated parishes in a condition of practical heathendom, and contained instances of grave and monstrous scandal, may be spoken of as dead.

The lay abuse of patronage it was easy to understand. A hundred years ago a benefice was in sentiment as in law a freehold. It was a property rather than a responsibility; a milch cow rather than a cure of souls. In this commercial light we need not be astonished that it was taken for granted in dispensing patronage that family claims should come first. But it comes to us with a sense of shock that the Bishops should yield to this appeal to their own mundane interests, and should increase the original offence by multiplying their gifts to one and the same person.

Patronage had passed from a system of exercising a great trust for the benefit of a parish into a system of arrant jobs, open and unabashed. Durham shared with Ely the discredit of a bad pre-eminence in these malpractices, at a time when they were still common. In 1854 *Punch* announced his discovery of the exact locality of the garden of Eden. It bloomed in the former county where, within five years, the Reverend J. P. Eden had been presented to four benefices in succession by the

Bishop of Durham. The last of these was Bishop Wearmouth, with a stipend of £2,000 a year.

The Reverend E. Robson, of Erberstock, had so many livings conferred on him by an Episcopal relative that when he died in the same year it was computed he had received £100,000 from his various offices.

But the crowning scandal, referred to again and again by *Punch*, had its habitat in a Southern diocese. It drew forth an ode of much irony to a gentleman who, as official of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, was an unscriptural illustration of "unto him that hath shall be given." As Registrar, for work entirely done by deputies, he received £9,000; a canonry at Canterbury put other £3,000 into his pocket. With £12,000 a year the tale of his income was not complete, for he held rectories which brought the sum of his grazing on the lands of the Church to a total of £13,000 by the year. All these benefits he received at the hands of a loving father, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Two years later died a Canon of Ely, a member of that famous family of whom it was said you could trace your way across the Fens on a dark night by the Sparks on either side of the road. This child of fortune had enjoyed for thirty-five years pluralities worth £3,000 annually.

The tendency of the Sparks to fly upwards is again noticed by *Punch* in 1870, when he refers to the death of a son of the late Bishop of Ely. He gives his record :—

1818, admitted a priest, and collated to a Prebendal stall in his father's cathedral. This was worth £307, and was held for fifty years. Appointed Rector of Streatham (£756) and sinecure Vicar of Littlebury.

1819, his father bestowed on him Cottesham Vicarage (£770).

1824, he became Chancellor of Ely Cathedral.

1827, Rector of Leverington (£2,100).

He was also Rector of two other livings, Gunthorpe and Bale, during a period of thirty years.

For what may be called rapid and lucrative promotion, this record is not easily left behind.

Almost the last reference made by *Punch* to a pluralist dignitary serves to shew how the anomaly has long since been redressed. In 1854 the Master of the Temple, already Canon of St. Paul's, Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and Rector of Thurfield, had another piece of preferment thrust upon him in the form of a stall at Rochester Cathedral. *Punch* drew a funny picture of the Master of the Temple entertaining the other four gentlemen on the occasion of the last promotion.

We may be thankful for the unsparing revelation of these abuses. The pluralists and jobbers of patronage might feign an indifference to exposure and scathing comment, but they did not fail to be affected by them. The position was becoming impossible; pencil and pen helped to make it so. If the passage of the law against the pluralities can be traced ever so faintly and indistinctly to his

teachings, *Punch* may well take credit to himself for good work done.

With the eighth decade of the century, he comes into more genial relation with the Lords Spiritual.

Thackeray had always written and spoken of them with proper reserve. This was due partly to a loftier spirit, partly to an acquaintance with them denied in all likelihood to the other members of the Staff. He does not refrain from banter, but he holds more lightly in hand those who had received coarse usage from the jokers round "the Mahogany Tree." What can be better, more delicately insinuating than his badinage in the "Book of Snobs"? "Yet another day, and I sat right opposite a Right Reverend Bishop. My Lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you; and think no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was; how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Church."

Punch was coming insensibly into the spirit of his distinguished contributor. The time drew near when the approach of a Bishop was to raise a smile and not a scowl. His arduous calling, his constant responsibilities, his special temptations, his inflated income inviting both attack and exceptional demands upon it, his exposure to criticism on every side were to be more humanely and more justly considered.

No longer the State official to be called sharply to heel by any payer of taxes, the oppressor of poor curates, the wealthy magnate, he is to present

himself as the father and husband, the citizen and friend of the clergy. His failings as an administrator are to be remembered no more against him; forgotten too his amiable weakness as a relative, his toryism that sprang from the Establishment rather than from the Church, his bountiful endowment with the good things of this life.

For the future it is not his sacred function, his statesmanship, his theological judgments, his pastorals that are to come under review. No, it is the foibles, the human and lovable weaknesses, the occasional decline into pomposity, the "drop-down-deadness," of those who approach him, the humorous incidents of a sacred calling, that are touched to such amusing issues by the men of the pencil and the brush.

On this side the arrival of Du Maurier meant much to *Punch* and to England. He had that admixture of kindly satire and of humorous appreciation in his presentation of the dignitaries of the Church which brings into relief the moral at which he is aiming without a wound or even a feeling of hurt. His clergy are true to life; there is nothing of caricature.

As for his Bishop he is startlingly real. He resembles perhaps a little too much his own butler, but who can deny the likeness? With Du Maurier a swelling port and a fulness of the calves are marks of them both; the gaiters and apron or the plush inexpressibles fit either of them with equal propriety!

How slyly the artist insinuates that even a Bishop may cultivate an unapostolic temper! The butler

seeking a place with a choleric squire who warns him that he uses strong language, replies with dignity, "I have been accustomed to that, Sir, from my Lord the Bishop."

A henpecked Bishop is inconceivable to most lay folk, yet Du Maurier has managed to evoke him in that delightfully droll cartoon where the trembling page boy in answer to "Of whom am I even afraid?" gives the immortal answer, "The missus, my Lord."

Can the hierarchy be subject to feelings of jealousy with which their humbler brethren are so often accused? Lo, the black Bishop (of the Pan-Anglican Congress) surrounded by a bevy of ladies to the neglect and annoyance of whiter prelates. Have the clergy natural ambitions to "Come up higher"? When the shadow returns ten degrees backward on the dial of a modern prince of the Church the butler refers exultantly to his master's improvement in health with "We're going to disappoint 'em yet."

Another of his episcopal subjects carries an imposing demeanour in the East End, with the effect that its ribald population look upon him as a "Masher." It is a stroke at the fashionable diversion of slumming when fashionable people began to explore the zone of poverty and hunger, to shudder with horror and give money to relieve its misery. It is also an indication of the wider concern for the masses for which *Punch* pleaded in the earlier days when Tait alone was conspicuous by his visits to his poorer neighbours. If slumming was a new sensation at first, it has passed into

SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.

(A Meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society. The Vote of Thanks to the Chairman.)

"And, Ladies and Gentlemen, let me point out to you, in these days when the activity of the Church is so often called into question, that our revered Diocesan could never be called an 'Ornamental Bishop'!"

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philanthropy; the spirit of charity has been perpetuated by serious workers.

By 1884 we have come a long way from the Prince Palatine of Durham travelling in state with magnificent equipage and outriders to his brethren making their way about their Dioceses on the tops of omnibuses or in the depths of third-class carriages. Palaces like Auckland, that immense princely mansion of florid Gothic, with its pleasaunces, its ranges of bedrooms, its vast throne-room, where the old levees of the Prince Bishop used to be held, are giving place to modest houses like that at Kennington.

In a drawing of this year we first meet with Charles Keene as an interpreter of clerical character, and are at once confronted with the consummate art which prompted all his drawings and lay beneath all his designs. Unlike Du Maurier he excels in painting the broader effects; his humour smacks of the vulgar. Partly because he saw deeper than most people, and partly, perhaps, because he had little sympathy with their profession, his parson was touched with exaggeration.

With him the facetious side of tippling is carried to an unpleasing degree; we should love his cartoons if they did not sometimes offend us. True to the drolleries of drink his Geordie in the railway carriage gets a laugh at the Bishop's expense by the implication of a lurid past. "Are you a curate?" is the question.

"I was once."

"Ah!" triumphantly exclaims the man from the pit, confusing modesty with turpitude. "Drink again!"

It will be seen that Bishops had come down from their pedestal, and might be treated with more familiarity. In the 'forties and 'fifties their conduct was approved with much flourish and ceremonial, or they were assailed with brickbats and bludgeons. But the successors of Leech, Jerrold and Thackeray do not hesitate to nudge them in the ribs, and to pat them familiarly on the back.

His sympathies with democracy once again made a prophet of the entertainer. In "What it may come to," a parody on "I remember, I remember," there is a prediction of the disappearance of the Lords Spiritual from the Upper House, a contingency that recent events have robbed of its unlikelihood.

The change from the dignitary of 1841 starched and aloof, to the more genial Bishop of modern times is shewn more clearly in *Punch* than in any quarter. Of this phase Du Maurier is the chief interpreter. He it is who makes the little girl with whom the affable Bishop has been playing ball say to him, "And now I've got to go in, I'm sorry to say; so I'm afraid you'll have to go on playing by yourself."

So devoid of reverence is another child of ten or eleven who comes to spend a week at the palace that she says to the waggish head of the diocese, "Ma says, I think I ought to tell you at once, Grandpapa, that I don't care for any jokes unless they are of the very best."

Two other little people continue to drag down these Splendid Ones into the common ruck. One of them tells his Lordship "I have swopped you (that is, the signature on a post card) for two New Zealanders." In the other instance further depreciation takes place, the efforts of the Episcopal host to come down to the level of his little guests failing dismally. "The Bishop's kind" is the report on the return home, "but, oh Mummy, the brains of a kitten!"

The state progresses of Bishops, as we see, have ceased and they travel like ordinary, everyday folk; they survey mankind from China to Peru from the tops of omnibuses, they emerge from the underground railways, they avail themselves of the easiest and speediest means of locomotion. *Punch* observes how the Roman Archbishop of Dublin has commended motor cars to his clergy for pastoral visits and professes to connect such jaunts with visitations. But a schoolboy in another drawing explains that a Bishop's visitation is "an affliction sent from heaven."

CHAPTER IX

"PUNCH" AND PERSONALITIES ON THE BENCH

We have now to consider the Master of Flouts in his dealing with separate members of the Bench of Prelates.

The name of Wilberforce rises before us at once, not only for the space he fills in the paper, but for his predominance as a Churchman. For he was a great figure in his day, and to his efforts the Church owes the revival of Convocation as a Synodical Body and the Bishops the vindication of the rights and duties of their order.

Prominent as a controversialist he sometimes met his match, as *Punch* did not fail to remind him. From the Hampden affair he retired with few honours; Newman gave him a dreadful mauling. At a time when science and theology were in their most naked opposition he entered the lists against Huxley, but by no stretch of the imagination can he be said to have held the field against that formidable debater.

His sincerity was, perhaps wrongly, at least widely suspected. It is likely that the flaw in his character which inspired so much distrust was a quality of mind adroit rather than straightforward. Despite a piety that could not be questioned,

he was unfortunate in giving an impression of worldliness and ambition, with the result that it is this side of his character which so often thrust itself upon the notice of those who make his acquaintance in the comic journal.

He was perhaps a little too suave. At any rate, there was something about him that moved politicians and men of science to say rude things. Lord Derby was so exasperated by his supercilious expression during a debate in the Upper House that he made an unparliamentary quotation from "Hamlet" about smiling, for which he was called to order.

What Martin Tupper thought of him we know, since it was for Wilberforce's special benefit that the portrait of Tupper's ideal Bishop was penned:—

> "Not for mere learning void of grace,
> Nor tutoring a duke,
> Nor by hot canvass in high place
> His Bishoprick he took.
> Electioneering pamphleteers
> And bold debating men
> And smooth-tongued speakers for the Peers
> Were never Bishops then."

It is easy, then, to understand why the most vitriolic of all *Punch's* utterances are reserved for the Bishop of Oxford.

The odious habit of fixing nicknames on those who resented them, the legacy of a time when none were spared and even Wellington was "Nosey," was revived specially for his benefit.

He was "Soapy Sam," the name so ingeniously explained by himself to the inquisitive stranger in the train. Because he asked for "Prayers in our Present Troubles" at the outbreak of the Crimean War he was "Episcopal and Saponaceous Samuel," and invited to pray against the rapacity of aristocratic Churchmen.

His first appearance in cartoon was as a figure in a stained-glass window, where his controversy with Dr. Phillpotts, of Exeter, was burlesqued. His intervention in the Hampden dispute is also the subject of unfavourable comment, but it is on the subject of "Confession" that *Punch* holds him up most prominently to the public gaze. In what may be called a Wilberforce number, so large a space is given to the man and the theme, a letter urges upon the Bishop "the expediency of trying in good earnest to put the dangerous and disgusting habit of confession down."

From flings at the Scarlet Lady it seemed impossible at this time to refrain, and the cartoon in the August number for 1858 shows Oxford in dangerous flirtation with that fascinating and Papal shepherdess. "Confession" is the theme of their conversation. The explanatory verses begin—

> "Sam Soapy stood at his palace door,
> Promotion hoping to find, Sir,"

though promotion could have only come by running counter to the strongest prejudices of a Protestant Queen who had a mind of her own, and a Protestant nation.

When Wilberforce committed himself to a repudiation of the Roman doctrine, *Punch* promptly trampled on him in another cartoon, "Soapy Sam kisses the rod."

The Bishop was of course an uncompromising opponent of the Divorce Bill of 1857. For this he was attacked with great violence in "Stanzas to St. Sam":—

> "Tell me Bishop, tell me why
> If you had your little will,
> You'd keep bound in cruel tie,
> Injured spouse and false wife still."

Only once towards the end of his life did a drawing, and this a final one, display him in the sunshine of *Punch's* approval. He had been the champion of the right of the children to a playground, so he is depicted as waving Bumbledom off whilst he bids the little ones "Now go into the green fields and enjoy yourselves."

But it is evident *Punch* never entirely cleared his mind of prejudice against him. When this hard-bitten prelate, who had been baited for more than a quarter of a century, who had given as good as he received, at last disappeared tragically from the stage, the venom still remained. Though the jester paid a mingled tribute to his reputation, he pursued him to the last.

They moved in very different orbits, but the name of Hampden occurs in conjunction with that of Wilberforce.

"As once the Pope with fury fell,
When Luther laid his heavy knocks on,
At the Reformer loosed a bull,
So these at Hampden set an Ox-on."

This was *Punch's* metrical way of saying that some Oxford clergy had appealed to their Diocesan to pronounce Hampden heretical. As Professor of Divinity he had provoked a very acrimonious controversy in his University. Hardly had that died down when the comparison to a stormy petrel became him more than ever, for though suspect of serious unorthodoxy and condemned on all sides for a Bampton Lecture that left nothing standing but the authority of the letter of Scripture, he was nominated to the Bishopric of Hereford amidst a tempest of opposition.

Those who were to be his colleagues thought so unfavourably of him and showed so much resentment at the appointment that the Queen was moved to write of them: "The Bishops behave extremely ill about Dr. Hampden." Wilberforce set himself at the head of the disaffection, but the circumstances of his withdrawal from that position mark one of the most humiliating incidents in his career.

Lord John Russell had determined to place a latitudinarian upon the Bench of Bishops. Protests proving of no avail, the resistance to the fiat of a Prime Minister passed on into something like a rebellion on the part of the Dean and Chapter of Hereford.

For once an attempt was made to translate the

Congé d'Elire from a form into a reality. The Dean declined to support the election in spite of the Crown nomination, his Chapter supporting him in his resistance, fortified by the remonstrances of thirteen Bishops. In the end Russell had his way, Hampden was elected, though the Dean and one of his canons voted against him.

We needly hardly record that *Charivari* was throughout a loyal supporter of Hampden. Apart from his tolerant views, the very spectacle (as in the case of Colenso) of a man with his back to the wall fighting against a cloud of adversaries, appealed to *Punch's* sporting instinct. And that stout man-at-arms joyously couched a lance on the Broad Churchman's behalf.

But if the idol did not fall from its pedestal, it seriously wobbled. Whatever his demerits as a theologian, whether he was heretic as his opponents insisted, or only singularly unfortunate in his way of stating things, he was at least no revolutionary from the traditional ways of those whose ranks he had joined. He was as orthodox a Nepotist as any that sat on the Bench. Convicted in that capacity *Punch* did not hesitate to chastise him for his worldly-minded preferences.

The name of Phillpotts lent itself to the baser uses of the punster, a penalty exacted without scruple from the Bishop of Exeter by his consistent adversary. Like Wilberforce he was held guilty of Romanizing tendencies because he was temperate in his treatment of High Churchmen.

An early cartoon represents him as answering "Please which is Popery, and which is Puseyism?" with "Whichever you like, my little dear."

The truth is that his name has been so surrounded with controversy that his real character as a reforming prelate has suffered from an undeserved obscurity. What the condition of his huge diocese was at the time of his accession can only be imagined now from the anecdotes that survive.

Punch revelled in the mandate to the clergy of whom he was the austere ruler forbidding them to shoot, hunt, or even farm. Above all they must not be directors of that new-fangled invention the railway. It is a far cry from the days of Hudson, "the big swollen gambler" of Carlyle, to the days when railway shares form legal investments for the funds of the widow and orphan. Seventy years ago, however, there was a wildness of speculation, a mad haste to get rich, a delirious spirit of gambling abroad so hurtful to public morality and private interests that the Bishop's injunction can only be regarded, in spite of contemporary sneers, as wise and commendable.

The time came, and not so very long afterwards, when the critic was himself to be found playing the Bishop's own *rôle* and denouncing all clerical speculations in railway shares.

A very frank and outspoken person indeed, redoubtable as a controversialist, Dr. Phillpotts was once severely worsted. The picture of a dignitary tossed by a bull shews his overthrow by a Canon

of Christ Church who bore that name. After the fashion of that period Dr. Bull held a number of tempting preferments. A contemporary rhyme describes him :—

"On the box with Will Whip, ere the days of the rail
To London I travelled ; and inside the Mail
Was a Canon of Exeter ; on the same perch
Was a Canon of Oxford's Episcopal Church.
Next came one who held, I will own the thing small,
In the Minster of York, a prebendal stall.
And there sat a parson, all pursy and fair
With a Vicarage fob, and 400 a year.
Now, good reader, perhaps you will deem the coach full ;
No, there was but one traveller—Dr. John Bull."

"An Archbishop must first and foremost be a discreet and guarded man, expressing few opinions, and not extreme ones" (Bryce). If these be the virtues of a great prelate, Dr. Tait had them.

His personal goodness, the beauty and simplicity of his life, his character softened by that discipline of affliction of which he had large and bitter experience, all these gave him a high standing amongst his countrymen. A firm believer in Church and State, the leaven of Presbyterianism working in him until the end of his life, he was the predestined Archbishop of an Erastian Church.

He commended himself to the good graces of *Punch* when in 1857 as the newly-appointed Bishop of London he concerned himself at once with the needs of his poorer neighbours, forsaking the West End to carry into the dirt and squalor of Bethnal Green sympathy, advice, and a Gospel Message.

His Missionary labours were again noticed in 1861. He is "a zealous and earnest hierarch who might have been seen preaching on the previous Sunday morning to the heathen of Covent Garden."

Looking upon his zeal, *Punch* saw the beginning of a better time now happily realized, when a Bishop should be above all things a Shepherd of Souls caring for the sheep. A charge to the clergy in 1858 against Ritualistic Excess endeared him still more. A cartoon in that year exhibits him surrounded by a group of clergy holding vases of flowers, crosses and candles, whom he admonishes, "You must not bring your playthings into Church, little men."

Whenever he lifted his voice against High Churchmen the popular journal was sure to re-echo him after his own manner. Its joy in the Public Worship Bill found metrical expression in a poem, which reads like one of the Rejected Addresses of the Brothers Smith, with the singularly bald opening as addressed to an Archbishop,—

> "The Church should thank you, Tait—in time it will,
> For your sagacious Public Worship Bill."

Its inspiration remained at the same low level when next it attempted to hold up the Archbishop's hands in "The New Schoolmaster." Possibly the British public, in high content with what was given, did not mind its being in a broken vessel.

> "Now mark me well, my name is Tait
> And here's my rod. Each mother's son
> Beware lest he should feel the weight.
> These are my words to every one.

Your Mother, boy, has trusted me,
I will not leave her in the lurch,
But flog you soundly if I see
You ever bring your toys to Church."

The rift in the lute came, however, with the Sabbatarian question.

Tait with Scottish bias opposed himself to the opening of museums and galleries on the Day of Rest; *Punch* was equally convinced that Sunday should be a day of unrestricted freedom. So it happens the best likeness of the Archbishop appears in a cartoon in which he is branded as the publican's best friend; the contention being that by repressive legislation he joins with them in driving people on Sundays out of the galleries and into the bars. This, with the exception of a short and feeble panegyric in 1883, was *Punch's* final word of an Ecclesiastic who deserved well of him.

CHAPTER X

"PUNCH" AND PERSONALITIES ON THE BENCH (*continued*)

THE Bishop of Natal was the one exception known to Ruskin who had not "forfeited and fallen from his Bishopric by transgression."

But this testimonial did not save him from excommunication in South Africa, nor gain for him the sympathy of any one member of his own order in England. The invitation to the Lambeth Conference was expressly framed to exclude such undesirables as he. He stood alone.

How free was his theology for those days we may readily recall. At a time when the theory of verbal inspiration was generally held, and every word of the Sacred Record was passionately dear to believers, it was inconceivable that a Bishop of the Anglican Church should set himself deliberately to overthrow the authority of the Mosaic Records. Yet this was done by the first Bishop of Natal. Like an ecclesiastical Prospero waving a wand of interpretation, he raised much the same kind of storm as raged in Oxford in 1836, when Professor Buckland's treatise impeaching the Six Days had roused the heresy hunters.

The course of events which followed on the publication of his views is well known, how he

was deposed by the Spiritual tribunal of his own province, how he appealed to the Privy Council, how the decision of that tribunal enabled him to snap his fingers at his opponents and to retain his position and emoluments until the end of his life.

In the long controversy *Punch* took an active part fighting for him with pen and pencil. For the controversy itself he had little but contempt, regarding it as a muddle. His cartoon of 1865 summed up the whole situation in a few words:—

> "Colenso had no right to swear
> Obedience to an empty chair;
> And Gray no title to enact
> A compact that was bosh in fact."

Whatever his opinion of these casuistries, he plied his cudgel merrily on Colenso's chief adversaries in England and at the Cape. He brought it down on the head of the Metropolitan, Dr. Gray, who pronounced sentence of excommunication, as well as on the English clergyman who supported it by becoming a rival Bishop of Maritzburg. It made free play about critics like J. C. M. Bellew (already on his way to Rome) condemning an Establishment that could not deal with an heretical Bishop; he shook it menacingly at the chiefs of the English Church whose perplexities in troublous years were intensified by Colenso's action in Natal and by his presence in England.

To Convocation protesting against Colenso's teaching, *Punch* addressed some verses marked rather by ingenuity of rhyming on the Bishop's

name than by any intellectual contribution to the controversy :—

> "Truth is great, must prevail ;
> Reason, parsons, don't rail.
> You will hinder, not help her defence so,
> But confute the man's sums,
> You may then snap your thumbs
> And make faces at Bishop Colenso."

In a very fine cartoon, "The Zulu Bride," he applauded Archbishop Tait's protest against Dr. Macrorie's consecration to a Bishopric not yet vacated.

Lay opinion in this country was generally with the humorist in favour of Colenso, whose magnificent advocacy of the rights of native races was well known. Ruskin declared there was not a single statement of his concerning the Bible which Wilberforce dare contradict before Professor Max Müller or any other leading scholar in Europe. Gladstone, on the other hand, condemned his opinions, and was ready to join in guaranteeing a stipend to any new Bishop who might be appointed. Dean Stanley with his usual courage pronounced a eulogy upon him as the gallant defender of the oppressed.

It is likely that in Colenso the mathematician rose superior to the theologian ; the jest of Wilberforce that he was jealous of Moses for writing a book of numbers before him was not without point. His habit of mind, his pugnacity of temperament, led him to destroy rather than build up. He will be

remembered as the Bishop who inflicted an arithmetic on one generation, and what was regarded as a heresy on another.

The effect of the schism created in South Africa by him was deplorable. It ran like a flame through the Garden Colony; it involved the nearest of relatives and the dearest of friends in recrimination and anger; it turned God's Acre into a battle field and threw its shadow over the Altar; retarded the growth of religion, wasted the resources of the Church, involved the native Christians in partisan bitterness, and formed a subject of appeal time after time to the legislature of Natal.

But from its first reference in 1858 to the question of Polygamy in South Africa till its last mention of him in a poem in 1875, the journal kept its good opinion of the fighting chivalrous Bishop, whose splendid figure was so well known in the streets of Durban, Maritzburg, and up-country in Natal.

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"What can *Punch* wish but luck
To such straightforward pluck,
Though it may mislead now and again so—
Would such bottom and bone
Were oftener shown,
As are shown, right or wrong, by Colenso."

He died in 1883. But the end of the controversy was not yet. Only within the last few years has the wound been healed, healed very largely by the devotion and intellectual resource of the first

reconciliation Bishop, Dr. Hamilton Baynes, and by the soothing and spiritual influence of his successor.

One of the most unconventional and unecclesiastical of Bishops was once reported to have said he would rather see England free than sober. The England to which he referred was startled, the religious part of it shocked. In such an axiom *Punch* revelled; the ink bubbles in his pen when he refers to it. He turned with delight to "the pugnacious and accurately worded person" who was so able and ready to answer for his fulfilment of the charge of St. Peter.

But while he found pleasure in the courage and common sense of Bishop Magee, he disagreed with him because his Lordship declined to meddle in other folks' business. When invited to take part in a dispute between masters and men he declined on the ground that it was a question of political economy in which the clergy should remain strictly neutral.

This attitude of *laisser-faire* has been abandoned; others have arisen with different views, and the action of Cardinal Manning, with Dr. Westcott's successful intervention in a serious strike involving 80,000 miners and their families, were but the first of a series of peaceful arbitrations in which Bishops have been the active agents of conciliation.

Of this type Dr. Fraser was an illustrious example.

The great Liberal Premier seldom did a better thing for the Church than in this appointment to

Manchester of one who followed with the keenest concern every movement, social, religious or industrial. In one of the old Episcopal cities with their traditions, their conventional dignity, their dread of innovation or novelty, he would probably have been out of place. But the very qualities which would have startled and alarmed many old-fashioned Churchmen were those which were to endear him to the men of the north, and make his Episcopate notable.

Punch loved him because he was "a speaker of sound sense." His vindication of the right of the working man to drink a glass of beer, his encouragement of the theatre and wholesome plays, his concern for the working man and his attempts to better his condition, his moderation and his unconventionality, all gained for him the journal's approval and backing.

Yet another man on the Episcopal Bench earned its right good will, that life-long friend of whom Gladstone said, "There is one word which will I hope always be associated with the name of Bishop Selwyn in the recollection of those who loved him, and that is 'noble.'"

What he was at Eton as a schoolboy, he remained through his life as Presbyter and Bishop; always good humoured and energetic, "and ready to take the hardest and most ungrateful task on himself." His work as Bishop of New Zealand begun in *Punch's* year, 1841, literally changed the history of a people. He felled the forest; swam rivers; tamed

cannibals; preached the story of the Gospel in season and out of season, and put to full proof those fine qualities of athlete and good man that fitted him to be the Apostle and Evangelist of the heathen.

Punch had always shown a shyness towards missionaries and their work, but the return of Selwyn to take up Episcopal labours in Lichfield drew from him an unusual and generous tribute. "The Bishop in the right place" (the Black Country) was a recognition of the character and achievement which had made him one of the greatest missionaries since the days of St. Paul. No doubt the fact that he was coming back to England and the needs of his own people roused the enthusiasm of *Punch* more than if his face had been set towards New Zealand.

(*Reprinted by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*)

"Lift hats all, as this his funeral takes its way,
Whatever Church or sect, for once we can,
To him that borne into his rest to-day
Each breath a Bishop; every inch a man."

"Dr. Temple will turn out the best bishop they've ever had in the West."

This was what schoolboys call a good shot on the part of *Punch*. Time justified this anticipation of a notable career for one so far known in his pages as a contributor to Essays and Reviews. The appointment to Exeter provoked the strongest remonstrance on the part of Church people, but stirred up the muse of Bouverie Street to a flight

of poetry in which her Pegasus came heavily to the ground.

"Anathema Maranatha" is a pæan of Latitudinarianism in which amongst other miracles of versification "Maranatha" is made to rhyme with "father." Under the motto of "Donec Templa refeceris," it tells us of the Rugby headmaster :—

> "He's not High nor Low nor Broad,
> Sings not matin, none, nor laud,
> Pins no trust, and founds no hope
> On alb, dalmatic and cope.
> Faith and works holds collateral,
> Owns no priesthood supernatural,
> Little in his works you'll find
> On Church power to loose or bind."

There are a number of references in this year of 1869 to the general hubbub, to Dr. Pusey's indignation (ascribed to disappointment), to the action of the Exeter Chapter on the receipt of the Congé d'Elire and to Lord Shaftesbury's objection. The latter is made the subject of a cartoon, where *Punch* sprinkles Pusey with a watering can to reduce his delirium, whilst Gladstone overawes Shaftesbury by reading out to him convincing passages from "Royal Prerogative."

In "The Clerical Swallow" the submission of the Chapter is derided. Its members ought to resign their preferment rather than elect a man to whom they object on conscientious grounds. But *Punch* was disappointed to the edge of disgust when the new Bishop hauled down his piratical flag, and flew

a bran new Royal Ensign at his mizen. "It seemed to me that what was allowed to Frederick Temple might not be allowed to the Bishop of Exeter." The humorist considered the philosophy of this Apologia in a long poem, "Temple divided against himself," with the conclusion—

"For a Right Reverend, still, in vain
We offer prayers and wish up
Who'll hold what's right in Schoolmaster
Can ne'er be wrong in Bishop."

The Temperance activity of the new Prelate in the diocese so lately governed by Dr. Philpotts was enshrined in an epigram:—

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"How keenly these Exeter Bishops endeavour
To prove they belong to such different lots,
As the creed of the old one was 'Phillpotts for ever'
The cry of the new one is 'Never fill pots.'"

By the time we arrive at Temple's successor in the pastoral oversight of London we are conscious of another atmosphere. Under the *rôle* of a Roman Catholic editor, "No thoroughfare" is written up over many of the avenues of religious and theological thought into which his predecessors did not hesitate to walk with confident steps. *Punch* is no longer a theological expert; the region of men's conscience is safe from him.

CHAPTER XI

"PUNCH" AND THE PARSONS

WHEN Thackeray made his famous contribution "Clerical Snobs," he did so with a decency and restraint which set a high example. It was so easy to shew up the parson and to indulge on criticisms of that monstrous "black coated race." He saw that if there were some clergy who did wrong, the press, ready to bellow excommunication against these stray delinquents, somehow took little count of the many good men who lived and died in their duty.

Nor did he fail to notice of "those eminent philosophers who cry out against parsons the loudest, there are not many who have got their knowledge of the Church by going there often." He did not believe, and *Punch* was the medium of that belief, that priests were hypocrites, and that clergymen in general drove about in a coach and four and ate a tithe pig a day.

For the first twenty years of his existence the tone of *Punch* was anti-clerical. With another arch critic of those days he could say of every man who wore a surplice or the gown and bands on Sunday, "I am not prejudiced in favour of his profession." But if they could make this common confession

their point of view varied. The one saw chiefly the idyllic side of clerical life. It was to him "this profession, with its pride and privilege and more or less roseate repose of domestic felicity, entirely beautiful and enviable in country parishes."

To *Punch* that life painted itself in stronger colours. It was full of contrasts. Against the splendour of Bishops and higher clergy stood in stark relief the pauperized lives of thousands of curates, existing on labourer's wages, with but little before them but the labourer's last refuge. He looked out into the realm ecclesiastic and beheld purple and fine linen, magnificent equipages, palaces, flunkeys, inordinate incomes, whilst all the while side by side with these moved weariness with walking to and fro in quest of bread and a clerical job, shepherds sweated and overworked in the discharge of duties for which others were paid, broken-spirited men and women ill-fed or wearing the garments of charity, existences void of hope or preferment.

It was the spectacle of this misery even more than the sense of incompatible wealth which roused his indignation and pity, and made the philanthropist who sang the sorrows of seamstresses passing laborious lives high up the dark and rickety staircases of London to tell also of the unhappy lot of the poor brethren of the Church.

When *Punch* first began to belabour the Bishops and their clergy the times were those of transition; the season of barrenness was not quite over and

gone, Ruskin was flouting the world ecclesiastic with magnificent tropes, whilst Trollope was drawing his types of human nature and moral environment in the persons of Bishop Proudie, Archdeacon Grantly, Parson Fenwick and many another. Mrs. Proudie, that great creation of Victorian fiction, had assumed her rule not only of palace, but of diocese, and was known to thousands of imaginative readers as intimately as their next door neighbour or their relatives.

The better days that came with the High Church Revival had not fully dawned. Whilst there were many whose lives were governed by "solid and unfaltering devotion," who were alive to their responsibilities, and endeavoured to be worthy of the precious charge committed to their care, unprofitable servants were in the ascendant.

Dean Church has left on record that "the clergyman of the early Victorian era was a kindly respectable person, but certainly not alive to the greatness of his calling. He was the magistrate of his parish, its ruler, its doctor, its lawyer, its teacher, but the idea of the priest was almost forgotten." The blot of his life was quiet worldliness.

These Clerks in Holy Orders were less a separate order set apart for the work of the Ministry, than a variation of the ruling class, sharing their social position, their habits, their sympathies, their prejudices, and their methods of living. When a writer in the *Times* complained that the parson was so often made a Deputy Lieutenant, *Punch* promptly

designed a clerical-military uniform to meet the requirements of "so strange a combination."

Multifarious as were the duties enumerated by the Dean of St. Paul's some would have added to them. In 1845 two thousand inhabitants of Rochdale petitioned that the hanging of criminals should be done by a clergyman. *Punch* suggested that if the Government acceded to the desire, an advertisement in the *Times* would probably read, "Wanted a clergyman in every way fitted for the gallows."

It cannot be resisted that numbers of the clergy found their place in the Church for reasons that fell far short of the ideal call. Vocation to them was confounded with profession; they saw in the Ministry a comfortable and even luxurious mode of existence. Behind the Ordination vow there lay a spirit of calculation as cool and as worldly as any that entered into the career of a barrister or merchant.

It was against the "jobber and hunter after preferment and pluralists who built fortunes and endowed families out of the Church" that *Punch* directed his arrows of scorn. The result of their enrichment was to be seen in the miserable poverty of many hundreds of the inferior clergy. Many are the scathing references to these disparities in the "Richest and Poorest Church in the world where the prizes in the clerical lottery are terribly out of proportion to the blanks."

Punch early recognizes that so long as rank

poverty existed in the Ministry of a Church with a secure and settled income of several millions, so long as it was necessary to call into existence not one, but two societies to collect and distribute cast-off raiment and gifts of money for "many poor clergymen in distress wanting food and clothing" (Prospectus 1859), the Church which endured such a state of affairs was brought into contempt, and a blot lay on her escutcheon.

Something should be said of the habits of the clergy as they first come under the journal's review. Sydney Smith when declaring that all classes in his day above the condition of labourers ate and drank too much, did not exclude from this gormandising and wine-bibbing generation his own brethren.

The reproach could not be sustained in the degree in which it was originally made. Nevertheless if hard drinking had ceased to be the indispensable accomplishment of a fine gentleman, and an after-dinner unsteadiness in the walk was no longer good form, the bottle still circulated too freely on the tables of the clergy.

With his usual acuteness *Mr. Punch* did not fail to detect and hit off that feature in the Church life of his time. His parsons in the earlier sketches are plump and well fed to coarseness, they wear the flush of good living. In the vision that comes to him of a day when pluralities shall have ceased, he sees "no more bottle nosed Bishops, and bloated Rectors." Thackeray who was an excellent judge

of good living said, "The superior clergy dine very much and well, I don't know when I have been better entertained, as far as creature comforts go, than by men of very Low Church principles."

The table preferences of the two great parties in the Church were very happily illustrated in one of Charles Keene's drawings. "'Igh or Low, Sir?" enquires the butler when told that the Squire has three or four clergymen coming to dine with him. "Why do you ask, Prodgers?" "Well you see, Sir, the 'Igh drinks most wine, and the Low eats most vittles, and I must perwide accordin'."

Though *Punch* has his slap at the old time Parson of convivial habit, he views his disappearing almost with sorrow. He describes in a rollicking verse one of the few survivors:—

"An old and sound divine
Amongst a few surviving
Who still adhere to old port wine
To get it genuine, striving.
As much as I do find suffice
I go on drinking daily,
And this is always my advice
O stick to Port and Paley."

In 1847 Ireland was suffering from the effects of absentee landlordism, a disablement which found its reflection in England in absentee parsons drawing the income of benefices they seldom or never visited, and miserably under-paying the curates to whom they confided their duties.

In a Parliamentary return examined by *Punch* in

1847, it was shewn that of the beneficed clergy 3,366 were non-resident, whilst no less than 950 of them "munificently remunerated for their sinecure services were altogether absent from the sphere of their sacred duties without either licence or exemption." As to the substitutes who did the neglected duty 1,000 of them had stipends under £100, and 113 received less than £50 by the year.

Many livings were held by college dons who deemed weekly visits for the scanty services of a Sunday a sufficient acquittal of their obligations. An instance of this occurs in the case of Dr. Lake, afterwards Dean of Durham, who had been appointed to the valuable college living of Huntspill. One of those who farmed his glebe meeting him casually at a railway station complained in the hearing of Mr. Tuckwell, "We don't see much of you at Huntspill." The reply of the careful herdsman was, "You may depend upon it, you won't see more of me than I can help"; so lightly sat his duties on even a professor of morals.

When Dean Hole was a youth living at home he never saw the man who had charge of the parish and who drew its moneys. The incumbent (ironically so called) did not live in the county. "A curate had lodgings six miles away, and came to us once a week for a cold heartless sermon. My memory recalls him as he stands, with his overcoat, hat and riding whip upon the Holy Table, asking the sexton if there were any infants to baptize (at home of course in a pudding basin) or any dead to

be buried in the Churchyard which was the village playground, and where horses were turned out to graze."

In 1854 *Punch* mentions how a Minor Canon of St. Paul's left his Church in the country four Sundays out of five without service, the wardens having to read Prayers on the fifth Sunday and extemporize a form of worship. This absence and neglect were the more discreditable since an epidemic of cholera was prevailing in the village and surrounding neighbourhood.

A serious occasion of scandal was not merely their absences, but the doings of certain of the clergy while away. In 1844 *Punch* quoted a case to shew the urgent need of a Bill for discipline. A rector in the diocese of Peterborough had been guilty of the grossest misconduct, yet the Bishop was unable to deal with him because the offence had been committed in Paris. Offences on the Continent were extra-judicial; there was no law of Spiritual extradition by which evil doers could be handed over to their own diocesan for punishment.

In spite of its urgency nearly half a century elapsed before the Church Discipline Act was passed. Until 1892 drunken and immoral priests having served their term of banishment or imprisonment were able to inflict themselves again upon their indignant and scandalized parishes. Introduced in 1886 by Bishop Benson determined to redeem the abuses in the realm of clerical morals only after a long struggle did the Act become law.

CHAPTER XII

"PUNCH" AND THE PARSONS (*continued*)

As the clergy are disappearing from the ball room and the hunting field, so their numbers are dwindling from the Bench of Magistrates. But in *Punch's* day the country parson of good standing was invariably a magistrate.

Not infrequently a squarson himself and owner of glebe, the sympathies of the clerical justice were naturally with his own order whose pursuits and predilections he shared. In many instances there were clerical preserves to be poached. Unintelligible to the foreigner as a curious growth indigenous to the soil of this country, he was described by *Punch's* Frenchman in his "Simple notes on England" as "a magistrate who preaches."

Often the kindliest of men, the almoner of the village, he could be hard as iron on the Bench especially when dealing with poaching, that un pardonable sin of country life which had exercised the ingenuity of legislators from the twelfth century at least.

On the side of the landowners was a sentiment so pronounced that it passed into an obsession, the very mention of hares and partridges too often putting an end to humanity and common sense; the

labouring man, for his part, could never be brought to understand that game, flying where it will, and bred no one knows where, was strictly property.

With this unhappy divergence of opinion poaching perpetually practised was as persistently visited with all the rigour of the law. The system of transportation, discreditable both to English sagacity and to English humanity, was still in vogue. That snaring a rabbit should mean, as it sometimes did, banishment to the company of misery and vice in New South Wales was bad enough; it carried an added horror if the Rector's sentence had inflicted it on a parishioner.

Apart from these extreme cases we see from the finger pointings of the moralist how hard were some of the sentences passed. In 1841 a trivial and unintentional trespass by four young labourers on lands belonging to Lord Skelmersdale was punished by a Clerk in Holy Orders to the tune of fines and costs amounting to £16. The labourer's weekly wage at this time was less, often considerably less, than ten shillings a week.

In the same year another Reverend magistrate fined a young man £2 17*s.* 6*d.* for shooting on his uncle's land a rabbit which ran across the ditch dividing the farm from some property belonging to Lord Abingdon and perversely expired on the Earl's portion of the land. Before the year was out two clergy sentenced a person for trespassing in pursuit of game on the Duke of Buckingham's

preserves to two months in the House of Correction, and in default of surety of £10 to further imprisonment for six months.

The spirit of freedom was abroad, the emancipation of the slaves drew nigh in America, yet at the outbreak of the Crimean War some working men could not leave their work for a day to go to a review without being sentenced by a country vicar to fourteen days imprisonment, so violent and untempered were some of these clerical decrees.

It is noticeable that after 1845 the enormities of these sentences ceased. Whilst Charles Kingsley in "Yeast" was holding up the game laws to contempt and hatred, *Punch* and the press were equally prompt to expose extravagant penalties with the effect that the more equitable administration of justice and the growth of enlightened feeling prevented these village wiseacres from making martyrs of offending parishioners and from writing down the law an ass!

Connected with the clerical J.P., but a more innocuous person, was the sporting clergyman.

From the earliest times the excitement and peril of the chase seem to have offered a fascination to clerics. A canon dating back to Chaucer forbade them to hunt with hawk or hound "Voluptatis causa," but it was permitted them "recreationis aut valetudinis gratia," a piece of casuistry which the monks did not fail to interpret to their own advantage. In spite of prohibitions the cloth continued to hunt and hawk. In the eighteenth century the gentle-

hearted Cowper denounced at once the barbarism and the negligence of the cassocked huntsman.

"He takes the field, the master of the pack
Cries 'Well done Saint,' and claps him on the back.
Is this the road to sanctity? Is this
To stand a way mark on the road to bliss?
Himself a wanderer from the narrow way,
The silly sheep, what wonder if they stray!"

When Cowper's muse was silenced Sydney Smith took up the tale. The propensity for shooting for which the clergy in his day were remarkable did "infinite harm," according to the indictment, "as worldly and unapostolic." Ruskin followed in the line of accusers and said bitter and contemptuous things about the killing of rabbits.

Punch, however, followed the course of the sporting parson with a view hulloo of encouragement. Not only did he expose the absurdity of the Bishop of Rochester's pastoral, forbidding his clergy to shoot or fish or even to play at cricket, but he went so far as to argue the right of a Lincolnshire parson to breed and train horses for the turf. That parson's Bishop was of another opinion and, as Sir W. Lawson told the House of Commons, "came down upon him with some hard things, and the poor man was obliged to give up his living but not his racehorses."

Another Bishop had to wage a long and continuous warfare with incumbents in his diocese of Exeter, not a few, who kept their own pack of hounds. The most famous of them all, "Jack"

Russell of Swymbridge, devoted to sport throughout his long life, and able at eighty-five to ride forty miles to join his friends at dinner, won the whole-hearted admiration of *Punch*, who defended this M.F.H., against obvious charges, as a good sportsman and one who never neglected his clerical duties.

When the "King of the Western Hunting Field" died in 1883 at the age of eighty-seven the hunting parson went out with him.

Until 1870 *Punch* still could have his jest at the expense of the rector who justified his following of hounds in Lent by dressing in black, or of the parson importing a proper sacerdotal air to a Derby visit by wearing a Cimmerian tie. An enthusiast who ought to be in Church or under Lenten discipline can still explain his presence on the very tail of the hounds as an accident of his morning's ride. It is likely, however, that the sense of the community turns increasingly against the sporting instinct of clergy.

As the 'seventies come in the times become more serious; certain recreations are now debarred to one whose mission is to administer the Sacraments and preach. Gone, or well nigh foundered, is the man who follows the fox; the cleric who takes his place in a partridge drive is comparatively rare; there remains the fishing parson taking his pleasure, and often taking it sadly, with hook and line.

Cricket, football, tennis have still their votaries amongst the younger men, but as for the curate who spends his time with a racket and in feminine

society, he has no existence outside the pages of the entertaining journal itself.

Ranked amongst the occasional clergy, the gentleman who takes charge of a parish during vacancy, or the absence of its incumbent, has been offered up on the altar of witticism for many years past. There is something in the very title 'Locum Tenens' which invites a joke. As the 'local demon' and in other killing alternatives he has delighted generations of Church people.

"Is the Rector any better?" "No, Sir." "Has he got a Locum Tenens?" "No, Sir, same old pain in the back"—this is the way in which *Punch* brings this long-suffering personage before the public in 1884.

A few years later he was able to convict the *Record* of securing the services of a very High Churchman indeed. Its advertisement sought "a Locum Tenens, good preacher, 300 feet high, and usual fees." One fancies the usual two guineas with travelling expenses would hardly cover the charges of such a substitute, whilst his hospitality from Saturday to Monday would make a staggering demand upon a country parsonage.

The history of the Locum Tenens has not added an inspiring chapter to the annals of the Church. In many instances an entirely reliable and worthy man in many more he has inflicted a discredited character and unworthy life upon the parish so unfortunate as to shelter him. On several occasions penal servitude has been meted out to rascals

with no claims to Holy Orders who have yet exercised the most sacred functions of the priesthood. An Act of Parliament has even been necessary to correct these unlawful ministrations.

As the years pass on, the change of the lay attitude towards Bishops and clergy alike is clearly depicted in *Punch*. They are respected for their work's sake; their office carries with it a right to courtesy, but the obsequiousness of past days has disappeared. When the Vicar says to a passing farmer, "A happy New Year to you, Giles," the reply is no longer a touch of the hat and a deferential "Same to you, Sir"; "Righto," says the farmer, looking steadily to the front.

In rural districts curtsies linger on in a sparse sort of way; one may occasionally meet with a bobbing old woman or with little girls who make a movement as though about to sink into the earth. In the towns the curtsy went out with the crinoline.

The tendency is more and more to confine the clergy within the limits of their own spiritual work, and to make their claim to respect rest upon their character and labours rather than on their position in an established Church. Public opinion is firm in its conviction that unprofitableness can be tolerated anywhere better than in a ministry consecrated to the service of humanity and of God. It agrees with Owen Wister, the American novelist, when he writes, "A middlin' doctor is a pore thing, and a middlin' lawyer is a pore thing; but save me from a middlin' man o' God."

Whilst considering the clergy themselves, *Punch* has not neglected to take into his view that most important addition to parochial life, the clergyman's wife.

There was a time when our English parsonages knew no such occupant as the clerical wife. Now it is impossible to think of them without her and her legion of boys who have fought so many of England's battles or have followed their father's calling.

There is nothing to distinguish her from the British matron whom Du Maurier has studied to so much profit. Her speech, unlike that of her spouse, does not bewray her, nor is there any outward sign of a sanctified calling. Even a Bishop's consort is not uplifted above her sex, since she may not sign herself "Episcopa" nor betoken her dignity by some peculiarity of attire. As for the apron, it is hers already.

Yet the clerical wife stands apart. In her relation to her husband and to parochial life, *Punch* has not failed to detect her importance and the significance of her position. So it happens that the parson's lady has not escaped the small shot that has fallen into her partner's camp. Her portrait is presented to us in a variety of frames ranging from the prim colourless woman believing entirely in her husband and devoting herself to furthering his work in the firm conviction that Blunderton is the hub of the universe, to the lineal descendant of Mrs. Proudie ruling both the parishioners and their presumptive head with a rod of iron.

Sometimes in *Punch* she is a sort of Greek chorus serving to elicit or heighten some droll saying of those about her. On another occasion she is a convinced Ritualist who recognizes that she has no right to exist. "I don't believe in married clergy" is the explanation why she does not sit under her own husband, but attends the church of a celibate priest, an opinion, let us hope, wrung from her convictions as a Churchwoman and not from her experiences as a wife. Before her marriage she may find herself frowning a little at such questions as the wag propounds for her: "Do you think that Bishops' wives ought to have a title?" "If you were a parochial clergyman's wife should you think it was wiser to insult your Dissenters, or to treat them with silent contempt?"

Or she may give the famous warning 'To those about to be married' another and clerical shape, as in Du Maurier's drawing, with the question and answer: "What great sorrow befell Adam?" "Please, Miss, he took a wife." Phil May's little girl is, if possible, more caustic still, for she gives Vicar as the masculine of Vixen. "When the gentleman's haffable, the lady's 'aughty," says the village philosopher, a description of the clerical Darby and Joan which history has sometimes declared to be true.

These are lean benedictions perhaps, but *Punch* would be amongst the first to allow how much the Church owes to these ladies. One of the most cautious and careful of our social students—to

whose labours the community is so largely indebted —has said of them and their husbands that "Their work is done nobly and is worthy of a national Church." And this appreciation they are known to deserve in hundreds of parishes throughout the country where, in their own homes, they stand by the side of their husbands to comfort and cheer them in their difficulties with all that is wifely and womanly; in the parish itself they are as ministering angels, the nurses, the teachers, the unwearied workers.

They are not without their weaknesses and inconsistencies; they are sometimes, if one may dare to write it, intrusive, officious and even objectionable, but on the whole England may well be proud of them.

CHAPTER XIII

"PUNCH" AND THE CURATE

It is as the advocate of the underpaid clergy that *Punch* rises to the loftiest in spirit and in speech.

"A curate," wrote Sydney Smith—"there is something that excites compassion in the very name of a curate." And for many years whenever the jester speaks of those who were bearing the heat and the burden of the day in the Church's ministrations, pity and indignation are in his voice. With him the true 'Toilers of the See' are not the heroes of Victor Hugo's fiction, but the sweated subordinate clergy of England.

Not even yet has the curate come to his own. But in 1841 his lot was too often a hard one. Warming pan for the richer benefices, drudge of absentee parsons who drew the money and left him to do the work, assistant on pitiful stipends to well-endowed rectors and vicars, cavalry curate riding post haste to serve several parishes and conducting —if *Punch* is to be relied on—seven services on a Sunday; in each of these capacities he was able to shew an apostolic abnegation of comfort and filthy lucre.

"A sort of journeyman parson, waiting outside St. Paul's ready to job a pulpit by the day," is the

guise in which he first presents himself to the readers of the journal. From the beginning, his fecundity as a married man and his poverty in any state, whether bachelor, Benedick or widower, are the traits in him most noticeable. With *Punch* his idea of fruitfulness has ever attended his entrance into the conjugal state. A drawing, 1856, shows him, poor but prolific, wheeling a perambulator filled with babes and replying to an enquiry, "Wife and twins going on nicely?" The jest is repeated later in one of Du Maurier's drawings.

Whether the curate's wife has more designs than others upon the census returns is a question that is wrapped in mystery as far as the present writer is concerned. This at least is certain, that to the popular mind Lucina is the goddess disproportionately kind to her.

Punch may strew the way of the frequent babe with quips, but when the subject is poverty, not population, he is very much in earnest. Seventy years ago the pay of an assistant priest was poor; his chances of promotion without influence indifferent; his work often both thankless and laborious; his treatment at the hands of incumbents in many instances tyrannical and harsh. He could appeal to Cæsar, but he did not always find that living in a large house inclined a Bishop to take large views.

Punch drew picture after picture to bring home to the English mind the *res angusta domi* of their curates. He shewed it how the kindly consideration

of doctor and tradesman for the slender pocket of the curate whilst creditable to them was disgraceful in the wealthy Church which made it necessary. He thrust upon its notice the Parliamentary return of 1847 with the indictment against the Church's generosity that out of 2,094 curates who were licensed 1,192 received stipends under £100, and 173 less than £50 a year. He compelled it to hear the humiliating story of its 'Ragged Clergy' dependent on charity for cast-off garments and other assistance, concluding his narrative with a caustic hint to the Evangelicals that it was this Mendicant order rather than the Franciscans that should be suppressed.

"Secondhand Canonicals" brought the scandal plainly before the Bishops (in 1853), for whose bankrupt enthusiasms on platforms the reformer had little toleration, and whose easy sympathy was to him only an 'unremitting' kindness.

"'Gainst riches with greater effect you'd inveigh,
If you were attired in that rusty array,
Than if you should hold forth in tone so severe
And lawn sleeves that are starched with £12,000 a year."

The curates grew rapidly in numbers, but the years brought no great improvement in their condition. In 1880 there were, as quoted by *Punch* from an appeal sent out by the Poor Clergy Relief Society, no less than 5,000 of them with incomes averaging not above £80, and the same number of beneficed clergy under £150.

The appeal told some sad tales. The twelve

children of one incumbent cannot attend the services of the Church for want of clothes and shoes. Clothes in rags, shoes letting in water, two meals a day consisting of tea without sugar and bread without butter is the report of another. "Frequently," said a clergyman whose wife died of starvation, "we have not had a mouthful of butcher's meat for months together, and have felt really thankful that we had a potato!" What indeed could result but destitution when the average payment offered to curates in eighteen advertisements taken from the *Times* was under £80?

Punch heaped instance upon instance to shew how miserably inadequate were the stipends for clerical duties. In 1853 a curate in a Lichfield village must "read daily prayers, take evening Communion, be responsible for day, night, and Sunday schools, plenty of work of all kinds, have good health, and conduct choral services, and preach three or four times on Sunday" for a mere pittance.

The universities were no more generous than the local clergy, as we may judge from the fact that in 1853 the Minister of Mortlake was only allowed £40 a year for his ministrations by Worcester College, Oxford.

Two years later, by applying at a registry office under sanction of the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, you could obtain a curacy with the usual parochial duties and the added tuition of sixteen boys at a remuneration of £80 per annum. To a man of self-abnegation the following must

have offered irresistible attractions: "A curacy in diocese of Winchester, value £26, but conditional upon the payment of rates and taxes in respect of the Rector's property." Another curacy in Ely, population over 1,000, is rewarded with "vegetables and the use of a cow."

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the habit of grinding the faces of poor clergy is to be found in the report the Justices of the Cumberland Quarter Sessions felt it their duty to present to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in 1857. On the one side is the income of the benefice; the amount of the other represents the curate's wages.

S. Cuthbert's, Carlisle . .	£1,500	Stipend	£5	16	8
S. Mary's, „ . .	£1,000	„	£6	0	0
Hesket	£1,000	„	£18	5	0
Warwick Wetheral. . .	£1,600	„	£52	0	0

Whilst quoting instances for the public enlightenment *Punch* made it his business to open direct attacks upon the Bishops for their supineness. When the Pan-Anglican Synod assembled for its first session in England he sought its programme to find if the claims of the curate found any place in it, and expressed his disappointment in a fine and pathetic cartoon: "Any help for our difficulties, dear?" asks the anxious wife. "Oh, no," is the reply of the resigned husband, as he looks through the long list of resolutions. "We poor curates are not even mentioned."

With the opening of the 'seventies the atmosphere grows clearer; the tragic note which *Punch* had

struck for a quarter of a century is no longer to be heard. Henceforth, with few exceptions, invective gives place to good-tempered banter, and the raillery in which he indulges at the expense of clerical foibles does not rankle.

The moralist can be very severe on certain clerical types, such as "the acidulated clergyman," whose smirking portrait he draws, and for whom he predicts the worst possible ending, either at the hands of his Bishop or in a Court of Law. But he is well disposed to the ministers of the Church; his artists are to deal with them in good taste.

The era of Charles Keene and George Du Maurier has fully arrived. Tenniel was still to continue that delicacy of execution and purity of humour, that expression of art so finished and so refined which helped more than most things to give *Punch* a European reputation. To him was to be added the other two, Keene, inimitably droll, unapproachable in depicting absurd positions, and delighting to quiz the clergy whom he drew in such an extraordinary variety of positions, but never failed to draw with a touch of caricature. But it is to Du Maurier we look for those presentations of Bishops and clergy, of clerical wives and daughters, of young curates and elderly admirers to which generations to come will turn with joy.

What a delightful picture of the clergy and their attitudes he has given in "Not an ornamental Bishop"! How well, too, he has contrived in his drawing of the bow-legged dignitary to show,

without offence, that Providence which summons to the Deanery does not always provide suitable accommodation for the Decanal gaiters!

And he has left behind him artists in the true line of succession. The fun poked at very human, often very lovable weaknesses, the preacher who is not able to practise his own homilies on restraint in speech, the gardener who is invited by his overcharged master to visit the creditor and "talk in a careless sort of way," the humour of Sunday School Examinations and Treats, and the notion of the head of the parish as one "who keeps a Vicarage"; all this and much more we owe to those later members of the staff who have studied their parsons.

Their means of locomotion have always been a subject of interest to *Punch*. In his pages we witness the arrival of the bicycle and motor car. In Scotland the Presbyterian minister pushes on his way on a bicycle, in spite of the aggrieved parishioner who hates to see him "spanking aboot on yon cyclopeady."

When the Bishop of Chester takes to a tricycle (as more orthodox, perhaps, than two wheels) *Punch* immediately discourses on 'Pastors on Castors,' and asks if the number of Dissenters in the diocese has much increased since the Bishop was seen coming down hill at thirty miles an hour with his legs over the handle of his machine.

In the later years as the assistant curate again appears in the lantern, the shadow is no longer behind him. He is exuberantly in the light.

Punchinello pulls the strings, and the quaint mannikin with Roman collar or white tie jerks his limbs in the drollest way.

For many years the curate has contributed to the gaiety of nations. The drawing-room hero of novels, and the plaything of the stage, his very appearance lends itself to burlesque, and a roar of laughter goes up as soon as his figure appears on the boards. It were a nice theme for the speculative whether the clerical dress and aspect have not some eternal correlation with absurdity.

Such a valuable asset in the making of mirth did not escape the observation of *Punch*, who has used him to much purpose. Even the people who seldom if ever trouble to read the letterpress find something to arrest the attention and provoke a smile in the picture of the perennial curate. He would be hard to please who could take no pleasure in Charles Keene's fearful sort of wild fowl, in the breathing, living drawings of Du Maurier, or the wonderfully accurate representations of the later artists like Gunning King, A. W. Mills, and others. From Du Maurier's Adonis of the drawing-room in 1866 whom Beatrix refuses to kiss amidst the chorus of Aunts, "What an extraordinary child," to Raven Hill's breezy genial youth of 1906 who begins his lectures with the happy introduction "My dear friends—I will not call you ladies and gentlemen, since I know you too well," and the startlingly life-like slum curate of F. Reynolds in 1907, they are all delightful.

At the outset of this stage of portraiture, the assistant clergy have not entirely ceased to be the "beasts of burden" so often described in *Punch*. The phrase 'keep a curate,' so properly offensive to those concerned, had yet a meaning from which in these days it has shaken itself free. There is more than humorous significance in the suggestion of the Vicar's son, that if there is no one to look after the donkey he wants, "the curate could do that." In 1870 an advertisement required "curate, stipend £150: second year £120, to undertake the whole duty when the Rector is away, about nine months in the year, and to superintend the making of the Rector's hay." *Punch* is anxious to know what the advertiser really expects in addition to the discharge of a clergyman's duty and a decreasing stipend.

It is evident, however, that the man little better than the menial, the clerical maid-of-all-work to be kept in a state of subordination, liable to ready dismissal and usually thrown over by the Bishop in any controversy between himself and the Incumbent, that such a one is passing out of the history of the Church which had permitted his inferiority too long. The curate is no longer the namby-pamby person of fiction and the stage; the Reverend Milk-can Waters has given place to a very virile person indeed.

The evolution of the manly stage is plainly seen in *Punch*. From the diffident creature invited by his sprightly partner to go so far as to offer a

remark, or the nervous twittering young man who is told by the old woman, "Now you may sit down and read to me a bit, and then you may give me a shilling, and then you may go," from these to the muscular youth who offers to throw the comic man, presuming too much, over a balcony, and the athletic curate whose proportions dwarf those of the dragoon by his side, is a plain path.

It is, however, as an eligible bachelor and desirable *parti* that the curate chiefly shines amidst the treasures of *Punch's* light humour. On this side he offers perpetual facilities. He is found at the school treat amidst a bevy of admiring girls; the doctor's daughter puts her father's stethoscope to the intervening wall to listen to him soothing his soul with the concertina; the mother with marriageable daughters sincerely hopes he doesn't hold that sad heresy of 'clerical celibacy'; he alleviates the anxiety of the damsels he squires on the ice by telling them, "I keep a rector, you know"; even the '*enfant terrible*' of the family can taunt his sisters with being amongst "half the parish that runs after the curate." At the other end of life the elderly spinster thinks of him as a heavenly preacher. "If one had closed one's eyes one might have thought it was the Bishop." And you can see from Du Maurier's picture that her nieces are in agreement with her on this topic.

If it is commonly believed across the Atlantic that the hope of every Englishwoman over thirty is a curate *Punch* has done much to give colour to

CLERICAL ÆSTHETICS.

Fair Parishioner : " And do you like the pulpit, Mr. Auriol ? "
The New Curate : "I do not. Er — it hides too much of the figure, and I like every shake of the surplice to tell ! "

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that conviction. He long continued the legend that the fledgling priest was constantly receiving slippers, braces and smoking caps; he drew him in silky whiskers and faultless attire, and described him as taking part in dances and private theatricals, and other festivities.

The generation of enamoured curates of that class has passed away, and whoever enters into Holy Orders to-day must drop the substance of slippers and mittens for the shadow of moral encouragement. When he dies to curate nature he will be none the worse a man and a parish priest that some of his weaknesses, whether true or alleged, have been observed and commented upon by a quizzical friend.

With the assistance of W. S. Gilbert the jester killed the craze for sunflowers and long necks, the cult of the yearning countenance, the inclination to live on the smell of the lily. He held up to ridicule with as trenchant a touch the affectations and æsthetic extravagances of pretentious young parsons. What a smooth stone well planted in the heads of certain dilettante clergymen was the drawing of the affected cleric who liked "every shake of the surplice to tell"! The merely millinery side of ritualism always provoked *Punch* to scornful jesting, as in the drawing of the enthusiast for monkish attire masquerading before the mirror in tonsure and sandals, who takes cold and decides (with his feet in hot water) that "there is not much in sacerdotal Christianity."

It must be admitted that *Punch's* attitude towards the junior clergy has been a good-tempered one. He may cause the curate to take charge of the monkey in the 'Menagerie Race' and be dreadfully discomfited, whilst his elderly parishioner may lower the crest of the Rector's new colleague by telling him that he has seen many come and many go, and "they have always changed for the wuss," but on the whole he has confidently appealed to his readers' imagination and to their approval with the pictures he has drawn. He regards the curate as a thoroughly good fellow, but he declines to revere him as a saint, except after the entertaining fashion of G. D. Armour, one of his artistic staff.

CHAPTER XIV

REPRESENTATIVE CHURCHMEN AND EXETER HALL

THE first representative of the more latitudinarian or comprehensive school of thinkers who finds a place in *Punch* is the historian Milman, whose retirement from his Deanery was followed by a regretful notice. But there is no representative of Anglicanism more congenial to his own wide sympathies than Milman's successor, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

A layman rather than a Churchman in intellect he commended himself especially to the lay folk amongst his countrymen. If he skated on the thinnest ice of any theologian that Carlyle had ever heard of, it was partly for this reason that he was so beloved of the tolerant humorist.

Punch hailed his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster, as "beyond all praise, for who but the man who has written admirably on Palestine should sit in the Jerusalem Chamber." A flame of indignation rose from the smoking flax of the weekly flippancies when the *Times* denounced "that chartered libertine, the Dean of Westminster who has once more disgraced the venerable Church which is so unfortunate as to be committed to his charge by making it a lecture room in which

Nonconformist ministers may disport themselves." *Punch* maintained that the fane was honoured rather than degraded by the presence and words of Dr. Moffatt, the venerable African missionary.

He supported with some vehement words Stanley's Erastian position in 1868. When the Dean died, he mourned the man "of gentle heart and spirit mild as free."

One of Stanley's colleagues comes before us in a character he rather disdained. Charles Kingsley was a splendid type, not so much of the Muscular Christianity of which he was the reputed father, nor of the more virile type of curate who drank in his teachings, but of all those who are God-fearing and chivalrous friends of the poor. His courage, his scorn of meanness and hypocrisy, his love of liberty, all these endeared him to *Punch*, with the added virtue that he was Erastian and even bitterly Protestant.

The very name of Romanist was hated by Kingsley. His priest in "Westward Ho!" is the embodiment of meanness, trickery and cowardice. Nothing could convince him that mendacity and duplicity were not the dominant notes of Roman Catholics in general and of Roman Catholic priests in particular. And it was in pursuit of this obsession that he met with the humiliation of his life. In the contest between John Henry Newman and himself, his indignation and his undoubted prejudice could not contend with the argument so subtly sustained, the invective so ironical and finished of the most

acute dialectitian whom this country has perhaps ever produced, and victory lay with the Oratorian.

Even *Punch* could not sustain him in this defeat, but faithful to the memory of a true Englishman, sang his requiem, acclaiming him as

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"A churchman staunch, yet whose church-door stood wide
For Christians of all creeds to enter in.
A village Pastor, though on every side
His flock ranged far as voice or pen could win."

But it was the man who declared of Kingsley that he was the best son, best father and husband, friend and parish priest that he ever knew, who in his own person gave form and substance to the more liberal school of theologians.

Of those who began to accept scientific conclusions, endeavouring to adapt traditional beliefs to them, F. D. Maurice was one of the chief. If the Canon of Westminster had the true poetic fire which gave colour and life to the movement, the Professor of King's College was the philosophic and spiritual father of the group of students described by Ruskin as exalted and stimulated by his teaching—a group that gradually enlarged into a great multitude. Lofty natures like those of Gladstone and Bishop Westcott owed much to him and gladly confessed their obligation.

His feeling for something truer and nobler than the conventionalities of the world (Church) did not always find a clear expression. He was full of dark

sayings, "the obscurity of his language exposing him to misrepresentations which his explanations did not always clear up." So gentle, so humble and tolerant a life as his could come but little before the public eye. Glimpses of him are all that occur in the passing record, but *Punch*, who loved him for his large-heartedness and for the fact that he had something in common with all ecclesiastical parties, though apart from them all, laid a very glowing tribute upon his tomb.

About this time a rumbling was heard of an ecclesiastical storm on the Continent.

The decree of Papal Infallibility, apart from its effect upon the English people already alarmed and indignant at the pretensions of the Pontiff, was the point of cleavage even within the Roman Church itself. As it marks the detachment of Dr. Dollinger so the defection of Charles Loyson and others may be traced to it.

Some of the most faithful Catholics like Montalambert dreaded the decree of the Pope's personal infallibility not because of its dogmatic character but for fear of Episcopal interference, perceiving quite clearly the coming conflict between the Catholic Creed and the secular power, between the clergy and the political ideas of the day. Recent history has borne witness to the justification of this alarm.

"The stout, short gentleman, with a bright, pleasant face, clear-cut aquiline nose, nearly bald," whom Canon Westcott met in Dean Stanley's

drawing-room in 1870, was one of those who had fallen away from the Roman obedience and had headed the revolt.

Punch received him with open arms to England, where his lectures delivered in St. James' Hall attracted large congregations either from sympathy with his views or from delight in his oratory. A warm advocate in his quarrels with Rome, *Charivari* exclaimed, "Well done, Hyacinthe my son," called him the *enfant terrible* of the Vatican, and described him in an open letter to the Pope as "the grandest preacher in your Church."

Perhaps it was not his least merit to the journal and its Protestant readers that this picturesque person had been a monk like Martin Luther, and had followed the Reformer's example in taking a wife.

But when France tore up by the roots the most ancient Church in Christendom, and the French Government interfered with the religious orders, even those that nursed the sick, on the ground that the Roman Church was a great political power using its influence adversely to the Republic, *Punch* placarded its sense of the injustice in an arresting cartoon.

There is the faintest reference to Stanley's successor in the Deanery of Westminster, Dr. Church, the model Anglican and one of the most beautiful minds of the period; Dr. Liddon, a true type of the good Churchman so often satirized in the comic journal, attracts the attention of *Punch* now and then.

In the following of the great pulpit divines of the eighteenth century, his sermons so finished and full of theology, he held the attention of the public for many years as the greatest of its preachers. A spirited portrait commemorates his controversy with Canon Farrar on the subject of Eternal Hope.

Another member of a Cathedral Chapter comes into the picture through his reforms in the singing at St. Paul's. If a high Continental authority is able to describe the choral worship at the great English Cathedral as perfect of its kind, it is largely owing to the strenuous exertions of its late Dean. *Punch*, ever suspicious in those days of any advance in the modes of worship, yet sees his way to applaud the improvement brought out by the indefatigable and resolute Dr. Gregory.

A Churchman equally militant and attached to his own convictions was rather a favourite with the paper, on account of his consistency and pluck. Bitterly opposed to secular education, he threatened to put one of his neighbours, an inspector of schools, into the horse pond if he paid his intended visit. There is little doubt he would have carried out his threat in the friendliest and most genial manner possible. Archdeacon Denison was an early advocate amongst Churchmen of the policy of Disestablishment, and supported the public recitation of the Athanasian Creed, in spite of *Punch's* sardonic advice, "to take it as the Ritualists take the Articles, in the non-natural sense."

A glimpse is given us of one of a very different

way of thinking, the man of Liverpool, commanding in figure, stentorian in voice and uncompromising in opinion. Of Romanism Hugh McNeile was the implacable, often the unwise opponent. He was a forerunner of that school which has assumed so much importance in later Nonconformity, in which religious teachings have been mingled with the political problems and passions of the day if not subordinated to them.

The face and figure of England's great Parliamentarian are well known to readers of *Punch.* From the exact portraits of the earlier numbers to the caricatures of Harry Furniss—with mainsail collars and rolling eye—Gladstone looks out in many-sided presentations.

Amongst them, he is shewn as a convinced member of the Church of England. The legend that he was a Jesuit in disguise, a belief in which many good souls lived and died, comes to light with some frequency. With equal charity and discrimination, *Punch* makes fun of the idea, pretending, for instance, in 1868 to see the statesman's apostasy plainly revealed in translations of English hymns into Roman Latin.

Mr. Whalley was so convinced that the Liberal leader was a wolf in sheep's skin that in December, 1871, he wrote to Gladstone plumping the question, "Have you secretly become a Romanist?" The indignant response was, "You have asked me in a round-about manner whether I am the basest creature in the Kingdom." *Charivari* found great

entertainment in the correspondence, and continued it in his own vivacious strain.

Though *Punch* as a matter of patriotism was an extreme Protestant, he was impatient, doctrinal matters once laid aside, of intolerance in Low Church leaders. A prominent clergyman in the North was no favourite of his, a dislike that was heartily returned. The orator's confusion of imagery found illustration in the journal as in the vituperation of Gladstone who "nursed in his bosom the cockatrice egg which when hatched brought forth the Maynooth Grant!"

Tobacco shared with the Pope of Rome the chief place of detestation in the heart of the Salford Rector; no curate need apply to him who smoked. *Punch* suggested somewhat unkindly that he evidently did his own puffing, and so far from condemning a pipe in the mouth of a parson, announced in a tone of admiration that a well-known Bishop smoked seventeen cigarettes during one interview.

With the Manchester clergymen *Punch* joined Dr. Close, the Puritan Dean of Carlisle, equally renowned for his hatred of tobacco, his distrust of amusements, the zeal which would have closed every public-house in the country, and his oratory on the platform at Exeter Hall.

Lord Tom Noddy's drive to the 'Magpie and Stump' to hire a window for the morrow's execution was memorable amongst other things for

"Upsetting a stall, near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church Mission folk squall."

It is thus that the Reverend Mr. Barham refers, none too respectfully, to the famous place of Assembly described by Tom Hood in one of his few splenetic moments as "That place where bigots rant, and cant and pray, and laud each other face to face," and designated by *Punch* as "half conventicle, half concert room."

It was in a sense the Mecca of Evangelicanism, the birthplace of pious enterprises, the home of earnest exercitations and discreet delights, mother of that pious pilgrimage which still draws to the Metropolis at springtide the steps of shepherds from world-wide folds.

Its very situation in the Strand, yet not of it, with the full tide of London life rioting past its doors, was a protest against the worldliness amidst which it stood. Built ten years before *Punch* came to his own, it was beloved neither by the Church nor the world.

To the general public and to *Charivari* it stood for a narrow pietism distasteful to them, and affording an easy butt for satire. And indeed it seemed to express at once the peculiar antipathies and the cherished projects of the predominant party of the Church. Did you desire to hear the latest account of African savagery and Missionary heroism, and to drop your offering into the bag for C.M.S. ; were your sympathies aroused by the attempt to turn Jews into Christians, or by the poverty of the clergy as disclosed by the Church Pastoral Aid Society ; had the tale of the Bible

Society told by that remarkable colporteur, George Borrow, any compelling interest; were you attracted by the venture of George Williams gathering the shop assistants into the Y.M.C.A.; or had you a longing for that higher life whose perfection, so Mr. Pearsall Smith and others declared, was attainable even in this world, you found yourself quite naturally in Exeter Hall.

Moreover, when the assaults of Romanism and Ritualism were at their fiercest, when the national apostasy so long predicted seemed nigh at hand, the voice in the wilderness could always be heard at its shrillest in Exeter Hall.

We do not suggest that this meeting place was always in a state of tension. Its more serious exercises were relieved by mild junketings; high tea deadliest of its kind flourished, and music purged of a secular strain. Within its sacred walls St. Cecilia might indeed warble her sacred hymns, but "Music Sphere-descended maid and friend of pleasure" must lay her ancient lyre aside or leave it with the janitor at the door.

With the spirit of Exeter Hall, *Punch* was entirely out of sympathy. He thought its sentiments affected, and, like Dr. Johnson, found the merriment of parsons offensive. Few of his references are really good-natured. His attacks began in 1844 with an assault on 'The Mission to the Jews,' whom he calls Exeter Hall pets. "With money wanting for thousands of our fellow Christians at our very doors, we hold the subscription of large

sums of money for at least, the questionable conversion of the Jews, as an offering of a miserable morbid egotism."

He knew and admitted that he was unpopular with the earnest audiences which assembled in the Strand. That did not deter him from joining issue time after time on the value and propriety of foreign Missions in the face of "the deeper heathenism and more benighted savagery lying around us."

A splendid opportunity, of which *Punch* was not slow to take advantage, was offered by the prudishness of certain members of the committee. They demanded that under the roof sacred to extreme Sabbatarian principles there should no longer be the singing of "Sally in our Alley." It was impossible to hear unmoved—

> "Of all the days that's in the week,
> There's none I love like one day.
> And that's the day that comes between
> The Saturday and Monday.
> For then I'm dressed all in my best
> To take a walk with Sally."

There was a savour of Sabbath breaking and philandering about this that was not to be endured. The *Record* newspaper shared in these susceptibilities. Acting as the mouthpiece of certain societies renting portions of the building who threatened to leave it if any more Shakespeare were suffered, it called upon the directors to suppress readings from that dramatist.

In course of time as Mission and other services

took place within its walls, *Punch* rallied the 'unco guid' on this invasion of their territory. When in 1868 the voice of Cardinal Manning was heard on its platform, the joker asserted it was "all up with Exeter Hall." With a comic appreciation of the dismay of Dr. Cumming, he said, "Let us no longer talk of Exeter Hall. Had we not better call it 666 Strand?"

To-day the glory has departed from it; a well-known firm of caterers provide other fare for its pilgrims. It is a case of "Christiani ad Leones."

One name is inseparably joined to the history of the vanished Hall.

(*Reprinted by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*)

"His heart is cold who reads unmoved
The roll of that long life,
With naught but suffering and wrong at strife,
Or marks without a touch of tearful mist,
The passing of the Great Philanthropist."

At the name of Shaftesbury what a procession passes before the imagination of those who own him benefactor! workmen whose dwellings he improved, whose hours of labour he lessened; seafarers for whom he found havens of rest on the land so often more pitiless than the sea to them and their breed; darkened minds in asylums and gaols accorded a wiser and more humane treatment; East End traders shewing mercy to their beasts and learning to be proud of them.

Nor are there wanting children—infants, for they were little more—redeemed from premature toil in

factories, mines and collieries; climbing boys exposed to heartless masters and lamentable risks; outcasts gathered from street and alley and slum and shepherded into refuges, into training ships, and into ragged schools and shoe-black brigades.

As "an Evangelical of the Evangelicals" he was associated with the fervours and functions of Exeter Hall. No name could elicit louder applause at that rendezvous than his, nor was there any figure more familiar as its chairman than that of Lord Ashley. In his *rôle* of Episcopal critic he was specially admired. Swollen with wrath, denouncing the Bishops of his day, he was a figure congenial to his fellow countrymen. They might resent it when he tilted at theatres and Sunday excursions; when he spake strong things of the Bishop, never.

Although *Punch* accounted him an honour to his Church and nation, he did not spare his weaknesses. For this nobleman could be narrow and unjust. Unbending in his condemnation of Rome and Ritualism, he was no more tolerant of the Jews whose admission to Parliament he resisted by his vote in the House of Lords. Catholic Emancipation found no friend in him; he had no better word for "Ecce Homo" than "the most pestilential book ever vomited from the jaws of Hell."

He held the straightest views of Scotch Sabbatarianism, and his failure to stop the delivery of letters on Sunday accounted for *Punch's* first cartoon of him in 1850.

The number is almost given up to him, for another

page gives an ironical description of "Lord Ashley's Model Sunday," with an ingenious drawing of him pilloried in an envelope. At the same time it elevates him to the peerage as "Lord Sackcloth and Ashleys." In this instance Wisdom was justified of its child, for London and other cities and towns have long recognized that the postman has a right to a day of rest and have intermitted the service as Shaftesbury desired.

It is pleasant to remember that the good Earl was much more than an ardent Protestant and that even old age could bring with it no lessening in good works. His appetite for doing good seemed to gain in depth and vigour with advancing years. When the long life that was consecrated to the social service of humanity came to an end, *Punch* bewailed him in "The passing of the Good Philanthropist."

CHAPTER XV

"PUNCH" AND THE PREACHERS

LIKE another celebrated public character *Punch* is by way of considering himself a critic of sermons and those who deliver them.

It cannot be denied that the words spoken from the pulpits of the land and the manner of their setting forth have furnished fruitful occasion for comment since the Reformation. For sermons and pews seem to have come into general use together. Had the only customary postures of worship, standing and kneeling, still obtained, services had remained sermonless until the present day, a consummation that some at least have devoutly wished for.

Amongst the stagnant clergy of the earlier years of the century deliverances from the pulpit were generally neither informing nor stimulating. If the country parson could return thanks at a public dinner or agricultural show or sentence Diggory for snaring a hare, he too often exhausted his fertility and speech, leaving but a poor message for the hungry who gathered around his table on the Sunday.

In this case he fell back on the supply of printed and manuscript sermons which was a regular form

of the bookseller's trade or of the special advertising so often caught up and impaled upon the irony of *Punch*. It was an ancient custom that provided these crutches for halting speakers—does not Rabelais tell us of the 'Dormi Securè,' that book of ready-made sermons for the use of preachers who wished to "sleep soundly" rather than labour at original composition?

Sermons were often a serviceable legacy, like a stout garment passed on from father to son. Those of the clergy who had the good fortune to possess several MS. volumes of some one else's exhortations "turned and re-turned them as carefully as an old woman a good silk." They could have quoted with gusto the Northern Farmer's post-burglary couplet:—

> "They came and prigged my silver, my linen and my store,
> But they couldn't prig my sermons; they had all been prigged before."

Punch from the beginning was of opinion that a man should—so to speak—make his own sausage meat, and when in 1855 he called attention to an advertisement offering "a limited number of a course of MS. sermons adapted to the Divinely ordered system of the Church's ritual" he does not hesitate to ask, "What business has a jackass, who is such an ass that he cannot compose his own sermons, in the pulpit?"

Of late years plagiarism has been frankly advocated by casuists as in nowise dishonest, men of eminence in literature, following the lead of Molière who took

his own where he found it, not disdaining to appropriate things other people have garnered before them.

The morality of *Punch* on the subject is stern and unbending. He looked upon the man who uttered the thoughts and actual words of another without acknowledgment as a sort of corsair on the high seas of literature flying the black flag of piracy. With equal firmness he denounced the timid thievings of the humblest curate and the bolder appropriations of one of Queen Victoria's chaplains whose glowing rhetoric formed a curious case of parallel inspiration with the Trans-Atlantic thunders of Dr. De Witt Talmage.

Punch admits that a borrowed sermon—*avowedly* borrowed—may often be preached with advantage. There is much to be said in favour of the use by over-worked or uninspired clergy of sermons not their own, but the moral sense of the Church will acclaim his opinion that it is a matter of obligation to acknowledge such indebtedness, and a dishonesty to palm off on the public, whatever of form and phrasing have been "lifted." Sir Walter Scott, quoting Shakespere, said, "Steal! a fico for the phrase! Convey—the wise it call," but he admitted that when he conveyed an incident or so he was at as much pains to avoid detection as if the offence could be indicted at the Old Bailey.

From the review of sermons the Satirist occasionally turns aside to notice the speech and mannerisms of those who declaim them.

Amongst his various guises once—and once only—does the Mirthmaker attire himself in the gaiters and apron of a Bishop and assume the Episcopal air. It is to rebuke the affected speech of a candidate for Holy Orders (who has apparently been already ordained).

He described the average sermon as "a platitude uttered with a peculiar intonation which may be described as a melancholy moaning recognised at any distance at which it is barely audible as the noise of preaching." He saw a connection which has long since been justified between the improper production of the voice, "the effort of producing painful sounds," and the malady known as clergyman's sore throat. The only clerical thing about Sterne seems to have been that he lost his voice in this way.

Punch's own favourite school of Evangelical orators supplied him with the occasion for a diatribe against "the pathetic moaning, the earnest groaning, the long drawn rise and fall of the voice, that peculiarly affecting intonation in which alone the lessons and prayers and the sermons are read by truly pious ministers." The moaning tone of voice he described as ridiculous rather than impressive; he begged that clergy would be natural. As a help towards a delivery unstilted and unaffected he advises that each speaker should give extemporaneous expression to his thoughts, presenting to his hearers the very birth pangs of some glorious and uplifting idea rather than some

formal reading of the deliberate thinking of a dead and gone day.

Around this subject a controversy is for ever raging, some being of the jester's way of thinking, others convinced that what the extemporaneous preacher gains in warmth he loses in reason.

Dean Hole believed with Dollinger that the unwritten discourse was the only good way of preaching, whilst *Punch's* greatest contributor, oppressed by excessive glibness in Ireland, or by the hot and stammering utterances of curates in England aspiring to rise above the deadness of a written performance to a living message, maintained, "If I were Defender of the Faith I would issue an order to all priests and deacons to take to the book again; weighing well before they uttered it, every word they proposed to say upon so great a subject as that of religion." The novelist mistrusted "that dangerous facility given by active jaws and a hot imagination."

For a long time *Punch* associated a pulpit with a four poster, and made of its occupant a sort of theological Macbeth who murdered sleep or induced it. When a deputation from the Anti-Opium Association protested against the sale of narcotics, his comment was, "the Government should be induced to take steps for the prevention of those drowsy discourses by which reverend gentlemen so frequently induce on their mesmerised hearers a state of coma."

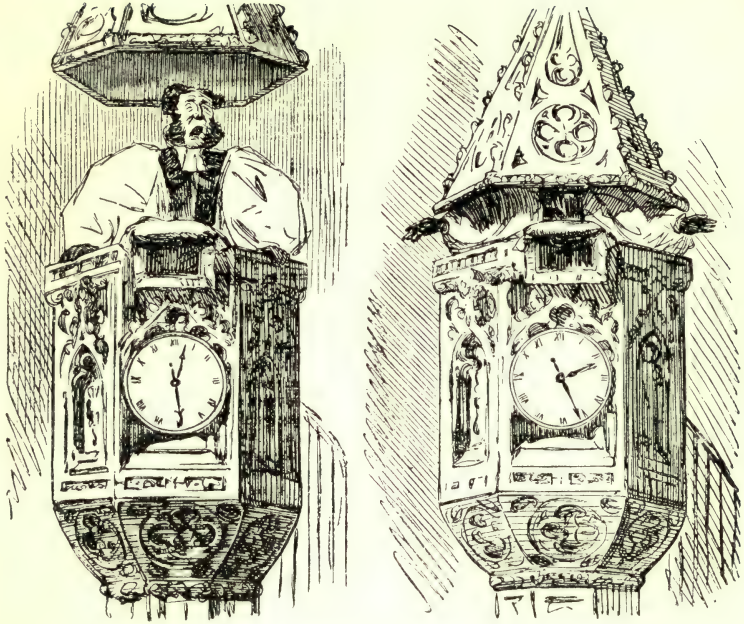
One appeal at least kept him awake. The preacher,

a country parson, in a denunciation of the vice of swearing, said earnestly, "Oh, my brethren, avoid this practice, for it is a great sin, and what is more, it is ungenteel." It is easy to date this pearl of speech as early Victorian; *Punch* heard it in 1841.

Through the intervening years he continued to make merry with the sermon as a narcotic. Sermons and slumber are inseparable companions; Morpheus, that heathen and drowsy god, is never absent from Christian congregations. A happy quotation makes the King exclaim at 11.30 on a Sunday morning, "'How many thousands of my poorer subjects are now asleep!'" *Punch's* simple rustic declines to remain in church after the third collect, on the humanitarian plea, "I dursn't do it, mum, I do snore that dreadful."

The subterfuges of the drowsy are admirably hit off. "It's no use your wearing those blue glasses, if you will snore," says the churchwarden's wife to him irritably. If John goes out in the middle of the sermon, Mary excuses him to the Vicar on the ground "e's a terrible one for walking in 'is sleep." There is perhaps more meaning in the small boy's enquiry than meets the eye. "Why do they play the organ so loud for, when Church is over? Is it to wake us all up?"

Another canon of the critic is that a sermon should be long and uninteresting. The length of it was certainly a cause of complaint at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign, especially in



PATENT PULPITS.

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Scotland. Required as an integral part of the service to occupy a certain space of time, whatever the material or ideas at the disposal of the preacher, to many people it *was* the service, the church being not so much a place of worship as a sermon house. Hence came the terrible spectacle of men in the pulpit who had little or nothing to say, saying it so often and at such a length.

Ever enterprising, *Punch* in a whimsical drawing, "The Patent Pulpit," proves himself the pioneer of the abbreviated discourse that is now so common. He considers long sermons "a clerical error, and warmly commends the London clergy who announced their intention of preaching Early Closing Sermons.

We see, then, that during the seventy years of his existence, the homily spoken from the pulpit has shrunk from an hour and over to fifteen or twenty minutes. Most congregations now would as soon look upon a Gorgon as upon the hour-glass which South turned twice amidst the grateful sighs of his hearers. After all, the sermon had become a tyrant, and the sage, in 1858, regretting the absence of good ones, made a suggestion sufficiently startling for those days but by no means devoid of wisdom for occasional use, that the service would be shortened and improved by leaving out the sermon altogether.

The dulness of these productions, as well as their length, is an ancient gibe that renews its youth like

the eagles. Fifty years ago *Punch* was lamenting ecclesiastical division and inferior sermons.

"Say, how shall we choose 'mid the number—
There's Low Church, and Broad Church, and High,
Serenely at sermons we slumber—
Your modern discourses are dry.
Supposing instead of the quarrel,
To settle what doctrines to teach,
You give up this gorgeous apparel,
And found us some men who could preach?"

Though his tone is more good-humoured now and he has less occasion for criticism, he still jests on a very vulnerable subject. When the churchwardens remonstrate with parishioners for walking out before the sermon, *Punch* trusts that such acts of cowardice are rare. The sting is still the same in Du Maurier's curate whose sermon "surely needs no preparation" and the rector who shares the astonishment of his daughter that old Rogers snored in church "but not during the sermon, that's the funny part of it."

The dry rot in the flooring, in the opinion of the pew opener, "ain't nothing to what it is in the pulpit."

The artist easily claims the sympathy of his readers with the county member who suddenly rises in his pew to "move that the question be put now," and with the sporting squire who finds "plenty of cover but very little game" in an edifice profusely decorated for Christmas.

In spite of improvement the sermon remains in

many instances something to be endured, the "Pay the man, and let us go home" of the impatient child has touched a trembling chord in many hearts.

Allowing that sermons must be endured, their critic is a stickler for the proprieties and must have them labelled with the usual text from Scripture. When the Chaplain of the House of Commons preached for the S.P.G. at Westminster Abbey from the words "We may, we must, we will," his sermon found unfavourable reference in the journal, and he himself was requested in future to avoid illegitimate acts of attraction, relying for effect upon plain texts and eloquent and affectionate expositions of the Truth.

Punch condemned "Sensational Sermons" of any sort, and made great play at the expense of Mr. Henry Varley, whose words, to quote the advertisement, "sink, like flame tipped darts, into the souls of his hearers."

He is suspicious even of the modern expedient of the gramophone in church and draws a very humorous conclusion from the monster 'phone that reproduced in St. Mary's at Hill in a husky bellow the milder accents of his Grace of Canterbury.

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"No longer need a curate crude
His thrice-repeated platitude
Sunday by Sunday dish up,
Since henceforth we from Monsterphones
May hear the wisdom—nay the tones
Of even an Archbishop.

"So since for preaching, by your aid,
The cream of sermons is purveyed,
Of first rate orthodoxy,
But one thing's left for you to do—
Invent some scheme by which I, too,
Can go to church by proxy."

CHAPTER XVI

"PUNCH" AND CERTAIN ANOMALIES

NEVER did *Punch* moralise to better purpose than in Leech's drawing of December, 1845, in which he exhibits snobbery and obsequiousness at one door of a fashionable proprietary chapel, exclusiveness and officialdom at the other. On the one side a bare-headed sidesman, heavily whiskered and ringleted, ushers in fine ladies who have just alighted from their carriage; on the other, Bumbledom in his cocked hat and scarlet cloak drives off with wand tipped with a cross the old age, poverty and child-hood that would fain enter into the House of God.

Well known and popular as an institution in its day, the proprietary chapel followed Exeter Hall, and has almost disappeared. Nor will any great lamentations accompany its departure.

It would be unjust to deny that it did good work in its day both in London and the provinces. In an age of much irreverence and unconcern amongst the upper classes, it promoted a due respect for the day of rest, attendance upon the means of grace, a higher standard of morals, together with an interest in the work of foreign and home missions and in the circulation of tracts and other literature. But the standard of its piety was dissenting rather than Church of England.

Exclusiveness and narrowness were its great blemishes. These extra-parochial places of worship cultivated large and fashionable congregations with the result they had no place for a poor man, and only a back seat in the gallery where he could see and hear nothing for a lackey. At one of these "suffocatingly correct" churches in Brompton, livery servants were not admitted. Even at St. George's, the parish church of Hanover Square, the aristocracy were separated from their domestics by oak panelling to the mock amazement of *Punch*, who considered the dukes were in danger "with so frail a barrier between themselves and perfect equality," and was much alarmed by the thought.

Special efforts for the "conversion of the higher circles" present themselves only as the "elegant efforts of the religious exquisites whose labours are bounded on the east by Pall Mall, on the west by Grosvenor Square, and on the south by the limits of Belgravia."

In 1844 *Punch* offered some "modest proposals for a proprietary chapel." Every pew must have a high price to keep out the riff-raff; the sermons to be of great beauty and delicacy, the preacher to "speak comfortably to the people," such depressing subjects as death, corruption and the worm that never dies, not to be mentioned; the clergyman engaged at enormous expense will bring with him the highest testimonials, a silver warming-pan from one, and a handkerchief worked with hair of spinsters from another congregation. The beadle

will be the former butler to an earl; the pew-openers, decayed governesses.

The scandal attendant upon the sale of livings was if possible aggravated by the exploiting of these places where the income was farmed by the owner or trustees just as much as that of a theatre or place of entertainment. The chapel belonging to Sir John Dean Paul in Chelsea was so jobbed that *Punch* uses the strongest language in condemnation of it. By some curious fatality it was, in several instances at any rate, above wine cellars that these congregations assembled, and the conjunction offered an opportunity which artists like Leech and writers like Thackeray were not slow to use.

In 1832, when the glutton and sneak who is introduced in his favourite character of rogue and Ritualist proposes to Miss Violet, he tells her that he has provided for the future by buying a proprietary chapel. So late as 1876 its December diarist having been warned off Newmarket purchases a chapel and engages an ingratiating divine. The pew rents are lucrative, but next month the church is closed, the preacher having accepted a more advantageous appointment in America.

And this brings us face to face with the most prominent feature of these chapels and one very dear to the satirist, the popular preacher.

Punch's first drawing of a parson was in all likelihood a presentment of the popular preacher of those days. Smug, complacent, bearing in his person evident marks of the fruits of good living,

with decanter and glass on the table, attended by a verger more highly nourished than himself, his vanity and his attitudinising are all reflected in the cartoon.

He forms a favourite figure in current literature, standing out more prominently in the religious life of his day than his numbers would seem to warrant. He was the descendant of the "snowy-banded, delicate-handed, dilettante priest," of Cowper. Dickens described his hair, his jewellery, his attitudes, his "deep sepulchral voice." The readers of "Lothair" will recall him from those pages clad in many coloured religious garments, with his tricks of coughing and his Byronic attitudes.

Punch described him as engaged at an enormous expense bringing with him the highest and most delicate testimonials from admiring and fashionable flocks who had been desolated by his departure for "more important spheres of labour." He would so order his preaching with dexterous avoidance of unpleasant topics that the subscribers might take a sermon as they took a tepid bath for a soft and pleasurable sensation.

But of all descriptions of the man and the chapel in which he ministered and of the patron who put him out to interest Thackeray's, in "The Newcomes" is the most vivid. Lady Whittlesea's chapel, where Charles Honeyman preached in the morning and coughed of an afternoon in a pew by the patron's orders, "for the women like a consumptive parson," has been identified by Sir

THE PET PARSON.

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Algernon West as the Curzon Chapel in Mayfair. An odour as of Millesfleurs still comes to us as the Reverend Charles rustles by us accompanied by his valet and kneels at the desk.

It must have been in connection with a fashionable chapel that the title was to be given as quoted by *Punch* from an advertisement in the *Times* in 1852, "A young gentleman of family, evangelically disposed, and to whom salary is no object, may hear of a cure in a fashionable West End congregation (not parish, be it observed) by addressing the Reverend A. M. O. at Hatchards, Bookseller, Piccadilly."

The gathering together of neighbours rich and poor, old and young, as in the presence of the universal Father and Ruler has an impressiveness and an effect different from anything else in daily life. Nevertheless in our complex social system the mystery of a common form of worship does not pretend to remove the barriers of caste. The question of Brooke Foss Westcott in 1848, "Why should pews and cushions for ever separate our rich and poor?" remains unanswered.

Certainly the pew has set up a barrier between those who are of the same household of faith and has been a fruitful source of jealousy and dispute. The system, one to which men so unlike as Archdeacon Denison and Dr. McNeile equally clung, helped undoubtedly to drive the shopkeeper and artizan to Dissent and the labourers and country folk further still. It is by no means moribund

yet. Rented pews are in demand, and a defence of them is always forthcoming.

In the beginning, betrayed no doubt by his Puseyite dislikes, *Punch* shook his head at what is known as the free and open Church. But in his very first volume he supported the agitation then just commencing against the old-fashioned curtained pew.

Before the era of Church restoration set in, the squire's pew was a sort of *imperium in imperio*, "a place of mystery and luxurious seclusion," its woodwork, as a rule, completely partitioning it off from the aisle. Large, roomy, with a fireplace which might be noisily replenished during service, the family pew, like the one in "which the Duke of St. David's was singing with fine effect" (Thackeray), was the very sanctuary of the old feudal order. Readers of Mrs. Carlyle's Letters will recall how in the bottom of one of these she made herself "a sort of Persian couch out of the praying cushions and went to sleep."

The ownership of pews was often the occasion of bitter disputes, sometimes of litigation between parson and people, between parishioners themselves and even members of the same family. In 1849 a pew-opener in the parish church of Cheltenham denied admission to some strangers in a crowded church with a selfishness which has found unhappily a thousand repetitions in God's House, and the churchwardens had the door broken open by the beadle. *Punch* offers a very ironical

sympathy to the aggrieved parishioner. In 1852 he complains of the discreditable practice in a well-known watering place of selling in the public-houses tickets for seats. "I've heard of free churches, but this ordering a pew with a pot of stout is free and easy indeed."

His Protestantism leads him to sneer in 1856 at the theory of advanced Churchmen and at their buildings free to all comers and furnished with chairs, yet there is no doubt his sympathies were not with exclusiveness. With him the pew was the index of a very comfortable, easy-going religion, and he summed up the religious exercises of many people in "soft cushions, easy backs, well-stuffed hassocks, and a fifteen minutes' sermon."

It would not be possible to say now what he maintained in 1888 that "open churches are rare." The tendency of the age turns more and more to the free and open system; Churchmen are determined to make the restrictions and the snobbishness of the past impossible, to free the House of God from that taunt of St. James which has been clinging to it through the centuries like a burr.

From the rented pew to fees is an easy transition. Money must necessarily enter into the operation of any great organization and its work, but the system of fees which obtained within the Church, a system against which *Punch* waged warfare from the first, was burdensome and not always creditable.

It is true there were fewer collections and the ordinary worshippers escaped, but from what may be called the extras there was no way of salvation. "Pay, pay, pay," was already the burden of the song.

Living or dying there was no getting away from the ubiquitous fee. It met you at the font where the new-born babe was christened; it walked with the mourners to the dead man's grave; it knelt with the mother in her Churching; it added its congratulations in the vestry to the man and maiden who had plighted their troth with a ring.

Even death could not escape the tax-gatherer, for when the survivors proposed to add a line to an inscription on a tomb or to put a few more stones at the feet of their departed a fee rose up and confronted them. In 1852 *Punch's* displeasure was aroused by the defacement and breaking of a memorial slab in Middlesbrough churchyard because the full fees had not been paid for it.

And fees were largely responsible for the insanitary and crowded graveyards, against which he made his protest, those in authority continuing to levy a tax on grief when decency forbade further interments and to gather their gains out of rotting coffins and *débris* of bones in the midst of large cities.

If the Bishop did not dip his hand into your pocket he was girt about with those who did, Chancellor, Registrar, Secretary, they all benefited by the shearing of the flock ecclesiastical.

Nor did those who sat in the seats of the mighty escape, for enormous claims were made on the new occupants of sees. *Punch* in his own satiric way in 1891 called attention to the heavy charges upon clergy becoming Bishops. Archbishop Howley was all but ruined by his preferments; the final promotion of another well-known Churchman meant serious loss for his family.

Notorious above all were the Ecclesiastical Courts, like the Archbishop's own tribunal, of which *Punch* spake scorpions, as "little better than a den of thieves and a board of cannibals. In the Prerogative Court the fatherless and orphans are served up as the standing dish to clerks, registrars, and surrogates. For the seal of the court with warrant and stamp at a charge of £22 7*s.* 9*d.* of the net property must be paid before children can receive their portion of their parents' earnings."

Another legal daughter of the horse leech crying "Give, give," was Doctors' Commons, described by Steerforth in his easy manner as "a little out of the way place where they administer what is called ecclesiastical law, and play all sorts of odd tricks with obsolete old monsters of Acts of Parliament." Old Weller had an even worse opinion of it, tinged by his own sombre views of matrimony. Lawyers with their quirks continued to draw many causes into such courts to their own enrichment, but to the loss or ruin of suitors.

In the year Dickens was describing the evils

and monstrous delays of the Court of Chancery, the paper was painting in darkest colours the "Rookery near St. Paul's." "The public have been too long subject to be dragged into the dens of infamy and plundered, besides being eaten up with a parcel of vermin who devour from £3,000 to £4,000 to upwards of £8,000 a year."

Amongst the worst offenders in the matter of obnoxious charges were the Deans and Chapters. Hence the delight when the Duke of Sussex baulked (temporarily) the authorities at Windsor of the £220 they demanded for opening a vault in St. George's Chapel by choosing a cheaper resting-place for the Queen Dowager in Kensal Green.

Punch it was who for so many years fought against the charges for admittance at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's. As these two constituted the principal attraction in London to sightseers, so their prices were the highest. Of the two St. Paul's had the bad pre-eminence in expensiveness. In 1851 a drawing and poem, "The Dragon of St. Paul's," tell of the long conflict with officialdom and greed.

In 1849 the journal gives a list of charges shewing that, whilst *2d.* only was charged for admission, the ascent of the edifice required an ascending scale of probation, so that the visitor who saw all the sights found himself *4s. 4d.* out of pocket by the time he was outside again.

In the course of the long altercation *Punch* served up the cathedral to its readers as a Camera Obscura,

a grand Ecclesiastical Entertainment, a Raree Show into which the Fog succeeded in getting without payment, a notable performance, until at last St. Paul's "tucked in its twopenny," the charge was abolished and the gibes ceased.

The Abbey at Westminster had been likened to Madame Tussaud's, though it escaped more serious imputation, but Canterbury Cathedral was indicted for its demands, its charges of *2s. 6d.* for sketching and *5s.* for the privilege of photographing its interior being the occasion of a disapproving notice so late as 1900.

A more serious matter than these fees was the public sale of Livings.

"Of all the blows that are aimed at the Church," said *Punch* in 1847, "none are more likely to be injurious than those of the auctioneer's hammer."

The question of patronage had long been a delicate one in the Church, complicated specially by the rights of private patrons. The theory that Bishops were the most admirable dispensers of benefices had been shattered by the Bishops' own partialities. But private patronage was liable to added risks of misuse. Subject as it was to all the accidents of succession, it could fall into the hands of unworthy relatives or capacious creditors, could indeed be brought to the rostrum and disposed of publicly to the highest bidder, like any of the chattels belonging to an estate. It therefore led directly to the traffic in livings which continues until the present day to offend the scruples of so many.

How grievously the shadow of this evil lay upon the Establishment may be seen from the fact that when *Punch* first took up pen and pencil the largest part of the ecclesiastical revenues of the country was private property, to be bought or sold as freely as stocks or land. The law gave the same sort of rigorous protection to this property which it gave to all other kinds, in spite of its public and responsible character.

"Where were the Bishops?" it may be asked in the face of open and constantly recurring scandals. The answer is that a Bishop must needs be very bold or very rich who should decline the patron's nominee, however incompetent.

The abuse was its worst in the early 'forties when the new comer first began to attack it. The most sacred of all offices was publicly haggled for in public, the social and scenic charms of a rectory exalted, the age and infirmities of an incumbent made an inducement for purchase, the value of the living itself summed up, not in terms of possible service, but of tithes and domestic convenience and county standing.

Bigotry added its blot to a scandal sufficiently unlovely. A Buddhist, a Mahomedan, or even a declared Agnostic might present to a benefice, but not a virtuous and sincere Roman Catholic. Lady Dorothy Nevill mentions the case of a peer of this communion who in reprisal (for this deprivation) advertised an advowson for sale, with the proviso "no Christian need apply." And a Jew

it was who became the owner of the right of presentation.

Bishop Magee, who did so much to quicken the consciences of his countrymen in regard to the evils of patronage, told the House of Lords of the "Jew dealer who sold a benefice over the counter with as much unconcern as if it were one of his forfeited pledges." The great object of patronage, piety and fitness of character, had in truth in many instances given place to base commercialism.

It was recognized that such a system could not be tolerated in any other department of public service. It did exist in the Army until 1870; after that date the anomalous arrangements by which the State sacrificed the command of her own soldiers came to an end.

In time, however, public sentiment was aroused; Hadden and other enthusiasts attended the public sales and made lively protests against them, until at last the open iniquity ceased, and the buying and selling of cures of souls were driven to take place in comparative decency and in the obscurity of a lawyer's office. The broker of livings still has a business, but it is a declining one. The grosser abuses of the transfer of benefices have been amended, though with difficulty and not later than 1898 when the Benefices Bill was passed.

Meanwhile *Punch* was doing his best to contribute to the formation of a right popular opinion. He did not fail to placard openly any conspicuous cases of the warming-pan as well as the auctioneer's gavel

since the practice of putting in ancient clergy and others on promise of retirement at the convenience of the patron, often to make way for a young relative, was not less conspicuous and little less objectionable than the sale of benefices. Here is an illustration taken from the paper in 1848:—

"To Aged Clergymen—The Patron of a Rectory of about £700 a year is desirous of presenting it, in the most legitimate manner, to a clergyman of not less than 80 years of age, *of sound High Church principles.* Applications, with testimonials, etc., to be addressed to ———. All communications will be considered quite confidential."

"The Patron is, of course, desirous of keeping the Rectory aired for a short season; hence why did he not at once put forth his Wanted in the following straightforward terms,—

"Wanted, A Warming-Pan for a Rectory. The said Warming-Pan must be a very old, old Warming-Pan as it is only needed for a very, very little while; the young gentleman for whom the bed is destined being about to leave College in a very short time, when there will be no further use for the Warming-Pan, the aforesaid young gentleman keeping the bed aired himself."

In 1851 he described as a "disgraceful advertisement" an invitation to clergy not less than 77 to apply for a vacant benefice, and called the attention of the Primate to it.

CHAPTER XVII

"PUNCH" AND CERTAIN ANOMALIES (*continued*).

PUNCH'S first disclosure of the traffic in livings was in 1847. A flaunting notice of a desirable advowson spoke of the beauty of the grounds, size of house, the advantages of the neighbourhood, the income of £480, but made the barest passing reference to the population for whose souls the incumbent was to care. "We do not dispose of cattle thus cavalierly," was the comment.

In 1855 an action was taken against a firm of clerical brokers by a clergyman who had speculated in a cure of souls from which he maintained he ought to have netted £2,000. In the same year at Garraway's Coffee House, the auctioneer, Alderman Farebrother, in disposing of a Dorset Rectory (£607) said the Incumbent was only 33, but representations had been made as to the state of his health. Intending purchasers could, however, easily satisfy themselves on that point.

This vulture-like habit was one of the concomitants of the whole nauseating business. When Shelfhanger, near Diss, was in the market, the incumbent, an aged man of 90, complained bitterly of the annoyance caused him by visitors who wanted to know how far his feet were in the grave.

Punch gave his best support to Bishop Magee in the House of Lords with the Bill to prevent Simoniacal practices, and to check that buying and selling of livings "which struck him as so scandalous, and as doing the Church more harm than *many more serious* evils which don't look so bad." His song of "Simple Simony" was worthy of the public spirited paper which had published "The Song of the Shirt."

In 1877 another "Song of Simonides" followed, but the tones of the ecclesiastical agent whom it impersonates are beginning to pass into the minor key. Already the grosser usages of the practice were abating, and the Act did much to continue the improvement.

The lay appropriation of tithe was often a disability to the work of the Church, as, for example, in 1878. The Minster Church, the nearest to Sheppey workhouse, had fallen into ruins for want of ordinary repair, whilst the living was left without an Incumbent for several months because, as the Primate said, "no one could be prevailed upon to accept the living under the present circumstances." Will it be believed that the tithes produced £1,800 per annum, though this, the largest parish in Kent, could not pay an incumbent properly, nor keep up the fabric of a venerable Church?

From the sale of livings *Punch* passed on to attack the condition of the city churches.

Though the description is authentic no longer we cannot fail to recognize in the picture of the

stagnant city churches as thrown upon the screen by *Punch* with their wealth, their withdrawn or indolent clergy, their scanty worshippers a picture true to life.

Of late years the Church has seriously addressed herself to the task of setting her London house in order, with the result that benefices have been consolidated, revenues diverted to other and needier parishes, organizations adjusted to the actual wants of those living under the shadow of ancient fanes, whilst the edifices themselves have been made to serve as quiet resting-places for work-girls and wayfarers as well as for their ordinary and sacred functions.

It is impossible in modern life to fill their traffic-beridden buildings, yet if their bells fall on unheeding ears or on busy citizens too anxious and too eager to be drawn from mart or change they can at least adapt themselves to changed conditions and new utilities. *Punch* has many complaints to make of them from 1854 when he asserted that the congregations in the city consisted "on an average of from ten to twelve persons who are all worshippers of Morpheus," until quite recently.

It was, however, to the graveyards he addressed himself more particularly.

He appeared early in his career as a sanitary reformer, with an eye upon the city burial grounds. Clothed in the sombre garb of Hamlet he stands under the dome of St. Paul's and soliloquises, "Why may not imagination trace the remains of

an alderman till we find them poisoning his ward?"

He saw how slow officialdom and all its great army of fee-gatherers were to close graveyards or to take the ordinary precautions now deemed essential to the public health. He was quick to observe the connection between these places of abomination which should have been holy ground and the fees and vails which were a part of them. Vested interests die hard, and in this instance indecently.

'Infection Glebe' was *Punch's* rendering of 'God's Acre,' nor can it reasonably be doubted that the mortality of the city was largely increased by those intramural interments where the dead lay in such near and dangerous proximity to the living.

The state of St. Paul's Churchyard at the time of the cartoon of 1849 may be taken as an indication not only of the state of London, but of many of the town and city cemeteries throughout the country. "It was in a shocking state of dank weediness" said George Augustus Sala, "and interments being as yet unforbidden by the legislators, and of course fiercely opposed by the clergy, the bodies of deceased tradespeople, parishioners presumably of the Church legendarily supposed to exist in the crypt, continued to be interred under the very lea of the Cathedral wall. This was the greater offence since the surface of the churchyard mould was many inches above the roadway, and dusty clods and rank herbage, the outcome of bygone generations of the buried, bulged hideously

between the rust railings which hemmed in three sides of the Cathedral." It was this state of affairs which called out the cartoon.

The authorities in spite of their resources were slow to make improvements. Even when taken, their action was often subversive of the proprieties and callous to a degree. The removal of human remains from St. Mary's, Islington, under indecorous circumstances, aroused *Mr. Punch's* indignation.

Other similar removals filled up the scandalous measure of a state of things completed by the defiance of the sacred name of the Church, and the desecration of good men's graves. So late as 1877, Bunhill Burial Grounds were laid waste by the pick and shovel of the navvy and the honoured dust of men like John Bunyan, George Fox and many another citizen of London or its neighbourhood, was thrown into the scavenger's cart like any other refuse.

In the country there was much neglect and an unconcern that bordered on sacrilege. The churchyard was often let to butchers for grazing sheep, or used by incumbents for the same purpose.

But *Punch* notices in 1876 the dawning of a better day, and mentions with approval the faculty obtained by Prebendary Harry Jones for converting the churchyard of St. George's in the East into a garden. Since then a wizard's touch has transformed many of these depressing and uncared-for spaces, making them burgeon with flowers. Administered by local authorities, they offer in the

heart of cities a sight of green trees and foliage amidst which the aged folk who foregather there may rest and the children may play.

Contrast the dreadful spots described by Dickens with their heaps of dishonoured graves and stones, or the St. George's Churchyard in Southwark, which appeared in the 1852 volume of *Punch* as "a Superior Plague Walk doing a good stroke of business and affording a most eligible opening to any respectable epidemic out of a situation," with the same St. George's as it may be seen by a passer-by in the Borough to-day.

This burial place where all the poor prisoners who died during hundreds of years in the Marshalsea, Queen's Bench and Old White Lyon, were thrown under the sod when God more compassionate than human creditors granted their discharge, was literally crammed with dead men's bones, and was one of the most depressing sights in London. "Now like most London Churchyards," wrote Sir Walter Besant, "it has been turned into a public garden, the headstones cleared away now line the walls, so that remembrance will linger on until the finger of Time finally obliterates it."

The right of interment in city and other churchyards was a question at one time furiously debated both in and out of Parliament. The redress sought by Dissenters was long denied though it forced its way at last.

"It threw the parochial clergy into paroxysms of wrath and alarm. The most extravagant protests

poured into Lambeth Palace from the rural parsonages; one rector announced that he had provided pitchforks to repel the first Nonconformist funeral that should invade his Churchyard."

This is Archbishop Tait's description of the effect of the Act which ended the controversy so fiercely waged from 1861 to 1881. Until the latter year no person except the incumbent and churchwarden had right of access to the parish churchyard, nor could any service other than that of the Church of England be used there, whatever the religious convictions of the deceased or his relations.

Punch protested against this restriction as vexatious and maintained that where the Roman Catholics, Quakers and Nonconformists had no burying-places of their own they were entitled to inter with their own rites in parish graveyards. Convocation debated the matter again and again to little effect; motions in Parliament like those of Sir Morton Peto were defeated after acrimonious debates; finally, amidst a great outcry the Burials Bill secured the assent of Parliament during the Session of 1880.

Church rates were also the fruitful occasion of much bitterness on the part of all those who were not of the communion of the Church of England.

It is true that all English people were by law members of the Church of the nation, entitled to its privileges and its ministration and with some share in its government. But Dissenters repudiating the connection between Church and State, found themselves saddled not only with the upkeep of their

own chapels, but with charges which they held to be hurtful at once to their pockets and their consciences. It was under these circumstances that the Passive Resister of Dissent first stepped upon the English stage.

Punch, whose sympathies, never very strong on behalf of vested interests, were entirely alienated when they were exercised to the disadvantage of others, came forward as the uncompromising opponent of these dues. He treated a petition of the rural deans for more stringent collection of the rates with scorn, detecting in it not the declaration of a religious right so much as a holding on at any cost to the loaves and fishes.

Parliament attempted to redress the grievance in 1834, but it was not until 1868 that Gladstone's Government on the initiative of John Bright made these payments voluntary. In 1861 the cartoon for the week showed the Speaker throwing his wig into the scales, a reference to the casting vote which secured the bare rejection of the measure of relief.

Another exaction, though not a compulsory one, to which humorous objection was taken, was the dole extorted by vergers, generally old women, for shewing visitors to their seats.

CHAPTER XVIII

"PUNCH" AND MATTERS OF DOCTRINE AND DISCIPLINE

THE tendency of *Punch* to launch on English and Scottish ecclesiastical affairs displays itself in a number of instances.

Before he wisely laid doctrinal matters aside, there was one thing which burdened him a good deal in his theological garrulage, and that was the ignorance in which he was groping about such recondite subjects as the Athanasian Creed. Disregarding the circumstances of its evolution and the dialectics of philosopher and theologian, he has always taken the "plain, common sense view."

The English mind followed him in that whilst practical and delighting to think out mental and social problems for itself, it detests anything that savours of the incomprehensible. It found, too, as it thought, in the Creed not only the damnatory clauses which offended an easy-going people, but a certain dogmatic pride, perhaps a desire to affirm as offensively as possible.

Punch, its popular exponent, entirely failed to understand the difficulty of reconciling what is a detailed statement of the highest theological value belonging to a past and heroic age of Christian doctrine with the milder and less drastic methods

of a softer era. He had no sympathy with the old masters who painted the Athanasian Creed in pictures, nor with those who desired to retain its place in the Church's formularies. Its apparent narrowness and want of charity are so odious to him that he dismisses it contemptuously as only fit for old women.

Punch makes great play with the non-natural sense of interpretation, and here he will commend himself to most people. His advice to recite it in Latin is ironical. "If you don't believe it, say so," is his true recommendation, though he is not unwilling that it should be read once a year, or recited as a hymn, or placed amongst the Articles instead of being publicly recited as a creed. "But if it is false nothing should satisfy those who think so but the expunging of the falsehood."

It is not too much to say that nothing is more important to the community than the question of Marriage. We turn then with some anxiety to know what this laughing philosopher has to say on the union of the soul of man with the soul of woman.

He is Philistine from the beginning.

In 1841 the idea of a civil ceremony was "antagonistic to the whole ecclesiastical theory and repugnant to the conscience of the Church." Heathen and Christian alike have regarded Matrimony as a tie, a thing not normally to be surrendered, and the Canon Law in England held good even after the Reformation.

But changes of a portentous nature were soon to

take place. The illicit unions of Gretna Green with a blacksmith as celebrant and a forge as the Altar were to cease. The flying chaise with the foaming guardian in pursuit was to disappear for ever into the realms of romance. We shall no more see the postillion galloping across the fells urged on by excited lovers than we shall behold Dick Turpin scouring the roads on Black Bess.

But the same year that saw the Gretna Green marriages illegal witnessed a serious blow struck at the sacredness of the marriage tie. Many were the petitions against the Bill laid before the Houses of Parliament, one above the signatures of 6,000 clergymen protesting that a great backward step was being taken on the path of moral rectitude.

With them *Punch* had nothing in common. As a rule, unless he is vehemently advocating the loosing of the matrimonial tie, he is content to voice the humours of the ceremony itself. The attempt of clergy to end the unlawful cohabitation so marked a feature of life in the great centres of population, by making the fees available for the poorest of their parishioners, called out some heavy jesting in 1851 about "an alarming sacrifice in hymenæals." Ten years later *Punch* described the Incumbent of St. Peter's, Saffron Hill, as "scoring off his own Prayer Book," because he remitted all marriage charges during Easter week.

That it should take more than one parson to tie the marriage knot is always a wonder to him; he often refers to it. Some people may indeed share

his perplexity in this, but few can be found to join in his condemnation of the innocent practice of playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March as bride and bridegroom leave the church.

In 1874 he anticipated the complaint of a Canon of Westminster by asserting that the office of matrimony is too plain in some of its statements, yet in 1898 he ridicules the fastidious bride, fresh from the counter of a draper's shop, who wants to change the ordinary formula into "Wilt thou have this lady?" He renders a service to long-suffering vergers and cleaners when in 1902 he points out in verse the mischief wrought by 'The Confetti Fiend.'

"But whom the fiend had joined, God bless the hand that swift asunder smites."

This is *Punch's* welcome to the Divorce Act of 1857. With such views his famous advice to those about to enter Matrimony might well have been given with the most solemn of countenances and in dead earnest.

When Canon Wordsworth, on the occasion of the Princess Royal's marriage, expressed the hope of Convocation that the laws of the realm on Holy Matrimony might be in harmony with those of the Christian Church, *Punch* called his motion "a Priestly Poke at the Crown." He warmly approved the contention of the first Law Lord that it is not possible for a husband really to pardon an erring wife.

Beyond warmth he passed into a towering passion with the Duke of Norfolk for his plea that the marriage tie was sacred and indissoluble. His

character for sanity was quite gone when he could declare that if the Duke's attempt to shelve the Bill was successful, the Catholic and Emancipation Act should be repealed. His fears were a shadow; the Bill was carried and its praises were hymned in a Canticle of nineteen stanzas.

Twenty years later he tells a Society of working men petitioning against the re-marriage of divorced persons to mind their own business. He anticipated with joy the coming of increased facilities for the separation of man and wife, and already the hour is upon us. Cheap Divorce—or Divorce brought to every man's door—is in sight.

In the matter of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill *Punch* was on the popular side. In spite of the enactments of the Church, and the strong attachment of her children to her authority generally, there had been for many years on the part of the laity a feeling that a man *ought* to be able to marry a deceased wife's sister if he chose.

So strong was this feeling that Royalty made one of the few exceptions to its rule of abstention and voted in favour of the Bill in its place in the House of Lords (where it received the strongest support). Neither the passages from Holy Writ, the custom of Catholic countries, nor the precise enactments of the Table of Forbidden Degrees have been cogent enough to quell the sentiment of the laity in this matter.

In 1858 *Punch* ran a tilt at Mr. Beresford-Hope, "a gentleman of the Puseyite persuasion," for

opposing Lord Bury's Law Amendment Bill, and is so angry with him that his voice becomes vixenish and abusive. Twenty-five years later his feeling has lost nothing in intensity, and a cartoon of 1883, addressed to "certain obstructive old persons," requests Benson and Manning, who figure as old ladies, to "get out of the way" of the perambulator with the infant Bill in it.

It is surprising to us now to know with what animosity the revival of Convocation was received by *Punch* in 1853. Nothing but the strongly Erastian tendencies of the time can account for it when clerical judgment was distrusted and the most popular statesman was he who announced his intention of bringing the parson to heel.

That faithful member of the Church of England—Dr. Johnson—awoke the amusement of his contemporaries by his declaration that he would willingly face a battery of cannon if by doing so he could procure the restoration of the rights of Convocation. Yet it is increasingly evident that the place he assigned to the Parliament of the Church is the right one. The resuscitation of Convocation had become more necessary than ever since Parliament no longer consisted of members of the Church of England.

Its revival in 1853 was not fortunate enough to meet with *Charivari's* approval. To him 'The Parson's Parliament' is a melancholy farce, a burlesque of Parliament bringing the whole Church into contempt. Nor had he any better opinion of it

in 1868, since he gave a very satirical account of proceedings in the Upper House playing upon the known peculiarities of prominent Bishops and other Dignitaries.

When a Clergy Disabilities Bill was laid before Parliament in 1862 *Punch* thought the first to benefit by it should be the miserably poor parsons who could then take places as butlers or stewards.

Such a Bill for the unfrocking of parsons, though permissive in its operations, was naturally opposed by those who held to the sacramental indelibility of Orders and the danger of allowing so solemn an obligation to be laid aside by a change of mind. But in 1870 the Act passed.

Little use has been made of it. Some few ordained clergy, not despairing in time to look like laymen and with an eye on a seat in the House of Commons, have fulfilled their ambition by executing a deed poll. Others have been released from obligations that had become a burden too heavy to be borne or an unreality.

The very first office of the Bill was to release James Anthony Froude from the fetters of his vows. Bred for the Ministry for which he afterwards shewed such an aversion he was in Deacon's Orders. He wished to be a physician in early life, but from that and other liberal professions he was shut off for many years by the fact that though he had ceased to be reverend he was not entitled to be esquire.

Another man of letters, whose cassock never quite

fitted him, was J. R. Green, the historian. He, too, availed himself of the Act.

On the question of the proper observance of the Sunday and the liberties of Christian men *Punch* has an unmistakable opinion which he has not ceased to advocate since 1843.

When he first set up his booth, Sunday was the day so often described, dark and forbidding, its rigours tempered by cold mutton and the "Pilgrim's Progress." Holy indolence was *de rigueur*, any active exercise of mind and body decried, walking for pleasure or even for health denied as beyond the bounds of a Sabbath day's journey, and any secular source of happiness or interest sternly disallowed.

It was that time of which Ruskin wrote "a lurid shade was cast over the whole of Friday and Saturday by the horrible sense that Sunday was coming—and was inevitable"; when Frith the artist, so his daughter tells us, was taught to love going to Church by attendances at long dull services, "where if he did not behave himself he was tied to the leg of the kitchen table at home until the hour for the next services came round"; when the unhappy animals at the Zoological Gardens were made the victims of a legal Sabbatarianism which deprived them of food from Saturday night until Monday morning and made the neighbourhood of Regent's Park resound through the day of rest with the proclamation of their wrongs.

Only once did *Punch* commend the English observance of the Seventh Day; to this testimonial

he was committed in his tender youth by a Parisian correspondent who described the Sunday in that gay city as "no longer a religious solemnity," and finished his letter with the glowing complacency, "every Englishman ought to hug himself with delight that Heaven has placed the cradle of his birth in Great Britain and not in La Jeune France."

From the piety, if not from the patriotism of this sentiment, *Punch* quickly departed. The mind of Dickens was stirring the community mightily, Ruskin and other teachers were rebelling against crude and antiquated ideas, and the jester with a natural love for the gayest, happiest side of things at once shared in the reaction against the conventional day. Within a few months of his Parisian epistle he had become the stout champion for the opening of the British Museum, the National Gallery and other public buildings on Sundays, not to cease from his efforts till the doors of these places were thrown wide.

It was certainly incongruous that whilst public-houses might be open for several hours, and tradesmen permitted to drive a flourishing business on condition they put up one shutter!—O comic tribute to the National hypocrisy!—that picture-galleries should be closed and good music forbidden.

In the Sabbatarian Movement the Barber's Pole was early the signal of revolt from orthodox standards. At Upton-on-Severn so far back as 1848 the local barbers insisted on opening their shops on

Sundays, and *Punch* satirizes the Curate who laid information against them, whilst the recent Rondeau of Jacob Popp, tobacconist and hairdresser of High Wycombe, proclaims the 266th triumph of principle or perversity over magisterial fines.

1850 was a year of much activity on the question. Lord Ashley and his friends were asking for repressive statutes from Parliament and with a large number of merchants, solicitors, and others approached the Government to keep Rowland Hill from employing his postmen on Sundays. The failure of his attempt was joyously commemorated by *Charivari* who struck a derisive medal, proposed a mock monument, designed a Puritan stamp, shewed in cartoon a Bishop reduced to the logical necessity of blacking his own top boots on Sunday, and danced gaily around the 'unco guid,' time after time.

In 1856 the Archbishop of Canterbury came under his lash, to be treated with some rudeness. The journal exhibited his Grace in a variety of ludicrous drawings; it sent him to Church in the rain without a carriage; it reproached him for dissimulation in the matter of her Majesty's band at Windsor; it drew "Hypocrisy denouncing music and Sunday finery," a cartoon which included the Archbishop in his carriage and Mr. Baines of Leeds thumping his tub; it illuminated Lambeth Palace with the magic word 'Cant,' and caricatured Dr. Howley amidst the wild jig of his bigoted followers.

It must be allowed in all this opposition to upper

class restrictions that *Punch* had a truly democratic concern for the liberties of the working man. He showed this amongst other ways in a very effective cartoon, "The Two Sundays," where the weary and thirsty labourer is denied refreshment at his inn, whilst in the contrasting picture flunkeys serve the club man with any brand of wine for which he calls. He attacked the Sunday Liquor Bill and made an appeal for the excursionist and that mysterious personage the *Bonâ fide* Traveller.

When popular opinion had finally obtained such amenities as the opening of museums and a less restricted legislation on Sundays, *Punch* exchanged his tone for a lighter note. No longer in such deadly earnest he is now concerned to show the humours of the conventional view as it exists both in England and the sister kingdom; he attacks the ingenious avoidances and subterfuges, the light foibles and little peculiarities that still gather around the First Day observances.

It is pleasant to reflect that the days of narrowness and fanaticism are over. The confusion in the minds of those failing to determine clearly whether they want to observe the Sabbath as Jews, or the Day of the Resurrection as Christians, is passing away. But it is increasingly evident that the Sunday which has done so much to exalt and make steady the English Nation, whose ancient observances entered like particles of iron into the Scottish character, that this Sunday has passed on from liberty to licence and is exposed

to a wantonness of encroachment which threatens the worst.

Nothing is more evident than the decay of the Church-going habit; a wilderness of empty seats attests the week-end custom. People who formerly boasted of their observance of the Day of Rest now glory in their disregard of it.

"But far more serious than the decay of mere attendance at Church is the complete abolition of the Day of Rest" (Gissing). Foreigners who have little liking for a dull Sunday comment on the growing tendency to take more holidays including the day hitherto devoted to quietude and worship, nor do they fail to observe the signs of the times in growing traffic on street and railroad, in dinner parties and music at restaurants, afternoon concerts, and a generally growing unconcern.

It is not easy to determine what is innocent and appropriate recreation for a time primarily intended for the growth and intimacy of the soul, nor how far to relax the chains in which fanaticism has bound it. The early Tractarians were libelled because they encouraged the villagers to play cricket on Sunday afternoon. More modern clergy, recognizing that the Church, whilst jealous of its Holy Day, wisely encourages a love of honest recreation in her children, have made a bold effort to cut the Gordian knot by promoting games out of service hours.

Yet the sense of the community does not go with them. It fears that with such advances tending to

pass on from one stage to another the children of the next generation will have no Sunday at all, and that so serious a laxity in the observance of the day will bring about a deterioration of the English national character.

CHAPTER XIX

"PUNCH" AND THE CHURCH IN ACTION

THE Ecclesiastical Commission, which came into existence twelve months after its most formidable critic, was created to remedy abuses in connection with Church Finance. But for some time it continued some of the anomalies it was summoned to prevent.

Consisting entirely of members of the Episcopal Bench it left Bishops to deal with the vexed questions of their own stipends and necessary charges. This they proceeded to do in no illiberal spirit.

Manning was shocked at the constitution of the Commission, so entirely personal and partisan, and even so good a Churchman as Gladstone would have liked to have seen it "superseded by the Government for the Church collectively." The restriction of the *personnel* of control had the effect of delaying the benefits of the Commissioners' funds for the poorer parishes and clergy, and of continuing a wasteful expenditure in business administration.

Whilst the Bishops were indifferent to the fate of the Cathedral Chapters, they were greatly concerned that their own emoluments should not be restricted. It laid them open to *Punch's* sneer in 1845 that if they had "failed to provide for the spiritual wants of the people, they have in no case

whatever neglected to build or purchase palaces for the Bishops. Thus, if Rochester need a church or so, it must not repine at the want, seeing that Rochester's Bishop is housed at the expense of £30,000! Again, the Bishop of Ripon cannot be decently lodged under £16,000; and the Bishop of Lincoln has required no less a sum for a roof to cover him. And then the shocking mistakes in the matter of Bishops' salaries! We learn that the Bishop of Durham, whose income was to be cut down to the apostolic sum of £8,000 a year, has by some pleasing blunder received £18,000. The Bishop of Salisbury, too, has been involved in a like error, taking £17,000 instead of £5,000."

At the time of the Crimean War *Punch* pointed out that in three years the Bishops forming the Ecclesiastical Commissioners paid over to lawyers and surveyors very nearly the sum of £45,000. In 1864 he showed that out of an income of no less than £250,000, with £60,000 for management of funds and £160,000 for the permanent endowment of benefices, no account whatever was given of the balance of £30,000.

In course of time an Act was passed which introduced a new era in the history of the Commission. It added a number of lay members to the Board, ranging from the Lord Chancellor, Prime Minister and members of aristocracy to untitled English gentlemen, at the same time enlarging the scope of its operations.

The effect of this Act is that the Ecclesiastical

Commissioners have large estates vested in them as absolute owners which they have been able to develop to great advantage.

The value of Benefactions consisting of lands, tithe and other rent-charges, stock, cash, etc., secured to Benefices, and met for the most part by grants from the Commissioners, exceeds £237,000 per annum in perpetuity and in addition a sum of not less than £40,000 per annum is also contributed by Benefactors to meet temporary grants for curates. The total increase in the income of Benefices thus resulting from the operations of the Commissioners exceed £1,257,000 per annum.

Whilst its revenues were increasing and were being controlled to better advantage, the Church was steadfastly setting its face to the task of instructing its children.

The early part of the nineteenth century was a sleepy time in matters of education as well as religion. In the 'seventies a change was rapidly approaching, close fellowships were to be thrown open, close scholarships to fall into the common treasury of endowment, and the full privileges of Oxford and Cambridge to be extended to those whose beliefs could not be tethered within the fold of the Thirty-nine Articles.

But some of the schools like the Blue Coat and foundations like the St. Cross continued to linger on the path of reform. In instances not a few the intentions of the pious founders had been altered, or at all events anticipated, and instead of educating or

providing for the poor, secured a generous training for the upper middle classes of England, together with snug sinecures for privileged holders.

Punch published a report of the Royal Commissioners in 1861 under the heading "Robbing the Poor." He asked of the £60,000 of revenue "how much the really poor for whose benefit the Christ's Hospital Charity was instituted, received out of the income, also what is the station in life, and the probable income of the parents and how many of them keep carriages?" He declared that the presentations sold, trafficked, and given away to people of easy circumstances constituted a scandal.

The Hospital of St. Cross is another instance, first, how with changed conditions institutions can lose most of their original utility; next, of the way in which the most ancient foundations can adapt themselves to altered environment and continue to exist to good purpose.

Founded in the twelfth century for the maintenance of poor brethren it had come to be little more than spoil for the Masters. In a vehement letter *Punch* exposes the perversion of its funds. A peer of the realm in Holy Orders was its Master in 1848, and he was charged with refusing to warm the church on the ground that "since the parishioners have always done without a stove they may do so now"—this, although he was receiving four-fifths of the revenues of St. Cross instead of one-fifth as originally intended. The noble earl was head of the foundation for fifty years to such personal

advantage that for the period between 1818 and 1838 —twenty years—impartial authorities have estimated that he received no less than £53,000 in fines or renewing leases.

In his day there were thirteen old men in residence. Now there are no less than twenty-seven brethren and their wives under the shelter of the Hospital together with seventy-three pensioners; the warden no longer receives an ambassador's stipend. Wayfarers who can claim a dole of bread and beer as soon as the clock strikes ten still leave the precincts of St. Cross refreshed, rejoicing that all its mediæval customs have not been repealed.

In dealing with the larger question of learning *Punch* has always recognized the importance of national education. Some of his first utterances touched the need of a system which should remove the deplorable ignorance of the masses, hence he naturally followed the controversy with interest through all its astonishing phases.

For it is astonishing to find that a matter of vital importance to the English race still remains in solution. Whether the State, following the example of America and her own colonies, shall provide Secular Education for her children, leaving religious instruction to be provided by the various sects, or whether as a Christian community she shall provide a Christian education for her young is yet in the wind. The confusion of compromise and scruples in which English education is still involved is unsatisfactory

even in a nation of compromise and must finally give place to a more consistent and logical system.

For generations the Church had borne to a large extent the burden of education, though its methods were distasteful to the Nonconformists who, to some extent, benefited by them. Even in 1870 when a Liberal Government passed Forster's Act with its conscience clause the problem was not solved to the satisfaction of either side, Anglican and Roman Catholic or Nonconformist. And there it remains for all practical purposes at the present time.

From the commencement of the struggle *Punch* threw his weight against the clergy ("no clerical interference" was his watchword in 1850) and in favour of a secular system, though of late years it is a concordat or sympathetic agreement between the religious communities he desires. Not content with chanting in reiterated rhymes, "pay for your own schools," so severe was he in his adherence to secular theories that he condemned the use of the Doxology in schools.

It is probable that he was principally impressed by the contest of Christ's followers above the bodies of His little ones. Cartoons like those in 1843 and 1853 shew the furious struggles of Church and Chapel. In 1860 he pictures a truculent ritualist kidnapping small children, whilst he diversified a very tame number in 1869 with a drawing of Cardinal Cullen scattering boys and girls of his own faith from the doors of a national school.

The truth is he failed to understand the justice of

the claim behind the Cardinal's attitude or the real position of the Church of England. He seemed unable to perceive its faith compelled it to regard education without moral training as little short of a diabolical misfortune. It must needs teach dogma to its scholars, since in its belief dogma is the only thing that cannot be separated from education.

Punch recurs again and again to the pious hope in which all must share that a happy and sympathetic ending may come to this dispute. He has chronicled in cartoon the fight on the London School Board of 1894, with the wilder spectacle of the mob of parsons contending furiously in 1908, but his last picture suggests more amicable possibilities. The lion and the lamb lie down together; the Bishop of London and Dr. Clifford beam on each other in friendly converse.

With the growth of education and enlightenment came an increasing detestation of slavery. This phase of man's inhumanity to man is gradually passing from the face of the earth, its disappearance due in no small measure to the flame that was lit in this country.

That the trade in human chattels was an abomination in the sight of God and man was a truth which had dawned on England under the influence of Wilberforce and those who stood with him. Gladstone's near relative had been a slave-owner, and a leading article in the *Times* and some sermons in English pulpits still advanced the old threadbare

delusion that the brand of Cain was inevitably written on a black countenance.

Against the contention of writer and preacher *Punch* maintained the claims of humanity and his own passionate love of freedom. At the beginning of the struggle between North and South in America when State after State denied the negro to be a "human person" and the Southern leaders in Congress loved to designate him by the contemptuous epithet of "this peculiar kind of property," he shewed where his sympathies lay.

> "Thus far shall Slavery go; no further.
> That tide must ebb from this time forth"

is his declaration in 1862 in a poem concluding with the advice—

> "Come, South, accept the situation,
> The change will grow by safe degrees."

Unhappily the change was in his own feelings. The enthusiasm which swung round to the South in their gallant struggle against overwhelming numbers was scarce guided by wisdom. He shewed a degree of vacillation; now his detestation of the human chattel shared with Pius IX., with Italy, and other European countries inspired him with tributes to the cause of freedom; anon his dislike of Lincoln involved him in controversy with the American Press.

But his heart was sound; his true unwavering opinion on the subject of slavery is seen in the fine cartoon of 1889 when the offence of Rome is

forgotten at last, and in the person and work of Cardinal Lavigerie he recognizes "the New Crusade." His glowing lines pay a tribute at once to a life of devotion and to the unparalleled infamy of the slave trade.

Twenty years later another powerful drawing, in which a slave-owner lashes one of his Congo victims whilst plenipotentiaries deliberate, held up to scorn in 'The Guilt of Delay' the tardy counsels of a European Conference.

Whilst slavery abroad was coming to an end, England was being gradually, how gradually! emancipated from a bondage of her own. In 1841 society was just emerging from a period of immoderate drinking in which even the clergy were involved. When the nineteenth century was young, drunkenness did not tell much even against a parson, his excess being regarded rather as consolatory than convivial, or at the worst as an amiable weakness.

In ordinary circles insobriety was looked upon less as a social offence than as a matter of prowess or of amused toleration. So far from being a poison alcohol almost ranked with the elixir of life. Mrs. L. B. Walford's grandmother "guid almost to Puritanism" kept only within the letter of the advice given by a medical authority of the period whose dictum that wine was wholesome and beneficial when not taken in excess received the qualification that anything over "four or five glasses at a meal *was* an excess." As late as the 'seventies doctors, according

to Grant Duff, urged the drinking of a great deal of wine almost as a moral duty.

It is characteristic of the period that after he became Bishop of Oxford, Wilberforce had to protect himself from the convivial amenities of the day by drinking the healths of his candidates for Holy Orders out of a bottle of toast and water.

At first sight it would seem as though *Punch* were inclined to regard the national weakness and disgrace from a jocular standpoint, following it from year to year with laughter and quip and comic drawings. Yet in this gallery of illustration, it is the idea of good fellowship, the more generous side of excess, which is graven with the artist's tool. Of *Punch* himself it may be asserted that his voice like the Church's own has been that of moderation in drink as against enforced teetotalism. He sees the remedy for the disease that disgraces England not in taverns withering under the blight of repressive legislation, but in the temperance that is commended by St. Paul.

With the fanatic he has no sympathy. There be those who divide mankind into the severely sober and the severely soaking, leaving one no choice between hydropathy and hydrophobia. One must either be a shining light or a shocking example; there is no refuge from delirium tremens save in pure undiluted pump water. *Punch* does not hesitate to speak his scorn of these. To the great principle of temperance he has, like the Church, allied himself sanely and with the moderation the

very word expresses. He can imagine both a reputable function which consists in supplying to due needs wholesome food and drink to all men, and drink itself as one of the good creatures of God which may be received with thanksgiving.

He recognizes that the partiality of the average British workman for his beer is not a thing to be abolished by legislation, and sets himself against all reformers approaching the question in a temper, to recall Dr. Johnson's phrase, "as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet."

Since 1831 the Church has been at work striving to reduce the evils of that intemperance which has been a commonplace for centuries. Its influence, its teaching, and the higher education of the people have been attended with remarkable success. On this point the testimony of writers who have witnessed the excesses of the old days is just as conclusive.

Mrs. Grundy, that imposing representative of the ethical level of the age who allowed our squires to get drunk after dinner is now shocked at a one bottle man. As for the clergy, public opinion prefers to see them touch the flowing bowl with great moderation, or, better still, refrain from it altogether. Not yet is the working man as temperate as he might be, but his drink bill shews a drop of the right sort, for it has gone down thirty millions in the course of eleven years.

By the part he played in the long and bitter struggle for the opening of museums and art

galleries *Punch* did something to bring in that change. One of his rare animadversions against Archbishop Tait was contained in a cartoon shewing that his Grace did the country ill service when he drove the people out of the libraries on Sundays into the arms of the publican.

He has always looked with distrust upon the alliance of the Church with brewer or publican and displayed it in several of his cartoons as an unnatural conjunction. When the brewers threatened to withdraw their subscriptions from the clergy for their attitude on Licences, a poem on "The Unholy Alliance" exhorted the Bishops to stiffen their backs and refuse to truckle to a powerful vested interest.

(*By special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*)

"My Lords, the prop of Church and State,
Ye who incur the brewer's hate,
Be warned by me and 'ware the fate
That tore these two in sections;
Behold the self-same god arise,
With awful anger in his eyes,
To menace your established ties
Against the next elections!

"Yet must you grip the pastoral staff,
And striding forth with gaitered calf
Go meet, my Lords, this half-and-half,
This mongrel misalliance;
Nor will I leave your loss unsung
If you should be enrolled among
Those who abused the great god Bung,
And paid for their defiance."

It is humiliating to record that whilst the men of England have become more temperate, whilst the

Navy is vastly improved, and out of an Army much given to excess has been evolved one of the most sober forces in the world, women have fallen more and more from grace.

Mrs. Hoskyns, wife of the Bishop of Southwell, disclosed in a public speech how women were losing the sense of shame which at one time was felt in entering public-houses. Lady Dorothy Nevill adds to her testimony of progress in other directions that "ladies who up to comparatively recent years all drank water, take a good deal more wine than was formerly the case." The evidence of long and sympathetic investigation has been committed by Lady Henry Somerset to the same disconcerting conclusions.

In Ireland the consumption of strong drink is still excessive, the convictions for drunkenness being three times as numerous as in England and Wales. Even thus, a gratifying progress has been made in national temperance since 1841, the arrests for intoxication, abnormally high, having given place to much smaller numbers.

When Father Mathew came upon the scene to be the saviour of his country that frightful potation, raw public-house whiskey, was the bane of his race. What a country was Ireland when her chief manufacture was Calamity Water, a name of her own devising! It was waiting for "the stout honest, handsome-looking man" of Thackeray's description, his hand ready to grasp that of high or low, a pledge in his pocket to redress Ireland's wrongs.

The influence of the Dublin priest was remarkable, his popularity contesting that of the Liberator himself. All Ireland was moved. In three years the consumption of spirits was reduced by one-half, and drunkenness and its twin brother violence for a time almost disappeared.

Though, as we have seen, the merry men on the staff had no friendly eye for the extreme members of the temperance party they applauded the evangel of Father Mathew both in his own country and when he crossed the Channel, and gave it a sound moral backing.

CHAPTER XX

"PUNCH" AND SOME PREJUDICES

It is disconcerting to record that amongst the things that arouse the worst feelings of *Punch* should be the Missionary enterprise of the Church.

Here again it must be confessed that he is the exponent of a feeling that is near the heart of the British Public. When the British Scientific Association met at Ipswich and one of these wise men of the East said that the religions the heathen had were good enough for them and that it was an impertinence to foist Christianity upon them, he was uttering not a heresy, but a truism of the popular faith.

So early as 1843 the Missionary zeal which was beginning to glow with redoubled ardour was made the object of *Punch's* satire. Again and again he made his protest—the short-sighted one so often put forth—against doing work abroad, with the savages of the New Cut and Ratcliff Highway unreclaimed at home.

The attention of a Pan-Anglican Congress to this subject elicited a sarcasm about washerwomen round the Mission tub, and a sneer at Bishops neglecting the Colenso demands and the encroach-

ments of High Churchmen to spend their sympathy and time on distant heathen, who on the whole are getting on very well as left to themselves. A more practical objection lies in the charge that the C.M.S. spent a quarter of its income at home before one native was converted or had even seen a Missionary, and that the money devoted to building churches in Madagascar had been diverted from the relief of Lancashire operatives.

In 1857 a fanatical belief on the part of the Hindoos that the Government had resolved to make them Christians by forcing them to lose their caste served to point the moral which *Punch* was so fond of drawing.

Missions to the Jews he finds especially exasperating. He is sceptical about the genuineness of conversions; the new grace, so to speak, is only given before meat! In the true utilitarian spirit which endeavours to measure spiritual results by the scale of money and statistics, he demands the exact cost of a convert and the comparative worth of a translated Hebrew.

The Mission activities of the Church with other matters of her faith and practice passed in due course beyond the criticisms of the jester. He is quite in his own amusing province when his schoolboy explains to the mother that S.P.G., the heading of so much expenditure in his diary, does not mean Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, but "Sundries, probably grub."

On one side *Punch* has always been right. He

has refused to recognize the wisdom or the justice of invoking the national arms to avenge the wrongs of Missionaries and to make reprisals in slaughter or confiscated provinces.

The progress of Christianity in China has in our own day been seriously compromised under cloak of the avenging of Missionary wrongs. Nothing can be more mischievous or less conducive to the spread of the Gospel than a Missionary activity that the natives consider a political enterprise, a department of the Government artfully disguised. Missionaries come and provinces go is a poor formula with which to compass the evangelization of the world.

And *Punch* has been just as sound on the matter of strong drink, that standing reproach of civilization in its approach to savages. For whilst savage races may survive wars and internecine struggles and even imported maladies, they can never survive the civilization of the bottle which has so often attended the coming of the preacher of the Gospel.

Another of the jester's dislikes was concerned with religious orders.

In 1841 a few devout women set themselves apart to visit the sick and poverty stricken and to watch in vigil and prayer. Their example was followed a little later by sisterhoods like those of the Devonport Ladies specially trained to minister to the inmates of penitentiaries. The enterprise gathered strength with the passing of time until

a present record includes amongst those who followed in the traditions of the Oxford Movement such associations as the Clewer House of Mercy, East Grinstead Community, Wantage and Ditchingham and Kilburn Sisters, together with Bible Women, Deaconesses and Mission Women of the school of Evangelical faith.

Mr. Charles Booth and other trained observers have reported favourably on the self-sacrificing life of brotherhoods and sisterhoods as beneficial to the masses and as striking the imagination of the unevangelized poor. These have more than justified their existence, for without doubt the history of three generations goes to show that amongst all classes of religious people the business of teaching, catechizing and nursing is best carried on by "women devoted to the work, living in communities, wearing a distinctive dress, and more or less under clerical supervision."

Nor has equal zeal and enterprise been wanting on the side of the men. Institutions like those of the Cowley Fathers, the Community of the Resurrection and others have risen to attest the value of the monastic life as a valuable nursery of Mission preachers.

The rise of the religious orders of the Church of England has not been attended by any expressions of goodwill on the part of *Mr. Punch*, nor can he be acquitted of playing to the Protestant gallery which still hated monks and nuns as in the days of Sterne.

The idea of anything like seclusion in a convent was especially objectionable to him. Though he waxed hilarious at the expense of Mr. Whalley, whose lugubrious voice called for the inspection of nunneries, yet he himself was not devoid of fanaticism on the subject. As a matter of fact he approved of the earlier efforts of Mr. Newdegate for the overhauling of convents.

His mind was reflected in that of his greatest contributor who doubted whether "policy or hypocrisy or reality accounted for the extreme happiness and content with their condition affected by the nuns of Ireland," and concluded his visit to a convent with the fine Protestant peroration, "I declare I think for my part that we have as much right to permit Sutteeism in India as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or Catholic Bishops to receive them; and that Government has as good a right to interpose in such cases, as the police have to prevent a man from hanging himself, or the doctor to refuse a glass of prussic acid to any one who may have a wish to go out of the world."

In similar vein "Crystal Nunneries" is an indictment of the management and conduct of houses of retreat for women. *Punch* cannot disabuse himself of the idea that in the retirement and secrecy of these convents there are dark and desperate doings. The privation and constancy of the Poor Clares excite in his mind but a compassion that is hardly to be distinguished from offensiveness. When novices

were to be found not only in Rome, but in Anglican circles, he poured out upon them, as in "The Game of Novice in Margaret Street," the most scathing raillery at his command.

The men who joined communities in those early days were attacked more savagely. Accustomed to worldly Anglican divines of the old school, Erastian in principle and lethargic in temperment, or to preachers of strong Protestant proclivities, *Punch* could not understand the enthusiasts who found in the older and neglected institutions of the Church ideals for their own spiritual attainment and opportunity for their noblest work. There was, to his way of thinking, a salacious side to all monastic life; he was at one with the British sentiment which thought of convents and nunneries as abominations that ought not to be tolerated.

He received the announcement of the establishment in London of the first Anglican brotherhood not only with derision, but garnished it with the extremest effects of caricature.

Convocation shared with Missions and Religious Orders the doubtful regard of the Satirist. It is surprising to us now to know with what animosity its revival was received in 1853. Nothing can account for it but the strongly Erastian tendencies of the time when clerical judgment was distrusted and the most popular statesman was he who announced his intention of bringing the parsons to heel.

But Churchmen were looking back to the old

ideals of legislation, as something primarily concerned with their own authoritative bodies less than with the State; they were perceiving that Convocation was necessary since Parliament no longer consisted of members of the Church of England.

Its resuscitation in 1853 after a slumber—with one fitful interval of wakefulness—of more than 150 years, was not fortunate enough to meet with the approval of *Mr. Punch.* To that secular personage 'The Parson's Parliament' is a melancholy farce, "a burlesque of Parliament bringing the whole Church into contempt," nor can one claim that its proceedings were always well ordered or marked by wisdom and moderation. In 1868 he had apparently no better opinion of it, since he gave a very satirical account of proceedings in the Upper House, playing upon the known peculiarities of prominent Bishops and other Dignitaries.

CHAPTER XXI

"PUNCH" AND THE CHURCH—ITS FABRIC AND SERVICE

THE first half of the nineteenth century was the closing period of an era of neglect both as to the fabric of the Churches and to the services which should have been held in them. The spirit of our ancestors which adorned the land with magnificent cathedrals and beautiful churches seemed to be extinct. Few houses were built for worship, and those for the most part inadequate and unworthy of the sacred dedication.

St. Paul's Cathedral, against which *Charivari* rode full tilt on so many a tourney, serves admirably as an illustration of what was tolerated throughout the country.

The fane compelled the admiration of Carlyle when that dour critic first came to town, and caught a glimpse from Cheapside of the huge dome, its gold finger pointing to the heavens, human creatures creeping about it on their petty errands. It was the grandest building he had ever seen. But all this was from the outside. Within if it were not a whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones, it was certainly a disgrace to the community.

Punch reiterated his complaint that the Dean and

Chapter with their splendid resources should permit the magnificent fabric committed to their care to fall into so shameful a condition. The reluctance with which in 1871 the necessary expenditure was made for improvements and decoration he regarded as a serious reflection not only on the authorities in Dean's Yard, but on the nation. The state of the Churchyard in 1850 he considered as a "disgrace to the Metropolis," whilst the railings that surrounded it spoiled the view of the church, did an injustice to the fame of Wren, impeded pedestrianism, caused accidents, and were "a perfect eye sore."

What the condition of the building really was we can readily learn from contemporary writers.

Kingsley in his novel "Yeast" said "the place breathed imbecility and unreality and sleepy death in life." G. A. Sala has left a description of it written three years after the appearance of *Punch*. "Chanting indifferently performed, the choir boys ill disciplined, anthems, as a rule, ill sung. There were a good many reverend persons among the capitular body who should have been superannuated long before 1844, seeing that they were painfully given to snuffling, to mumbling, coughing and occasionally to going to sleep, and half choking themselves in their slumbers.

"But the noble ritual was celebrated amidst perhaps the meanest and cheapest accessories it is possible to conceive. The windows of the edifice, apparently of the cheapest glass, were scarcely ever cleaned.

"The most precious portions of the Communion plate had been stolen by some audacious robbers early in the nineteenth century: the emoluments of the Chapter had not been used to replace the Eucharistic vessels, so the chalice, patens and flagons were of the ugliest possible pattern and of little intrinsic value. The velvet covering to the Communion table was worn to a cord, its gold lace fringe tarnished to blackness, and the carpet before the Altar was in rags.

"The entrance to the choir was blocked up by a clumsy and unsightly organ loft—a barbarous parody of the ancient cathedral rood screen—serving only to support a big hideous old organ with pipes like superannuated gas fittings, and to conceal the view of the choir from the nave.

"The entrance was barred by a heavy and tasteless iron gate, which was carefully locked out of service time, in order to afford the opportunity to the vergers of extorting extra fees from country cousins and inquisitive Americans—scarcely anybody else, save the clergy and the sparse congregation, ever entered the Cathedral. As for the nave, the aisles and the side chapels, they were in a shamefully grimy and dilapidated condition, the pavement of the nave was in many places broken in holes or worn with ruts. The Bishop's throne wanted a leg, the Lord Mayor's Chair of State was in not much better case, and the wretched little pulpit with its winding stair and its sounding board, like a crippled dumb waiter above, would have been a disgrace to a village Church in

the Eastern counties where the value of the living did not exceed a hundred a year, and the incumbent was fain to fatten geese for Leadenhall Market to eke out a livelihood."

The ordinary congregation even on Sunday morning was, as a rule, miserably scanty; on week-days it so frequently trembled on the verge of the canonical "two or three gathered together" that the apostrophizing of the precentor as "Dearly Beloved Roger" seemed to be anything but a remote contingency.

To-day it bears witness to the resurrection which came with the addition of men like Liddon and Lightfoot and Gregory to its stalls and Church to its Deanery. These have helped to restore it to its proper place as the spiritual centre of the Metropolis of the World. The question of its decoration was much debated with *Punch* amongst the severest of its critics. After the humorous suggestion in 1884 that his own artist should take the work in hand he passed on to a more destructive criticism. He drew a picture of Wren revisiting the shades of his greatest achievement and deploring the "improvements" to the Cathedral.

The great Abbey Church of Westminster, Campo Santo of the English race, and holding so remarkable a place in our religious history, was always better cared for than its neighbour of St. Paul's. Except in the matter of fees it escaped the reproaches of *Punch*. He seems to have thought it unfortunate in its combined uses as a Temple and a Pantheon

whilst he has visited in some sarcastic lines upon the head of its Dean his disapproval of the right of any one man to deny sepulture in the Abbey or to accord it.

The passion for restoration became vigorously active just about the time that *Punch* came into existence. The age of neglect was passing, and that intolerable unconcern which permitted fabrics to decay and furniture to disappear from churches was to be a thing of the past.

Sir George Robinson in the earlier part of the century had said, "If the spires had taken no better care of the squires than the squires had of the spires, both squires and spires would ere now have gone to dust." But many of the country gentry were not like that, and repaired and restored village churches though unhappily in a spirit of zeal rather than of knowledge.

The task of the restorers was not a light one, for they had often to reconcile those irreconcilables, utilitarianism and antiquarianism. They had to adapt what are public monuments, sacred relics and national glories to the prosaic needs of a congregation that must see and hear in comfort and be protected from wind and rain.

"The quaintly carved seats that a touch will damage have to be sat in; the frameless doors with the queer old locks have to keep out draughts; the bells whose shaking endangers the graceful steeple have to be rung."

One of the saddest features in the passion for

church restoration, as the annals of many a parish can attest, was the waste and dispersal of ancient material; with a due regard for the sanctity of all that the past has wrought in our English houses of prayer either in pillar or wall or plenishing *Punch* lifted his voice in warning tones against such unconcern. He quoted (from a letter) an advertisement that he rightly described as an example to national school children of the Goths and Vandals in action.

"To be sold, &c., &c.,—Carved Oak Pulpit; handsome Stone Font, date unknown—curious oak panelling, time of QUEEN ELIZABETH—all in consequence of the restoration of the Church."

"Brisk firewood prices were realized, and marine-store dealers seemed to be having what their American cousins call 'a good time.' Some of the decorators, probably members of Archæological Societies, were heard to deplore the loss that had been sustained through much of the old wood having been appropriated surreptitiously by the workmen for their own fires."

This was but a sign of what was frequently happening.

The Christmas decoration of churches was one of the favourite themes for the pencil of *Punch* rather for the pleasant interludes between the junior clergy and fair parishioners than for the mischief of the adornments. Yet pulpits pockmarked with numberless tin tacks, old oak and the joints of masonry bristling with nails or the scars of them

attest the ruthless enterprise of "battalions of young ladies entrusted with the holly and ivy adornments."

As the preservation of memories and histories, of fellowship and fraternity has in so many instances given place to more modish considerations, so the belfry has been deposed from the place it held through the centuries.

If "the chiming of bells inviting to a banquet where few are visitants" has any meaning or charm for *Punch*, he represses it. He is the embodiment of that utilitarianism which has silenced the chimes in so many country districts, a quenching of picturesque melody that the antiquarian and historian can only follow with regret. Removed from village steeples where they gave an added tenderness and solemnity to the midnight hour, speaking in every intonation with the voice of ancient custom and a buried past, they may well be regarded as a loss.

Punch resented the ringing of bells by Roman Catholics not because they were clamorous, but because in the strict letter of the law they were illegal. As a rule his grievance is that they are noisy. He thought it the most natural thing in the world that a Bradford clergyman should suffer from an ear affection since he lived under the shadow of his own belfry.

No doubt the provincial poet, Robert Pollitt, had the hearty approval of the great London journal when he apostrophized his 'Noisy Neighbour.'

"Oh! Bell of Saint Mary's—
Saint Mary's Church bell!
Here rhyme fails to tell
How grievous to bear is
Thy harsh, loud and clamorous
Paviour's rammerous,
Nasmyth's steam-hammerous
Nerve-shaking, babe-waking,
Head-aching, din-making,
Battering,
Clattering,
Harsh-sounding knell."

Punch complained of the Tractarians that they had begun to intone the prayers and that a Romanizing clergy invested the singers with priestly functions, dressing them in surplices and railing them off from the rest of the congregation as a symbol of their functions.

It is now generally allowed there was bitter need of an improvement in the praises and worship of the Church. Until the Oxford Movement, services from a musical point of view were dismal in the extreme. At churches like St. Paul's, Covent Garden, there was no singing but the version of Tate and Brady, hymns being reserved for the great festivals.

In the country the old-fashioned choir with the village band was on its way to extinction. Its desuetude is now so far accomplished that in a few years the last vestige of it will have disappeared. Trombones and serpents still hang on some farm-house walls, or find their places in collections of quaint or unusual instruments, mementoes of the

time when the village orchestra took part in public worship.

The old-fashioned band is associated now with little but amusement, and we are delivered over entirely to the organ and its feeble parody the harmonium. In Scotland 'the box o' whustles' has triumphed over the most obstinate of Puritan prejudices, though a less edifying use of his money than in encouraging 'organs' Carnegie's Presbyterian countrymen in his own boyhood could not have conceived.

Punch made fun of musical services as they gradually evolved themselves in London. He rallied Canon Gregory as we have seen on the Gregorians he introduced into the Metropolitan church averring that they accounted for Saul and the javelin throwing at David. He wondered that eight strong men should be required to blow the Cathedral organ, though a long gap separates that extreme manual labour from the simple and effective mechanism of the present time.

If he looked with a bleak eye on innovations in Church music, he has long contemplated the singers themselves with affectionate if quizzical regard. Charles Keene loved to depict the rustic congregation with its clodhopping clerk, its *bourgeois* parson, above all its choir either jubilant in procession, or alive to the unexpected humours of the service.

And who offers a better target for light darts of banter than the choir boy? Where is there to be

found a more ludicrous incongruity between what may be called professional deportment in Church and artless demeanour out of it? Their best friends will not deny they have little claim to the word 'heavenly' occasionally bestowed upon their appearance by sentimental spinsters. The truth is there is nothing of the cherub about them but the voice; for the rest they are high-spirited English lads with a hearty appetite for mischief. They are, to invert a famous saying—"Non Angeli sed Angli." The conception of the little girl in *Punch's* drawing keeps them well on earth. As the white-robed choristers file before her for the first time she may be forgiven for the fancy, not that they are about to wing their flight heavenwards—she knows them too well—but that they have been intercepted on their way to bed.

Apart from the boys the artist turned his attention to 'quires and places where they sing' in search of other subjects. He has for instance given us a picture of the rapture of the grown-up members of the choir, when at practice the curate adjures them to "linger longer on the lu" of the Hallelujah Chorus.

Nor is *Charivari* silent on the matter of the hymns.

These are now in general use, but their propriety has been called in question. Matthew Arnold had a prejudice against them, and hoped for the time when we should feel their "unsatisfactoriness" and when they would disappear from our religious service. He would so far concede to the weakness

of Dissenters as to allow the introduction of hymns at funerals, but they are the only addition to the fixed and noble form essential to maintain in public places.

Martin Tupper received "Hymns Ancient and Modern" with a tempestuous welcome.

> "Hymns? Your songs about modern and olden,
> Praising some virgin, or angel or saint
> And sentimental 'Jerusalem the Golden,'
> Just such an Eden some Pasha might paint.
> With the 'dear country' so little ethereal,
> Odin is heard in its songs and its feasts
> While even Islam is scarce more material,
> As to the Paradise pleasure of priests."

Thackeray was moved to anger by some miserable lines of false sentiment that he had to listen to, and demanded, "Is it not a shame that such nonsensical false twaddle should be sung in a House of the Church of England, and by people assembled for grave and decent worship?" The offending verse invited the worshippers to—

> "Hasten to some distant isle,
> In the bosom of the deep
> Where the skies for ever smile
> And the blacks for ever weep."

Whilst *Punch* was of opinion that the Church had received a precious heritage in her hymns, he considered that a good deal of dross had mingled with the pure gold. He made some caustic comments on a notice he saw in 1856. "Hymns for the Church of England." "This book will, it is to be

hoped, be found to combine, with a high and lofty tone, theological accuracy of expression, and a strict regard to sense and grammar, rhyme and rhythm."

In 1854 "Death Bed Canticles by a dying clergyman," bearing in every line testimony to the morbid pietism of a certain section of the English Church, were put forth amid the fleers of the Satirist. In the same year he had declared with much heat that Hymn Book verses were about the worst in the language. Most of the lines in question consisted of "mere tumid prose put into rhyme."

Charles Keene is of course yielding to his own incorrigible fondness for a joke when he waggishly describes in a drawing the effect of a hymn. His rector objects to the singing during the collection on the ground that it cools down the congregation from the half-crown limit to which they have been raised by the sermon to the lower level of the customary shilling.

CHAPTER XXII

"PUNCH" AND THE CONGREGATION IN CHURCH

THE changes that are visible in the fabrics of churches are repeated in their officials. These, too, give place to very modern editions.

The parish clerk is no longer what he was, nor does the cathedral verger hold his ground. Who can bring back those inimitable old men, often full of a certain recondite, far-away humour, whose lives were summed up in the churches they served, and who loved every stone of them, relinquishing their office only when death overtook them at a patriarchal age to hand it on to descendants as long lived as themselves? They were members of a notable race; it is one of the fraternity who looks out in Gainsborough's portrait in the National Gallery with one of the finest and most benevolent faces in that great collection.

They were not all men of this calibre, but we may share the regret of *Punch* at their disappearance. "There is a delightful old character that has, we believe, almost entirely disappeared from the Parish Churches, *i.e.*, the Parish Clerk. To choirs the venerable clerk had to give place. The chancel would be re-quired, but the clerk would *not* be required. Alas! poor relic of a

dull time, your distinguishing feature was your 'Amen-ity.'"

Seventy years ago the parish clerk filled a place in the village community second only to the parson; except on Sunday he challenged the proud pre-eminence of the pulpit itself. At weddings, funerals, baptisms, and other Church functions his face was constantly seen, and his "Amen" ever heard. He was as firmly rooted in his office and privileges as the rector himself, whilst his exploits in singing, in responses, and above all in giving out the notices supplied the mirth or admiration of many a village evening.

But his successor is of another order. Shorn of his rights, he can no longer command a freehold office like those who went before. He is aggressively modern.

Another Church personage is vanishing into the limbo of the obsolete. The pew opener has no place in a generation that favours chairs in churches. Presenting herself to us in the earlier numbers of *Punch* as a snuffy old woman with a large bonnet, and with a very keen scent for sixpences, she has gone the way of Sairey Gamp and other outrageous females. She was not always old, and her white-capped visage was often comely to look upon. But comely or uncomely her race is well-nigh run. The jester dismissed her and her scouting after vails with the witticism 'Pro pu-dor' (pew door).

Gone, too, is the magnificent beadle whose splendour pervaded so many of the Metropolitan

churches. The white wand of office which he held at the doors is laid aside for ever; no longer in scarlet coat that fired the air, in knee breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles, and above all the famous cocked or three cornered hat does he go before the procession of wardens and sidesmen in places like St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. His memory would have been almost lost to us but for Dickens who painted him life size in "Oliver Twist" and for *Punch* who drew him as the official of exclusiveness and pomposity. His figure is very familiar to the older readers of the journal who will recall him as grossly over-fed and ministering to an equally well-nourished 'popular preacher,' rejecting with truculence the entrance of a poor woman and her brats into a fashionable chapel, and in other guises. He was not always so objectionable, but he was born of Bumbledom, and no lamentations need attend his passing.

Punch scatters his Attic salt with an impartial hand on those who sit in the pews as well as their spiritual guides who lecture them from the safe fastnesses of a pulpit. Unsparing of clerical folly or conceit or dulness, and quick to detect the whimseys and pleasantries that play their part in a parson's life he is no less concerned to deal faithfully with his own brethren of the laity. And especially as they present themselves to him in church.

He watches them with a very humorous and satiric eye from the time when the bells ring out

their appeal until that joyous moment when the ascription at the close of the sermon proclaims that the time of their release is at hand.

He sees and comments upon, in forms more or less mirthful, the vanity which brings Bond Street into the New Jerusalem, transforming the very Courts of the Lord into a milliner's showroom, and the meanness which drops a penny into the plate with jewelled fingers or escapes its toll with a laughing subterfuge. The outward demeanour may be demure and pious, but it is given to *Punch* to look into the heart and detect hollowness, insincerity, and hypocrisy. Even the piquant artlessness of youth in the Temple so often and delightfully recorded by him hides a very mature selfishness.

It has been left for him to offer the best explanation of churches emptied in the West End. The decay of belief, the poorness of Church preaching and other reasons are by the way, so long as to Blanche and Mary and other fashionable women "Sunday is an impossible day, about the *fullest* in the week." The moral of a recent drawing draws the same conclusion: "we go to Church when it is too wet for golf or motoring."

Nor has any one shewn more closely the connection, intimate but irreverent, between dress and the House of God.

In 1853, to Frederick just entering the porch because he has left his Prayer Book at home, Maria says, "Well, never mind, dear; but do tell me, is my bonnet straight?" That is the considera-

tion. Another lady ejaculates bitterly, "Not ready for Church, Mr. Smith? How you do talk! When you know perfectly well that odious Miss Jackson has not sent home my new Barege Dress." Yet another sufferer must sulk at home since she cannot picture herself "with a thing like this on my head," whilst a fourth member of the sisterhood frankly admits "going to Church depends upon my bonnets"!

In the early Victorian era church-going became almost impossible to some extreme votaries of Fashion. The narrow way was not for them, and *Punch* made great fun of the volume and size of the crinoline which could not be navigated through an ordinary doorway.

The sumptuary laws, whether in England or Italy, which attempted to regulate the attire of pious women have always aroused his interest. He has little confidence in the ability of either the Vicar of Great Yarmouth or of St. Mary's, Scarborough, to compel visitors of the softer sex to enter church "with a covering however slight" on their heads. The failure of a greater authority than either of these was perhaps in his memory, for so long ago as 1868 he had expressed a mock sympathy with the Italian ladies when their chignons had been prohibited and toilettes regulated for church-going.

At home Fashion was responsible for the modes which garbed the smart set in the 'nineties in manly attire, and the clergyman of Du Maurier's drawing may well be forgiven for his remonstrance to the

fair bicyclists, "It is customary for men, I will not say gentlemen, to remove their hats on entering a church."

It is all very well for men to remove their hats, but it has long been a problem to know what to do with them in crowded buildings. The catastrophe that never fails to produce amusement in church or the House of Commons when 'one more unfortunate' sits on his own hat finds more than one representation in the pages of the journal.

Prompted by feelings of humanity, *Mr. Punch* places a design at the service of the public in which the silk hat of Sunday is suspended by long strings from the roof, thus removing it from the dust which is sacred to so many edifices, and out of the way of stray kicks.

The social puppets who dangle in the strings pulled by Du Maurier are never more delightful than when they are wont to exhibit the conventional and formal side of church-going. His 'pious fraud' at Whitby sits on a post in Bohemian pose smoking 'just as people are coming out of Church,' but executes an extraordinary *volte-face* of propriety when he hears that the Duchess of Stilton is approaching.

How significant is the reproach of a wife at a reception, "For goodness sake don't look at your watch, as if you were in Church"; a later expression of the same idea in Leech's drill sergeant, who cries to his recruits, "Don't stare about you, as if you were in Church"!

More simply humorous are such representations as that of the good woman who carries her fractious child to the Methody chapel as a sort of preliminary canter before taking him to church where he must be on his best behaviour.

The rustic of whom Charles Keene is so enamoured is aware that he has not been to church for a long time, but against that delinquency he sets—after the manner of Charles Lamb—the fact that he "never goes to chapel." Accused in other instances of deserting his own proper place of worship for the village conventicle, he pleads that its preacher has bought some pigs from him, and he must give him a turn.

The moralizings of *Punch* on the worship of his countrymen has perhaps never taken more striking form than in Du Maurier's drawing of 'The eleventh hour.' The answer of the grandfather, that finely drawn figure of an elderly man of the world, to his grandson enquiring why churches always go in at 11, "Ah, my boy, the eleventh hour," is both witty and wise.

To Christianity we are indebted, so some one tells us, for three things—the church bell, the organ, and the day of rest. He might have added to these 'an institution as old as charity itself' which has so been born again that it has brought to the service of the Church something entirely new at least in spirit. *Punch* recognizes in the collection a test of good faith and of practical Christianity.

Endowments have perhaps done something to

cripple the generosities of Christian people; the sense that their parish priests were provided for has had in many instances a paralyzing effect upon the sense of conscientious giving, and the jester does not fail to notice this. But it is the subterfuges and humorous evasions of this duty that are pinned to the walls of his gallery. He laughs at the ingenuity of the boy in the porch refusing to go in because the collection is "beyond his means," a spurious form of economy by no means confined to the ingenuous season of youth. But he condemns as "real mean" "the English Churchman who returning from abroad puts all his surplusage of Swiss silver, ten and twenty centimes pieces, into the offertory bag."

It has been reserved for Du Maurier to give the most charming delineation to a graceful and adroit avoidance of one's bounden duty.

SUNDAY COLLECTION FOR THE S. P. G.
(Little Pedlington).

AFTER MORNING SERVICE.

"Oh—er—I'm coming again this afternoon, you know."

AFTER AFTERNOON SERVICE.

"Oh—er—I was here this morning, you know."

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CHAPTER XXIII

THE CHURCH AT PLAY

Into the debatable land of the Church's amusements, *Punch* has advanced with a very firm and confident step. And on the whole his leadership has been worth following.

For many years he was confronted with the Puritan and Evangelical idea of life and its recreations that kept so many of his countrymen in thrall. That idea seemed to maintain that the more you could make your face look like midnight, the greater indication there was of what it was pleased to call grace. It took its pleasures sadly, and frowned on all those who took what the world could offer of gaiety and pleasure as raw recruits in the army of which its own followers were the veterans.

Whilst the personal piety of these good persons was beyond question, and their exertions in religious and philanthropic enterprises beyond praise, they wrought serious evils through their narrow views. They were intolerant of interests, and especially of amusements outside their own narrow realm; the very dialect in which they spoke, "the language of Canaan," was impossible except to bigots. Apart from the effect of this perversion of Christianity on the Church generally, it was often disastrous on

their own children, driven into the very world their parents were so anxious they should avoid.

Not only was the theatre forbidden, but novel reading, the plays of Shakespeare and even poetry were all placed on their Index Expurgatorius. The *Record* newspaper in 1863, denounced *Good Words* in a furious series of articles which were reprinted in pamphlet form and freely circulated in England and Scotland. It protested against the admission of such writers as Kingsley and Stanley into a publication ostensibly Christian. Such a conjunction was "a union of Christ with Belial."

With all these jots and tittles that the Evangelicals had added to the law, *Punch* had no sympathy; he stood, as might be expected, for a freer, more joyous Christianity. Whenever, therefore, he saw a Mawworm, he aimed a resounding blow at him with his bauble; he cheered to the echo the protest made against narrowness and dismal views of life by Churchmen.

The propriety of dancing was long a vexed question; it was held to savour of "concupiscence." Cardinal Cullen repudiated with characteristic violence the waltz and the polka; voices from Scotland brought railing accusations against the "Lascivious claspings of the dance," whilst Bishops like Fraser and Billing, who spoke a good word for an innocent and wholesome pastime were sternly called to account. *Punch* plunged cheerfully into the fray and backed up the Bishops.

The hesitant, qualified attitude of the Church is

admirably illustrated by a charming drawing of a Bishop's daughter at a ball. She loves the waltz as some Nonconformist ministers love the stage, and just as they will only pay a furtive visit in London to the theatres which are anathema in their own towns, so she "never dances in her father's diocese."

It is noticeable that what is good for a parishioner is in *Punch's* opinion unbecoming in a parish priest. He looks with disfavour on the flying coat tails of the dancing parson.

Bishop Lightfoot, in a celebrated sermon on the Drama, lamented its having fallen from its high estate, and so causing the clergy to hold aloof from its representations. With true sympathy he went on to urge his hearers not only to keep apart from what was evil, but to promote whatever was high and pure and lovely on the stage, remembering that the emotions acted on by the drama are from God and of God.

Since his day the Church has drawn appreciably nearer to its ancient ally, and happily after the fashion commended by the good Bishop.

When the merry men of *Charivari*, men of the world all of them, first began to write, the old alliance between Church and Stage, had long since ceased. The Puritans who made England so great and so dull had closed the theatre, and when it was re-opened after the dark days of Cromwell, the drama had gone, "not to the dogs, but to the pigs." As long as scurrility of the basest sort was esteemed a kind of wit it was difficult neither to find authors

who easily acquired reputations for parts, nor audiences with the moral complaisances of a *habitué* like Pepys who spent his life trying to make the best of both worlds.

But to right-minded men and women the theatre was impossible. Even yet our English code ranks actors as rogues and vagabonds, and the odour of brimstone still clings to the stage for all in the true following of Puritan and Low Church tradition.

Thus for generations the doors of the play house had been closed for pious people, and though the younger members longed to penetrate within to see the living wonders that moved and spake on the stage, they either refrained through fear or principle, or ventured in at a risk.

Within the memory of *Punch*, the drama has passed on to a nobler passage in its history; it is no longer persecuted, but promoted by those who once denounced it. Undoubtedly the old idea continues to linger on in some quarters where the Bohemia of actors and actresses presents itself as a land of abandonment and unrestraint, and the Congreve model of comedy that roused the ire of Jeremy Collier is still thought of as in full possession of the London Stage.

But, generally speaking, the Church no longer decries the intellectual machinery, which, whilst it denounces the Tartuffe, the Mawworm and the Stiggins, has none but respectful words for real religion and sound morality. The present generation has witnessed the lusty growth of the Church and

Stage Guild numbering many members and owing at least something of its vitality to the countenance of an Episcopal president.

In 1875 when the Vicar of Kingston fell foul of the theatre, *Mr. Punch* fell foul of him. Two years later he agreed with Mr. Hall, a member of Parliament, speaking at the Church Congress against the narrowness of the clerical mind, and declared that nothing but the fear of Mrs. Grundy kept the parsons from the theatre.

He hoped he might live to see the Archbishop in a stall at the Lyceum, a pious aspiration which has received fulfilment. Irving himself, the friend of Bishops, is represented a little later between two Episcopal-looking persons to suit the tag, "See where his Grace stands between two clergymen."

That fine actor and the stage he represented found an early champion in Dr. Fraser, of Manchester. *Punch* spoke of the Bishop's generosity and courage, but exhibited his own secular leanings when he commented unfavourably on the closing of Irving's theatre through Holy Week.

His commendation of the union of Church and Stage has always been a tepid one, his preference being for distinct provinces rather than a common territory. True to this prepossession he turned rather fiercely upon Lord Shaftesbury for arranging Sunday services in a Music Hall, and pursued his natural enemies, the Puseyites, for a similar offence. "The Surplice at the Footlights" was the heading of an article that concluded "The theatre is not the

place for sermons, and those who took orders at Lambeth Palace ought not to be seen taking them at a free list entrance. As Clifford exclaims in Henry VI., 'Chaplains, away'!"

Under the flippancy of this paragraph, his real sentiments are to be found. The theory of the Vicar of Gorleston, that country parishes should run theatres in connection with the Church, lends itself to the good-natured caricature of 'The Blameless Ballet.'

Mr. Herbert Paul has committed himself to the opinion that actors nowadays are more respectable, or at least more respected, than Bishops. *Punch* at any rate has lived to see the elevation in the stage and its dwellers and a *rapprochement* between *le monde ou l'on s'amuse* and the realm religious which he could never have dreamed of in 1841.

With his usual insight, Du Maurier has fixed this astonishing transformation into one of his drawings where the Bishop with a large family contemplates a theatrical career for his younger son not with distress or misgiving, but with joyous confidence.

It is hardly likely that hard-worked clergy would include Bazaars and Pageants amongst the Church's diversions. For, however picturesque may be their garb or æsthetic their appearance, they are but adjuncts to the great shrine of Mammon; beyond all considerations of their value as sources of instruction and delight or as lanterns of the past lies their capacity to raise the wind when the fleet ecclesiastical lies stagnant in some dead monetary calm.

On the whole *Punch* approves the attitude of Bishop Westcott who made a fixed rule never to take any public part in Bazaars. It is true that he views them with tolerance, but his drawings on the subject illuminated by the ironical flash of a few words reveal his true feeling. His glance is sardonic as it falls on the astute little saleswoman of nine, who asks her customer of seven, "How much have you got to spend?" in reply to "What is the price of that?" or on the wealthy matron in her carriage cadging from the poor artist: "Do send me some of your priceless little sketches for our rummage sale."

The note of indignation is in his voice when he speaks through 'The Vicar's Dream' of surprising things tolerated in the name of religion, the kisses at half a guinea the set, the extortionate price of tickets, the Blackmail which charges heavily for worthless trifles, refuses change, carries off plated spoons to be redeemed by their owners at the price of real silver, and pursues the illegal game of raffles.

But amusement alone possesses him when he records how a visitor's silk hat was sold, presumably by mistake, at a Rummage Sale at Great Yarmouth; how "at our Church Bazaar the Vicar effusively congratulated the conductor at the close of a brilliant programme: 'The music sounded very delightful in the distance and I assure you it did not in any way interfere with the sales.'"

It is curious that all these references to Bazaars with one exception occur in the pages of the 1907

volumes, though the functions themselves have been in existence for many years.

The Pageant as an ecclesiastical parade or gala is in danger of falling from its high estate. The child of the Mediæval Church, it has been revived in our day by the enterprise of Mr. Louis N. Parker, and we live in an age of these splendid shows. But it has become, if it may be so phrased, a stable companion to the bazaar; beyond all display of religious history, with its appeal to the English heart enforced by it, is plain to view the commercial enterprise which builds a parish room or pays off the debt on a Mission by it.

The Church has merely brought the theatre out into the fields.

We may not be of the same way of thinking as Bishop King who said, "This way of acting is a concession to the weakness of the general mental power of the public." On the contrary, we may regard it of value from the artistic and educational point of view, and yet believe that it is overdone, and done without true understanding.

As a dramatic incident in a great festival of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the benefits He has conferred upon a town during its past, and for its prosperity in the future; as a spectacle reserved for some important historical anniversary, and confined to local happenings, it is in place and admirable. But when it is born of a desire to advance a cause or pay a debt it is degraded from its own ideal.

Drawings by *Punch* attest the popularity of the pageant, touch on some of its weaknesses in mixing up events and localities, and shew the humorous possibilities for unity between Church and Dissent as in the case of the deacon who is very broad-minded "and don't mind being an ancient Bishop in the cause of Charity."

CHAPTER XXIV

"PUNCH," THE IRISH CHURCH AND KIRK OF SCOTLAND

"THIS is a sacrifice to justice, not to puppets or assassins," Mr. Gladstone is made to say in a striking cartoon by John Tenniel, in which the Irish Church as an establishment is offered in sacrifice upon the altar of equity.

Punch had long followed the controversy which had menaced the standing of the Irish Church as a privileged community, his sympathies Gladstonian throughout.

He saw that the very grounds on which the English Establishment could be justified were the reasons why the Establishment of the Church of Ireland could not be logically defended. Towards the Irish people themselves he had at the time a feeling embittered by political troubles and agrarian outrages, but his good sense showed him that a national Church, ministering only to the religious necessities of one-eighth or one-ninth of the community amidst which it was established, could not be defended.

His voice therefore swelled the chorus of condemnation which rose in so many directions. It was impossible to resist it. The eloquence of Bishops, the protestations of an excited Convocation,

denunciations of the wildest sort from platform and pulpit were in vain; in 1869 the Church which had no real hold upon the masses of the Irish people was disestablished.

Punch's only comment after the event was that the Irish parsons had been too kindly treated in the matter of compensation.

It is pleasant to record that in this case the sundering of the bonds between Church and State has brought with it during the last forty years only a wider influence, a stronger vitality and a more generous support.

For many years the journal managed to get a good deal of amusement out of friends across the Border. Beginning long ago with a jest at the expense of Dr. Guthrie for travelling on a Sunday to preach against Sunday travelling, it still goes on to hold up some national foible to mirth. The ingenious evasion of severe Sabbatarian conclusions has often found the subject of caustic or humorous drawing.

The punctilio of scruples on the part of elders is portrayed in their horror at a couple returning from kirk, "smiling and hurrying as if it were a week-day," while the Northern love of theology and the finer issues of argument finds a rather unlikely exposition in their judgment of the new Minister's discourse. Says an elder: "In my opeenion he wasna justified in dividing folk into the sheep and the goats. I wadna say, Jamie, that *I* was among the unco guid, and I wadna say that *you* were

among the unco bad. So whaur do we come in? He'll no do for us, Jamie. We'll no vote for him."

Sermons and the Minister's man, with all the legends of pawkiness attaching to that character, naturally find a place in *Punch's* gallery. If Ministers usually provide worse substitutes than themselves, "*ye* never do that" is the equivocal praise one of them receives on his return from his holidays. Saunders agrees that Ministers ought to be better paid, but it is on the ground that a better class of men would then be forthcoming. National characteristics loom largely in the canny verger advising a visitor to sit "whaur ye can see your umbrella"; they are evident in the traditional attendant full of his own importance who instructs a clergyman taking his master's duty to follow him to the pulpit "at a respectful distance."

Well-known Scottish clergy have been set down in the record from time to time. The paper was able to rally one of the most popular and eloquent preachers the Scottish Church has ever known, for it turned his references to the narcotic influences of bad ventilation in churches against himself, implying that if 600 out of a congregation of 1,200 were asleep, as described by Dr. Guthrie, the cause was to be found rather in the pulpit than in the flues.

But it was Dr. Cumming to whom *Punch* turned with the greatest delight. This gentleman, who exercised his ministry at the Scottish church in Crown Court, London, was the characteristic production of a period when the dread of the Pope and

the fear of the end of the world had culminated in an obsession of the public mind.

Many religious folk had long been expecting a millennium of purity and peace for the Church, and this was now declared to be imminent. As they drew their blinds at night, or opened them in the morning to the light, their first and last glance was given to the sky which might open at any moment to reveal the glories and the terrors of their coming Lord. Young people were launched into existence with millennial expectations. Life was to go on but a few years longer; then would be trumpets, shoutings, celestial phenomena, the Great Apostasy, a battle of Armageddon and the Judgment.

Resulting from these beliefs was the renewed and fanatical study of the Old Testament writers. Not a few buried themselves in the study of what was called 'the interpretation of prophecy,' particularly, as Mr. Gosse tells us, in unwrapping the dark sayings bound up in the Apocalypse of St. John. In their survey of the Bible they came to this collection of visions, and had no idea of allowing them to be merely stimulating to the fancy, or vaguely doctrinal in symbol. When they read of seals broken or vials poured out, of the Star called Wormwood that fell from heaven, they did not admit for a moment that these weird mental pictures were of a poetic nature, but regarded them as positive statements describing events which were to happen.

Of all such visionaries, Dr. Cumming was the

mouthpiece; his church was crowded with worshippers eagerly listening as he unravelled the dark sayings, now with the aid of a comet brandishing its crystal tresses in the sky, now with the minor prophets.

Apart from his prominence as a popular preacher, and his controversies with the Pope as a Protestant champion, *Punch* regarded this Scottish Minister with a genial but derisive interest because of his foibles as a Seer. For Dr. Cumming was an incorrigible soothsayer, his failure in one year only seeming to whet him with fresh enthusiasm to be equally wrong in another. That the prophet should fail was no stumbling-block either to his own credulity or that of his followers.

In 1861 he declared with much windy eloquence that 1867 would be the end of chronology, with the result that some worthy people were kept on the tip-toe of expectation. Others less righteous incontinently repented of their sins and promised to amend their lives.

It was a false alarm; the earth continued steadily in its course round the sun, and *Punch* called the author of the canard an old deluder. But the sacred fire of vaticination was not to be quenched; the doctor cheerfully chose another date, assuring his hearers, like another Melchisedek Howler, that at the end of that period the world must positively go.

There was a delicate irony in the prophet of immediate catastrophe taking his house on a fifty years' lease, but in the nimble air of Crown Court

irony and imagination were flowers of rhetoric that bloomed freely. Moreover, as Cumming naively said in response to the jester's gibes for renewing the lease of a residence which, if he were right, was to tumble about his ears long before he got his money's worth, a belief in prophecy should not override common sense. But the stern moralist insinuated that such a seer was little better than a humbug, and referred to him, in view of repeated failures to bring on Nature's final cataclysm, as both auger and bore.

He was not the first of the kind who had come under the jeers of *Punch*.

In 1845 there was a "Mr. Dealtry, Minister of the Gospel," who for the small charge of *2d.* in the body of the hall, and *3d.* on the platform, offered to give the exact day and hour on which this wicked world of ours was to go to pieces. He sustained his prediction entirely by the visions of the Book of Daniel.

CHAPTER XXV

"PUNCH" AND DISSENT

In 1868 Tennyson entertained his guests with the story of a Dissenting Minister who said Grace according to the nature of the feast. If a poor one, he snivelled and sneered in a thin voice, "O Lord, bless these miserable creatures to our use"; if a good spread, he rolled out in unctuous tones, "We desire to thank Thee for all these bountiful mercies."

There could be no better indication of the spirit in which Nonconformists were regarded by the upper and middle classes than the fact that the poet should apply to Dissenters this grey-beard narrative which has been told at the expense of the clergy generally, and has set the dinner-tables of most religious communities in a roar.

At the beginning of the century the official theology of charges and pastoral letters was chiefly directed against Dissenters. Perversity or wickedness alone accounted for their remaining outside the doors of the Church; their eagerness to preach was less a concern for the soul of their neighbour than an unhappy blend of vanity and self-righteousness. The inspiration claimed in expounding the Scriptures was but conceit preyed upon by their own imaginations.

Socially, the Dissenter was out of the question. He was to be found, numerously enough, amongst the lower class, but principally among the artizans and farm labourers of the country and the shopkeepers in the towns.

Literature had found an excellent foil and butt in him for generations. In the year of *Punch's* birth, Samuel Warren (himself the son of a Methodist Minister) brought out "Ten Thousand a Year," in whose pages the Reverend Dismal Horror and his partner in hypocrisy the Reverend Smirk Mud Flint were treated with positive brutality.

Abuse had been the portion of Dissenting Ministers for generations. Held up to ridicule in Foote's comedy, the "Mirror," satirized in the Spiritual Quixote, dismissed contemptuously into the outer darkness by Dr. Johnson, battered with the polemics of Bishop Gibson, bantered by Horace Walpole, they had entered the eighteenth century with a heritage of contempt. In the early years of that century Theodore Hook wrote a play called "Killing no Murder," so outrageous in its strictures on the Wesleyan revival, that the sensibilities of the Censor of Plays, presumably less tender than in our own day, were aroused, and he laid his veto upon it.

Sydney Smith was content to follow in this ignoble leading. His sarcasm and humour found full play at the expense of "the nasty numerous vermin of Methodism." He declared that almost every tradesman in a county town was a preacher, affecting to

be able to detect in a tying-up or parcel-packing action, or in the striking strongly against the anvil of the pulpiteer, the orator's occupation of the preceding week.

In the lineaments of his John Styles, the preaching cobbler, we see the old family face which was to become familiar to the English-speaking race as that of Stiggins, a compound of vulgar hypocrisy and drink.

Dickens was unjust to Dissenters, and even in Thackeray a chapel is "a dingy tabernacle where a loud-voiced man is howling about hell fire in bad grammar." Like Matthew Arnold and Anthony Trollope, above all, like the creator of Stiggins and Chatband and Melchisedek Howler, the satirist dislikes Nonconformists.

For it is the grotesque of Charles Dickens who lives in the popular imagination, and finds his place in the drawings and letterpress of the jester through the earlier Victorian age. We cannot fail to recognize in *Punch* the squat or attenuated figure, the countenance beaming with oily welcome or heavy with Puritanic gloom, the long wave of hair, the baggy trousers, the wide-awake hat claiming so little and yet proclaiming so much, which were to form the outward man of the Dissenter.

Upon the itinerant preacher *Punch* looked with much disfavour, nor is he inclined to veil his repugnance even at the present day. From the attitude assumed by John Leech when he pictured evangelical gentlemen disturbing with raucous

voices the calm of a quiet watering place, and asking "Why a couple of conceited fanatics should be allowed to disturb the repose of a Sunday afternoon by the sea-side," he has never departed.

The numbers and importance of the Dissenting Communities account for the frequent references which are made to them. Their preachers were many and often attracted large congregations. When the *Morning Post* satirically wrote that "to have the pick of the popular chapels with a crowded audience, a thousand a year, and endless invitations to 5 o'clock dinners" was the utmost that gifted Dissenting preachers could do in the way of advancement, *Punch* thought this was not so bad a destiny. He declined, however, to sit under them, and could imagine no pleasure in their company.

The social standing of Dissent is often indicated. The butler seeking a situation admits regretfully that he is not a Churchman, and that the little he does is with the Anabaptists. As against this Laodicean adherent must be set the opinions of the local preacher who finishes his account to the Vicar of his dispute with the leading lights of his Sect with "Yes, Sir, after treatment the likes o' that, I says to 'em, 'For the future,' says I, 'I chucks up all religion, and I goes to Church.'" The pure milk of the Word is in his judgment to be found only in the fold his anger leads him to leave.

A similar confession lies in the concern of the old woman who in a case of typhus sends for the clergyman of the parish so that her own particular

minister may not be exposed to infection. Perhaps there is an underlying compliment, not undeserved, in the conviction that the representative of the Church will do his duty at whatever risk.

A staunch confession of belief commends itself to *Punch;* he does not withhold his admiration for those who on grounds of conscience differ from the Established Religion of the country. What he does condemn is bigotry, hypocrisy, and snobbishness. The Dissenter whose money becomes the reason of his apostasy from the faith of his father is especially abhorrent. Nor does he appreciate the tactics which permit a man to be a prominent Methodist in business and ostentatiously Anglican on his retirement to a brand new estate in the country.

The ignorance and audacity which lead illiterate men to prate in public on topics immeasurably above them, receive a delightful illustration in at least two of the drawings of Charles Keene, whilst Du Maurier's representation of the triumvirate of Gospellers on Hampstead Heath must remain a constant joy to all with a sense of fun.

But if *Punch* is ready to offer up his Nonconformist on the altar of merriment, he will not have him wronged. The disabilities of Dissent have always been regretted by the journal which has lifted up its lamp high over the porch of justice and liberty. It may jest about the impediment which enables a very festive undergraduate of Oxford to cut his chapels and defy his Dean by affecting to have become a Dissenter, but it has a very real concern

BEAUTIES OF NORTH LONDON.

(HAMPSTEAD—SUNDAY AFTERNOON.)

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for the removal of all that bars the way to an equal citizenship.

It executed a sort of war dance in rhyme over those who opposed the efforts of men like Gladstone, Liddell, Jowett, Maurice and others for the Abolition of Tests; its "well done" was heard above the Babel of sounds which greeted the unreserved opening of the University Gates.

Instances of what it deems ecclesiastical tyranny and narrowness it held up to public opprobrium, whether in a Bishop like Bickersteth defacing a tomb stone, or a parish priest like the Vicar of Wragby, refusing the decencies of interment to a Methodist parishioner. Its opposition to Church rates and its support of the Burials Bill have already passed under review.

The better understanding which has taken place between the various Dissenting Communities and the Church of England has been welcomed and furthered by *Punch*. He has a good-natured thrust at remaining prejudices in the parson's odd job man who excuses himself for cutting the grass at the chapel by pleading that he doesn't use the same scythe.

He regarded with suspicion the idea to which Canon Aitken and others have more recently committed themselves, known as the interchange of pulpits. When a correspondence on this subject was occupying the attention of the readers of the *Times*, *Punch*, whilst contemplating the appearance of Mr. Newman Hall or Mr. Spurgeon in a

Low Churchman's pulpit, thought the matter had best be left to the discretion of a discreet Bishop.

It may be taken that the feeling of the Church is as strongly against any such innovation as it was in 1868, when Professor Rogers attempted to lead the way.

OXFORD POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"Alack and alas, those Oxford codgers
Have rejected erudite Thorold Rogers,
Because in zeal with error to grapple,
He dared to speak in a Baptist chapel,
They'd rather live in total eclipse,
Than be led to truth by the light of Dips."

Dissent had no greater name in the nineteenth century than that of C. H. Spurgeon, the ungainly youth who drew London to him in his nineteenth year, and held it until the day of his death.

Conjecture exhausted itself in the attempt to account for the secret of his power; it lay, one said, in his manner; another found it in his doctrine; whilst yet a third and a fourth detected it in his voice and style or in the arrangement of his thoughts. Eluding all analysis the influence which year after year gathered the largest congregation in England, and reached out to the ends of the earth, lay in no single quality, but in a remarkable personality. No one could speak more directly to the heart of men and women, or in simpler Saxon English than the great Baptist preacher who has gone and left no successor.

Ruskin was often a hearer; in his own words,

"I sat under him with much edification for a year or two"; though he would have little sympathy with the relentless Calvinist doctrines which flowed from the Newington Butts Tabernacle, or with the belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible which made Spurgeon already singular amongst his own Nonconformist brethren.

Punch did not concern himself much with the preacher's theology, though he calculated that on an average "the reverend gentleman used in every sermon no less than three tons of coal, and all red hot." He finds fault, however, with his mannerisms and opinions, classing him amongst the fanatics of Dissent whom his soul loathed. The preaching of Spurgeon is to him "as good as a play"; it is addressed to his hearers "in the comic conventicle style dear to him." The advertisements which speak of him as "the modern Whitfield," or describe the pecuniary support his institutions receive from the public are branded as snobbish or of questionable taste. To the reader who is curious enough to turn back to them they seem in these log-rolling days singularly restrained and harmless.

Punch notices his extreme popularity and pictures the notable people, "the judges and even Ministers who visit the Hall of the Surrey Gardens," with the innuendo that it is a sort of mountebank curiosity that impels them.

Like the Scottish divine, Spurgeon had his own views about dancing. His notion that this would be a very good and profitable exercise for Christian

people, "provided that the sexes danced separately," awoke *Punch* to some very hilarious comments and drawings. John Leech's conception of a ball in which a number of Stigginses with huge white chokers are grimly revolving round one another, excited much merriment.

In the case of the Baptist preacher, as of Manning and others, the movement of Time brings with it a more kindly and just appreciation. Disparagement passes on to toleration, and toleration to admiration and praise. The preacher's sturdy and sensible defence of his right to smoke had gained the commendation of *Punch.* Amongst the jester's gifts for the New Year of 1875 is "a box of the best cigars, and the thanks of all intelligent men."

A sense of humour was inseparable from all that Spurgeon said and did; it lighted up the severest side of his teaching; it helped to give him his place in the English goodwill. The pasquinades and drawings that held him up to fun or made him ridiculous were esteemed by no reader of the great comic journal more highly than by the man who was burlesqued. He sought out and treasured everything that made him its mark.

Punch acknowledged in a poetic appreciation the merit of the "Sturdy saint—militant, stout, genial soul," whose life ended after much suffering on January 31, 1892, but whose influence moves on in the sermons which, circulated literally by millions whilst he was alive, are still being read by multitudes now that the voice is silent.

Amongst the figures that travel across the screen in the panorama of *Charivari* appear the leonine visage that so long adorned the pulpit of the City Temple, and the arresting face of his successor. No one represented a certain phase of popular and militant Nonconformity so well as Dr. Parker, whose sermons, half-devotional and half-dramatic recitals, drew so many Londoners and visitors to the Holborn Viaduct.

Punch perceived in him a shrewd, keen man of business, with a very keen instinct for keeping himself to the front, his great power touched with more than a speck of motley. Who but he could have thrust his personality upon the public with expedients so daring as New Year Admonitions to Queen Victoria and the Pope of Rome and a curse of full melodramatic flavour for the Sultan of Turkey?

Another figure, "tall, thin, courteous, deliberate," as a contemporary described him, is introduced with the consideration due to the most distinguished Unitarian of the nineteenth century.

The Deists, with an importance beyond their numbers, have long been prominent for qualities of good citizenship and moral earnestness. It was fitting, therefore, that the learning, the candour, and the great intellectual parts of Dr. Martineau should find a place in this record. His contributions to the educational and other controversies are mentioned always with respect, generally with approval. He died in extreme old age; on his ninetieth birthday

an ode addressed him in a parody of Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom."

(*Reprinted by the special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."*)

"Pledge him round! He's a man, I declare;
His heart is warm, though his hair be grey.
Modest, as though a record so fair,
A brain so big, and a soul so rare,
Were a mere matter of every day."

CHAPTER XXVI

"PUNCH" AND OTHER RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES

PASSING what may be described as the more orthodox Dissenting Communities, we notice how *Punch* has concerned himself with other religious movements which have left their impression on the past seventy years.

The Plymouth Brother is a member of the straitest sect of Nonconformity. Rejecting the authority and distrusting the guidance of the Church, he is an indefatigable student of the Bible to which he claims the right even in the obscurest passages to give his own interpretation.

He is the child of unfulfilled prophecy, and of that expectation of the immediate return of the Saviour which filled the horizon of so many Christian people during the middle of the last century. To him the way of salvation was essentially a narrow one, the household of faith, a select but small one, separated by a great gulf from the rest of the world. He and those whom he could persuade to trust themselves to the guidance of the Word met in a barn, a stable, a common sitting-room or in a public hall, carrying the true Church with them wherever the two or three were gathered together.

Now that the sky is no longer in the popular

belief lurid with portents of coming splendour and judgment, the movement is on the wane. Even in its most impressive moments it failed to ruffle *Punch*, who dismisses it with a few disparaging words. He sees, however, that it has its good side, and Charles Keene gave form to that idea in "The Flesh Pots." "I'm very sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown," says the Vicar, "that you were present, last night, at a 'Plymouth Brethren's' Tea-Meeting. I have told you that these Doctrines are highly erroneous!" "Erroneous, Sir, their Doctrines may be; but their cake, with Sultany Raisins, is excellent!"

The gentle Community beloved of Charles Lamb, above the heads of whose maiden ladies "the dove of peace sat visibly brooding" afforded easy occasion of caricature and waggishness; yet behind every picture either of words or pencil there lies the respect for Quakers inherent in *Punch* and in all Englishmen.

The sobriety of their judgment, their consideration for others and the opinions of others, their reluctance to commit themselves to dogmatic assertions, their sense of personal responsibility to an Unseen Power, have always been marks of them.

One of the staff indeed has described them on their more genial side—Thackeray delighted to remember that almost the best repast of his life was given to him by a Quaker at Darlington—but their place in the journal is usually settled by their love of peace and their determination to ensue it. In 1852 John Leech drew a Quaker as relieving the

British Lion of his gun and uniform and offering in their place an umbrella of a Gampish pattern. "There, friend, now let me put away these dangerous vanities."

Before the outbreak of the Crimean War a Peace Deputation from the Society of Friends to the Emperor of Russia led *Punch* to doubt the sincerity of Nicholas' pacific reply. It was a Quaker who offered the most eloquent opposition to the war. Though John Bright was a man of peace, he finds a conspicuous place in the comic journal oddly enough as a first-rate fighting man. Like a thunder cloud he was constantly moving against the wind, and for the same reason that "the fire of God was in his bosom." Leech drew him and Cardinal Wiseman in close embrace because they were united in their advocacy of the same wise but unpopular policy. For years his counterfeit presentment was to be seen in cartoons that were generally at his expense, though history is likely, as in the case of the Crimean campaign, to approve his conduct.

The quaint costume of those who "held the Quaker rule, which doth the human feeling cool," and their carefulness of speech were not to be overlooked by a social satirist. When fashion gave a Quakerish brim to its smartest hats, *Punch* designed a new head-dress that should defy competition. Du Maurier's schoolboy, asked by his master, "Now what are the peculiar distinctions of the Quakers? For instance, how do they speak differently from you and me?" replies, "Please, Sir, they don't swear!"

Between the Shakers and the Quakers there exists only a resemblance in name, the extravagances and delusions of the one having little or nothing in common with the composure and sanity of the other. Yet it was the contention of the leaders of this body of believers, a contention repelled by *Punch*, that they approximated the Society of Friends most nearly as "lovers of peace, harmony, sobriety, chastity, and of non-resistance by war."

They were of Transatlantic origin and were regarded by that irrepressible wag, Artemus Ward, "as the strangest sex I ever met." Like the followers of Joanna Southcott, the Shakers in England were dominated by a woman, at once their prophetess and leader; like them they refused a place for the doctor, relying upon the healing of faith, and waiting in earnest expectation for the birth of a Messiah.

The English Apostle was a Mrs. Girling, a woman of middle-class family, who added to the usual follies of the American school the further fatuity that she was the Mother of our Lord and bore the stigmata.

The references in *Punch* remind us that a rendering too literally followed of "Greet ye one another with a holy kiss" and their practice of dancing laid them open to the criticism and uproarious merriment of the public so that their meetings, garnished with excessive osculation and jerky movements of the limbs, were scenes of uproar. The medical students of the early 'seventies found the calling of 'Mother

Girling' irresistible, and shared so warmly in the propaganda that they either brought the meeting to an untimely close, or were themselves ejected by the police.

Punch agreed with Artemus Ward that it was an "onnatural, onreasonable, and dismal life" that they led, his own definition of "a wintry sect" being called out not only by the name they bore, but by their retirement to the borders of the New Forest, where they sustained great privations during a snow storm.

Mr. Auberon Herbert, who tried to prevent the arbitrary arrest of Mrs. Girling on a certificate of insanity, was assured in the journal for January 2, 1875, that "craziness needs confinement whenever it manifests itself in alarmingly overt acts."

Yet another Community to fall heavily under the ban of the jester whose Common Sense was the Mother of his humour, was that of the Spiritualists. He pursued them relentlessly from 1853, when John Leech had a drawing of a maiden lady of decaying charms with a quaint reason for unbelief—the spirits had rapped out forty as her age, and she was not three-and-twenty until March—until so recently as 1907, in which year he makes merry with Archdeacon Colley and the marvels of his "Psychic Parcel Post." In 1854 he rebuked certain of the clergy given to experiments in table turning; the "Moral Furniture Mart" was a skit upon chairs and tables moved by unseen agents under clerical patronage.

Spiritualism reached England in the middle of

last century. It came as a sort of epidemic, seizing its victims under pretence of amusing an idle hour, or more seriously of bringing in touch with the unseen.

To some minds there is great fascination in clandestine communication with the kingdom of the dead. But in the 'fifties this desire had run riot, and like other obsessions had been put to base purposes. *Punch* looked out upon not only sincere and anxious people, who with great faith in the life of the spirit, longed for communion with the dead, but upon wretched impostors who with cozen and deceit practised upon the simplicity of others.

The early history of Spiritualism in this country reveals a strange spectacle; earnest and sensible teachers of the Truth mingled with cranks and faddists, either "deliberate impostors for the sake of gain, or trembling on the borderland of sanity," requiring only a tiny push to become lunatics fit for an asylum. Many undoubtedly did lose their reason.

Punch was sturdily materialistic, holding firmly to his opinion that "phenomena exhibited as spiritual were all humbug," an opinion for which he had some justification in the numerous cheats whose manifestations were finally detected and exposed.

The arch-deceiver was Daniel Douglas Home, the spiritual medium and talk of Europe. Laughed at in the first instance as a harmless trickster, his shady monetary transactions turned *Punch* into his

implacable opponent, losing no opportunity of denouncing his charlatanry. His *séance* before Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie was specially held up to derision.

Of many who are the believers in the phenomena of Spiritualism to-day, it is impossible to speak but in terms of respect. So long as Dr. A. R. Wallace is able to write of it "Spiritualism has its full proportion of believers in the foremost ranks of science, literature and art, and in all the learned professions," so long as its portents have commended themselves to investigators like Lombroso and even to a hostile critic like Podmore it may not fairly be relegated to the lumber room of superstition.

But it is likely that most thoughtful Englishmen will refuse to credit that Almighty God permits wayward ghosts to creep over the boundary of another world, and "babble His secrets at will," or that He allows angels with traitor tongues to betray to men the mysteries He has Himself concealed.

Punch hit the mark long ago when he required that a message from the dead should not be a puerility or an impertinence to the intelligence, but should prove itself by its uplifting power, by the value of what it discloses.

Many fantastic stories have come to us from the other side of the Atlantic, but none so transparent in absurdity as that concerning the revelation given to Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism.

His emissaries found their way into the larger towns of England, where they provoked much

attention so far back as 1839, but it was not until fifteen years later that the movement drew any mention from *Punch*. Even then it was ironical. "To make one woman happy requires the best qualities of a man, but what a more than model husband he must be who confers happiness on three wives or six!" He sees in the disability which refuses to allow a follower of Brigham Young to sit on an American jury a proscription so desirable "that it is enough to make the average (English) citizen turn Mormon."

It was thought that the murder of Joseph Smith in 1844 would have acted disastrously upon his following. So far from this, Mormonism had found its apostle and Saint and gained a new vitality, especially in the zeal and enterprise of its propagandists. The tide of its proselytising success in this country ran so high that whole families went off to Salt Lake, and the stories of young women captured for Utah formed such unpleasant reading that feeling ran high, and the threat of the parish pump proved no mere figure of speech in the experience of Mormon Emissaries.

Punch was unmoved, his grin never deserted him; when a ceiling fell upon 400 Mormons at Newport without killing any of them, he saw no cause for rejoicing, and professed his scepticism in "any saint of the Latter Day, whether Januarius or Joe Smith."

A recrudescence of their activities at the present time has stimulated the resentment of many good

people, especially in the North, where a regular gale of exasperation has been blowing as the effect of their inroads. Their adversaries have pointed out that in 1901 there were no less than 322 Missionaries in Great Britain, claiming nearly a thousand baptisms and not less than 550 emigrations to Utah as the result of their labours, and that they are unceasing in their distribution of literature, in personal visits especially to young and impressionable women, and in persuasive methods. But the majority of people will continue in the following of *Punch* and will regard neither these depressed foreigners nor their doctrines seriously.

The coarser tradition of comment and cut which *Charivari* has inherited from the Georgian caricaturist and comic artist is visible in his treatment of his Jewish fellow subjects. The constant ridicule poured out upon them is the more arresting since Mark Lemon, his own first editor, was of Jewish descent.

Like the Nonconformist Stiggins, the 'sheeny' of early Victorian days is degraded in treatment and for the same reason. He had the defects of his qualities, and a very sordid side to his nature, but these had been heightened and exaggerated by Charles Dickens and other writers. Tom Hood of the kind heart laughed at him; Bon Gaultier showed him in a ridiculous light; the drama found in a child of Abraham its most convincing type of the villain who falls on his back and dies with a hellish smile.

Punch then gives just what we might expect,

the current idea of the Jew; his slippery ways in trade, his cheap and nasty clothes, his relentless sweating of labour, his thriving on ill-gotten gains, his criminal side as a fence and corrupter of children, his obduracy of heart, and finally his absence of any claim to the full rights of an Englishman.

The good nature of Thackeray is not entirely proof against this sinister estimate. If he meets him on land he is a sordid sight; should he come across him at sea (as in "The Fat Contributor's Wanderings"), he is preparing to be more sick than anybody else, or appropriating the best place in the cabin.

With all this smoke there was certainly more or less flame. Undoubtedly the Jew sometimes carried on that kind of business whose highest merit is to escape the commentaries of the Bench. But the Journal in which the impressions were recorded passed to an extreme of uncharitableness when it declared in 1853 "If there is any villainy, any wickedness of a particular dirty sort, the party chiefly implicated is sure to be a gentleman rejoicing in the name, slightly corrupted, of one of the prophets or patriarchs."

When we first meet with the Jew in 1841 he pursues a familiar calling and is drawn with "Mosaic ornaments," a pleasantry referring to the three hats he wears.

That Lord Shaftesbury and a certain section of the community should think it worth their while to attempt his conversion is especially exasperating

to the sage of Bouverie Street. He warns his countrymen not to part with their money for such a purpose whilst Holywell Street remains an infamy and dirt rampant. He estimated that it took £800 to gain a single adherent from Jewry, clenching his reckoning with the very effective gibe, "the least costly and most effective way of promoting Christianity amongst the Jews would be that of getting it practised by Christians."

It was a poor taunt which described them as guilty of meanness in refusing to help their poorer brethren, a failing rather Gentile than Hebrew. Their generosity in this connection is beyond the power of depreciation.

With the arrival of the Jewish Disabilities Removal Bill, *Punch* embarked upon a distasteful business of which the best that can be said of it is that it was shared by Lord Shaftesbury. This was no less than a campaign to frustrate the attempt to do justice to the Jew and confer upon him the full privileges of citizenship. For a disabling law kept out of Parliament both Roman Catholic and Hebrew. *Punch* in a cartoon, *apropos* of the Oaths Bill, shewed the two trying to creep into the same bed, where the Roman was the first to find an anchorage.

Injustice no longer dressed the Jew in a yellow gabardine, nor locked him into a particular quarter, but it subjected him to the penalties whilst denying him the rights of citizenship. Those in authority no longer drew his teeth for purposes of

revenue, but they extracted his cheques as ruthlessly. They admitted his liability as a taxpayer, but refused him any part in the making of the laws under which he lived, and to whose obligations he must respond as whole heartedly as the bluest of blue-blooded Englishmen.

This want of fair play pressed upon the minds of just legislators, who thought that the inability of an honest man to swear "on the true faith of a Christian" should not unfit him to sit in Parliament.

But *Punch* lent his voice to the outcry that rose from many quarters, from pulpit and press, from Whig and Tory, and ranged from the carpenter's bench to the Bench of Bishops. Blackwood wrote in 1851: "We solemnly believe that to bring the Jew into the Parliament of England would be at once an injury to the Constitution, a peril to the public principle and an insult to humanity."

Those who held the Old Testament Faith were generally looked upon as alien, without patriotism or native land, their only country a counting-house, the Exchange their only city. The attempt to bring them in was spoken of in terms which are not unfamiliar as "the thin end of the wedge," and John Leech executed a cartoon that was thought to be very brilliant at the time. We are not so deliciously stirred nowadays, for it represented Baron Lionel Rothschild, who had just been lawfully returned for the borough of Reading, as trying to force his nose between the doors of the House of Commons.

Justice and Toleration did not prevail until 1858. In July of that year the long sectarian and political struggle came to an end. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was permitted to affirm and to take his place with the other members of St. Stephen's.

From this time *Punch* became more tolerant. There is a twinkle in his eye when his schoolboy describes the Jews as the seven plagues of Egypt; he wears a severer look when in the drawings of Du Maurier and others he marks the vulgarity, the ostentation, and the readiness to deny their nationality which may be signs of some of them.

The advance of the community during the past half-century has been arresting. Absorbed into the more brilliant life around them, they have exchanged contempt and danger for consideration and respect. They have traversed every road in the State that has been open to them since 1858 to attain in each the highest distinction. They are no longer aliens, but of the English race.

Thus it is that Sir Moses Montefiore leans on his staff in the pages of *Punch* "on the hundredth year of his blameless, brave, and universally beneficent life;" that the marriage of a Jewish novelist is made the occasion of a charming compliment to the race to which he belongs; that partly on this ground, and partly on a natural prompting of humanity, John Tenniel drew one of the most splendid of his cartoons and *Punch* gained the honourable distinction of being censored

in Russia for his presentation of Alexander III. as the new Pharaoh and oppressor of the Jews.

It is but a stride from a most ancient people to a bran new company of believers.

That well-known character, the general reader, who dives into the annals of the times might find himself greatly at pause as he looks upon *Punch's* first reference to General Booth, and his last. For it is evident that if he is honoured now he was travestied and misunderstood then. The rioting at Eastbourne, when a mob mishandled a number of Salvation lassies and others, found less condemnation in the journal's earliest notice of the Army than overt sympathy with the disaffected.

It may be forgiven the humorist that at the beginning he failed to appraise the most remarkable Spiritual production of the age, what was an intrusion into commonplace, accepted ways of "the vision of fire and blood." He erred in company with the majority of his countrymen. The noise, the crude doctrine, the insistence, the cheery martyrdom if need be of the band of apostles and worshippers disturbed and affronted the English soul, a perturbation which finds its echo in the comic journal.

Though it sometimes tempered its severity with fun, yet as a rule its criticism was harsh and repressive. As time wore on, and the work begun as a purely religious movement by a Dissenting Minister and his wife appreciably touched

so many multitudes of men and women, breaking out all over the world into an unprecedented diversity of social and charitable organizations to deal with poverty, sin and suffering, *Punch*, like the servant maid in his own picture, began to write Salvation Army in "Converted commas."

He saw reason to alter his opinion of 1883 that it would only add new sects to the list of a country possessed already of any number of religions and only one sauce.

In that year he rejoiced that the support afterwards so heartily accorded to General Booth by Queen Victoria was refused him, deriding the Archbishop of Canterbury meanwhile for his contribution of a five-pound note. The Bishops were assured that the Salvation Army was a hostile force with less of the Army than the Knavery about it. Amongst 'the Fancy Portraits' appeared a likeness of its leader in the full uniform of a general blowing his own trumpet.

The complaints which sick folks have not unreasonably laid against the cymbals and shawms, and the impassioned but raucous tones of captains and converts ardent to testify, aroused the ire of Harry Furniss, who drew a cartoon accompanied by "The Lay of the Loud Salvationist." A contemptuous parody of the "Dutchman's Little Dog," made light of Booth's attempts to raise a large sum of money for special purposes. Even in 1898 the General is drawn in magniloquent attitude and is likened to Bombastes Furioso.

Since that year the splendid achievement of Booth and those who fight under the banner of the Army have been fully recognized and honoured. Emperors, Kings, and Presidents have received the General in audience—Rome, which denied him shelter in any of its inns a dozen years ago, has *fêted* him through its Mayor and lodged him in its most fashionable hotel.

Punch, too, is in the following of its monarch and of most right-thinking Englishmen; he admires the doughty old warrior whose labours are incessant and whose recipe for reaching a hundred lies in hard work, spare diet, and a good conscience.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE CONCLUSION OF THE MATTER

Before we speak farewell to the friendly guide whose lantern has thrown a shine upon the faces of his fellow men and the great religious movements of near three-quarters of a century, let us count some of the gains which the seventy years have brought us.

Things have mended in the Church. The restoration which has wrought wonders in so many of her buildings has touched to new and more beautiful issues her spiritual fabric also. The glow of the Oxford Movement is still visible in her face. Contrast the churches of the early Victorian era closed from week end to week end, the daily offices unsaid, Saints' Days and Festivals swallowed up in the usual routine of business or recreation, the Holy Communion celebrated but thrice or four times in the year, the general effect of deadness and dryness and formality with the spiritual alertness, the fervour, the regularity which are the marks of so many English parishes now!

And this change which would have appeared incredible at the beginning of last century is the more remarkable that its movement in the direction of ancient ideals has been stronger than the

Bishops, stronger than the lawyers, and stronger even than the Legislature. The impulse may have overshot itself in some cases and been misdirected in others. It may occasionally have proved a failure as to its definite aims, or have left behind it only the ashes of a barren symbolism. But most people will agree with the historian of our own times that "in its source it was generous, beneficent and noble, and it is hard to believe that there has not been throughout the Church of England on the whole a higher spirit at work since the famous Oxford Movement began."

Of the things at which *Punch* pointed the finger of scorn, many have been left behind for ever.

The pluralist is gone and leaves no heir save the man who does the work of two or three for the payment of one. Nepotism, that haunted the purlieus of the Church through so many centuries, has been exorcised for the evil spirit that it was; if its ghost yet walks, it is a scared and fitful phantom and not the open, shameless terror of the past. Of the Canon Residentiary who fulfilled his duties by paying a substitute a couple of guineas to preach the statutory two sermons of the year there remains but the tombstone with the inscription of his virtues.

Legislation has sharpened the sword of the Magistrate against the criminous clerk; he can no longer hold his living against "aggrieved parishioners, indignant patrons and an outraged Bishop." Nor does the prosecution of offending clergy entail

the extraordinary expense amounting to thousands of pounds formerly incurred in obtaining a conviction.

Parishes are free of that ancient curse—an absentee rector or vicar; it is not possible for a gentleman to write—as he did from Norwich in 1837—"I saw from my window nine parishes of which only one contained a resident clergyman." The auctioneer's hammer has knocked down the last bid for the last cure of souls put up for public sale. The Proprietary Chapel is numbered with the dead, and the select pew hastens to join it.

The bitter jest of Leech has lost its meaning, for the poverty, old age and childhood repulsed in his picture by the beadle's mace have now their place and welcome in their Master's Temple. Nowadays a Cathedral does not of necessity carry the itching palm amongst its armorial bearings; it is possible to find rest and meditation within its walls without paying at the door for them.

No longer do parsons and wardens consider dirt and cobwebs essential to the House of God. Beauty and loving care have replaced the former neglect and unconcern for fabrics, and God's Acre—even in the very heart of cities—has ceased to be an abomination of desolation to become a place of flowers and leaves and green grass. The terror of death has departed from it; it is again, as in mediæval times, a place of Sanctuary.

But there is positive advance as well as the repair of venerable abuses. The new cathedrals that have

arisen North and South, the multitude of churches and schools that pious hands have raised in all parts of the country, the increase in the Episcopate, the innumerable institutions which have sprung into existence for the furtherance of Church work and the correction of moral and social evil, the notable development of missionary enterprise, the greater sobriety of the nation and the larger zeal of the laity, all point to reality and freshness of life.

When a comparative estimate is made of numbers, the Church of England has no occasion to blench. That the tale of membership is diminishing in other religious communities can afford but a cold consolation since everything that makes difficult the exercise of organized religion is a grave misfortune. But the fact remains, that whilst Rome, well-nigh impossible in France and Portugal and unpopular in Italy and Spain, is pursuing the same short-sighted policy amongst the Anglo-Saxon peoples, and a steady decline in adherents has marked several of the dissenting denominations during the past three years, the progress of the Church during the same period has been unmistakable and strong.

It has long been the fashion to connect her endowments with indifference to her own pecuniary needs, and to see in her collections a tax to be paid or to be meanly avoided rather than a privilege to be enjoyed. Such a reproach is rapidly passing from a community displaying the liberality set

down in black and white in its latest Official Year Book.

Has the Church a concern for the heathen? She has given to them nearly a million of money together with a band of devoted men and women. Or is the ancient taunt of *Punch* still barbed? Does she neglect those at her own doors whilst rearing her Mrs. Jellybys and shepherding her charitable ladies into those Dorcas Societies which have been the butt of feeble witlings for generations? Let the two millions given to works of philanthropy, of education, of home work and of charitable assistance to the clergy be its own reply.

It has still to be confessed that the property of many of her clergy remains the blot upon her escutcheon: against that let it be set that for those who labour in the ministry, for the maintenance of her schools and the training of the children whom she gathers into them, and for general parochial purposes she casts into her treasury no less than five millions, four hundred thousand pounds; in all, an output of more than eight millions sterling. It is an ill task to reckon spiritual result in terms of ledger and balance sheet, yet it should be accounted to the Church for righteousness that her wealth is being more largely diverted from purely secular uses to find its way into the service of humanity and its Lord.

Within her own borders she is more at peace, her foes no longer the members of her own household. Differences exist, but age has softened their

asperities. Argument is conducted with so much of restraint and moderation that High and Low have come to be hall marks of a generous rivalry rather than of embittered controversy.

Allowing that partisanship may become the parent of schism it is likely that the parties within the National Church have each rendered its own special service to her heritage of freedom and doctrine. The Broad Churchman, concerning himself with the results of recent scholarship and discovery, stands side by side with the Evangelical whose passionate devotion to his Lord and sense of the near relation between the creature on earth and the Creator in heaven are taken on and incorporated in the larger, more Catholic view of the blessedness of the Sacraments and authority and corporate wellbeing of the Church so dear to all who represent the outcome of the Tractarian Movement.

And what have seventy years to tell us of those who minister at her altars? The agreeable pastime of scolding Bishops still exercises its charm, nor can it be asserted that these are always wisely chosen or beyond criticism in the performance of their duties. But their lives entitle them nowadays to respect and sometimes to reverence. It is no longer feasible for the head of a vast diocese to write to his brother of Norwich as in *Punch's* second year (1843) "The present is my idle year. I have neither confirmations nor ordinations." He must be instant in season and out of season, with labours

vastly increased not only by the higher standard of episcopal duties now prevailing, by the publicity of affairs, by the growth of new organizations, by the facilities of locomotion, above all, by immense and varied correspondence from which there is no escape.

He may live in a castle like Farnham with a park like a Royal Demesne, but he will find scant leisure for enjoying either. "Lazy Bishops are about as common in England now as hookah smoking Nabobs in India," and the fabulous wealth of both is equally extinct. It is beginning to be understood that a large income does not always make a rich man, and that Dr. Walsham How was very near the mark in his saying that "no other incomes in the land are spent so much for others and so little for self as those of the Bishops."

Philip Bailey, who described them in 1839 as

> "implaced, mitred, throned
> And banqueted, burlesque if not blaspheme
> The holy penury of the Son of God,"

lived to express his regret that such a passage occurs in his poem of "Festus." "They were so different fifty years ago," he told Dr. Boyd Carpenter; "now finding such good men makes me wish to alter the reference."

The general body of the clergy too are free from the more serious blemishes which called down the thunderbolts of *Punch*. They are more in earnest, with a higher sense of vocation, less influenced by purely professional considerations.

It would be idle to think that however faithful and zealous they may be in the discharge of their public obligations they are wholly uninfluenced by ordinary human motives, but their object is essentially to dispense the Bread of Life, to preach and baptize and not to be paid for their priestly ministrations. In a word, they seem more alive to the greatness and sacredness of their calling.

Thus it is that Dr. Robinson, late Dean of Westminster, as one who has had a special post of observation and studied long the history of the Church in asserting that "never were the leaders of our spiritual battles since the Postles stronger, wiser or better than now. Never had we so many wise and spiritual Bishops," is able to add to this testimony, "Never were the English clergy, as a whole, so eager, active and devoted."

Criticism does not spare them, but the very vehemence with which clerical faults are denounced reveals the high standard of pastoral duty which has become established in the popular mind.

As for the curate he is no longer the epicine, white rabbity variety of the jester's earlier caricatures, but a hard-working, virile personage who attacks the vice and misery around an East End Settlement or the solidity and ignorance of a parish in the shires with equal determination and cheeriness. What can be better in its way than Mr. G. W. E. Russell's genial and accurate estimate of him? "Though other Churches may boast a more learned or ascetic clergy, Christendom does not contain a

more thoroughly good fellow than the British curate."

His income and standing are better than they were: his right to have a share in the counsels of the Church he serves cannot much longer be resisted; the star of Promotion by Merit sparkles more brightly in his firmament than ever before.

As we turn to the sister Church in Ireland we are conscious that in her fortunes also a remarkable development has taken place.

Dispossessed of her endowments and reduced in her privileges to the level of the Roman Catholic or Presbyterian it was confidently declared that she had received her death blow. Yet she stands before the world to-day a pledge and attestation of the virility and power inherent in the Bride of Christ if left to herself and to Him. Her children have sought with lavish hands to repair the losses sustained through the Act of 1865. Not only are her resources greater, her clergy better paid, but her laymen are more active as helpers, her missions of greater enterprise and her parish tasks more excellently done than in the days when politician, patriot, and *Punch* were alike crying aloud for her disestablishment.

Looking beyond the confines of the Church of England we see how these seventy years have strained much of bitterness from the relation between the various religious communities and herself and the State.

We have passed on to so happy and equal a

relation with our fellow citizens that it is hard to realize how merciless was the persecution and how venomous the feeling towards Roman Catholics in this island.

Disabling and disqualifying laws kept them in chains. *Punch* committing himself to "that most gratuitous form of error," a prophecy, asserted they would never have a cathedral in London. But before he had attained to middle age, a Roman Catholic sat in the seat of the scornful—his own editor's chair—and to-day a mighty Byzantine church in the capital bears witness not only to the zeal and sacrifice of the faithful of its own communion, but to the tolerance and goodwill of Englishmen generally.

Multitudes standing in London streets have been publicly blessed with the Host, a sight unseen in England since the Reformation. The Roman Catholic himself has become a part and parcel of the constitution to which he belongs. Suspected sometimes of divided allegiance he sits in Cabinets and on the Bench; he rides in the Lord Mayor's coach; he takes the oath in the House of Commons. An English sovereign sworn against Popery has attended service in a papal church; an English princess sits beside the "Most Catholic" King.

The Jew who dwells at the opposite pole from the adherent of Rome has also come to his own.

So long barred from the honourable activities of national life and left to money-making and that nimbleness of wits that age-long persecution has

only served to sharpen, he now competes on terms of peculiar advantage with the descendants of those who harried him. Admitted to the religious and civil rights of an Englishman, he has added a new element of efficiency to the national character, and offers himself in many instances as the model citizen.

Finally, and turning to the general body of Nonconformity, we observe that whilst the religious activities of the time no longer proceed from persons who are separated from the Established Church, a more just recognition attends the services rendered to religion and morals in this country by Dissent.

There is to a large extent a decay of that prejudice which found a vent in *Charivari;* it is recognized that England might well have lapsed into Paganism in many of the rural districts but for the chapels and the earnest voices that preached and prayed in them.

Stiggins is now, with scant exception, but the whimsical memory of a caricature. Exhorters are still to be found who out of confident but unenlightened understanding discourse upon Divine Mysteries and the deep things of faith, but the ordinary Independent or Unitarian Minister, so far from being the hot and biassed pulpiteer who bellows and grimaces in the earlier numbers of *Punch*, has been well equipped for his pastorate, has indeed in many instances attained the highest distinction in the Universities now happily thrown open

to his abilities. Nonconformity, so long reproached with fanaticism and cant, abounds at present in spiritual leaders whose high standards of moral and intellectual character must be admitted by any candid critic.

That the Church makes little impression upon Dissent must be sorrowfully admitted; since that half of Religious England that stands outside the National Church, where "grace takes the place of authority" and Bishops are held to be superfluities incompatible with the pure milk of the Word, still goes on its own way to the loss and misfortune of the Church which finds its children ranged in opposite camps.

But a longing for unity goes with it.

Punch, imperial in his politics, sound in his desire to have the aspirations of Canada, Australia and South Africa moving as one great tide with those of England, has been ever an advocate of unity and good feeling amongst all sections of the followers of Christ. Forty years ago when the Roman Catholic and Protestant clergy accompanied the Jews of Kattowitz in Silesia from the old synagogue to the new and shared in a service of fraternity and neighbourly love, he asked, "When shall we see the Chief Rabbi of London marching to open a synagogue in Shoreditch with Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Cumming, the Bishop of London, and a multitude of Church of England, Roman Catholic and Dissenting clergymen walking behind them?"

Such a spectacle as this may never be seen. Some radical differences there are which Time itself may

be powerless to surmount. But the essentials of religious feeling are active and healthy. In spite of sectarian variations from doctrine and discipline, and the yawning gulf between Rome and the rest of Christendom, there may be heard deep down in the aspirations of the wise and religious men of most communities a true longing for peace and friendship and if possible for inter-communion.

So it comes to pass that an *Entente Cordiale* has set in across the Channel of Faith as well as of Territory. Abroad, "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other" in the persons of Anglican Priest and Russian Pope; at home, the member of the Church of England has put on one side his intolerance, or the tolerance which assumes an air of superiority, and the Dissenter his prejudice to seek common and amicable ground.

In view of this nearness of approach one would fain believe that the Church of England may once again revert to its truly national standing. Tolerant but not latitudinarian, reforming but not revolutionary, its roots sunk in the sacred soil of the first Christian centuries, nobly Catholic in its succession, 'conterminous in its course with the national history of which it is at once the expression and inspiration,' splendidly equipped in learning, in piety, in organization and in resource for the propagation of the Faith once delivered to the Saints, it still offers the natural home for the varied temperament and gift of the race.

It is hard to believe that this Church, this Mother

Fold of England is not marked out by Providence to bring the many into one and to evolve out of the wild tangle of conflicting interests and opinions something like the "Snow-White Rose," of Souls which passed in vision before Dante as he looked upon

> "the Saintly Multitude,
> Which in His own blood Christ espoused."

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